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THE NEW YORKER

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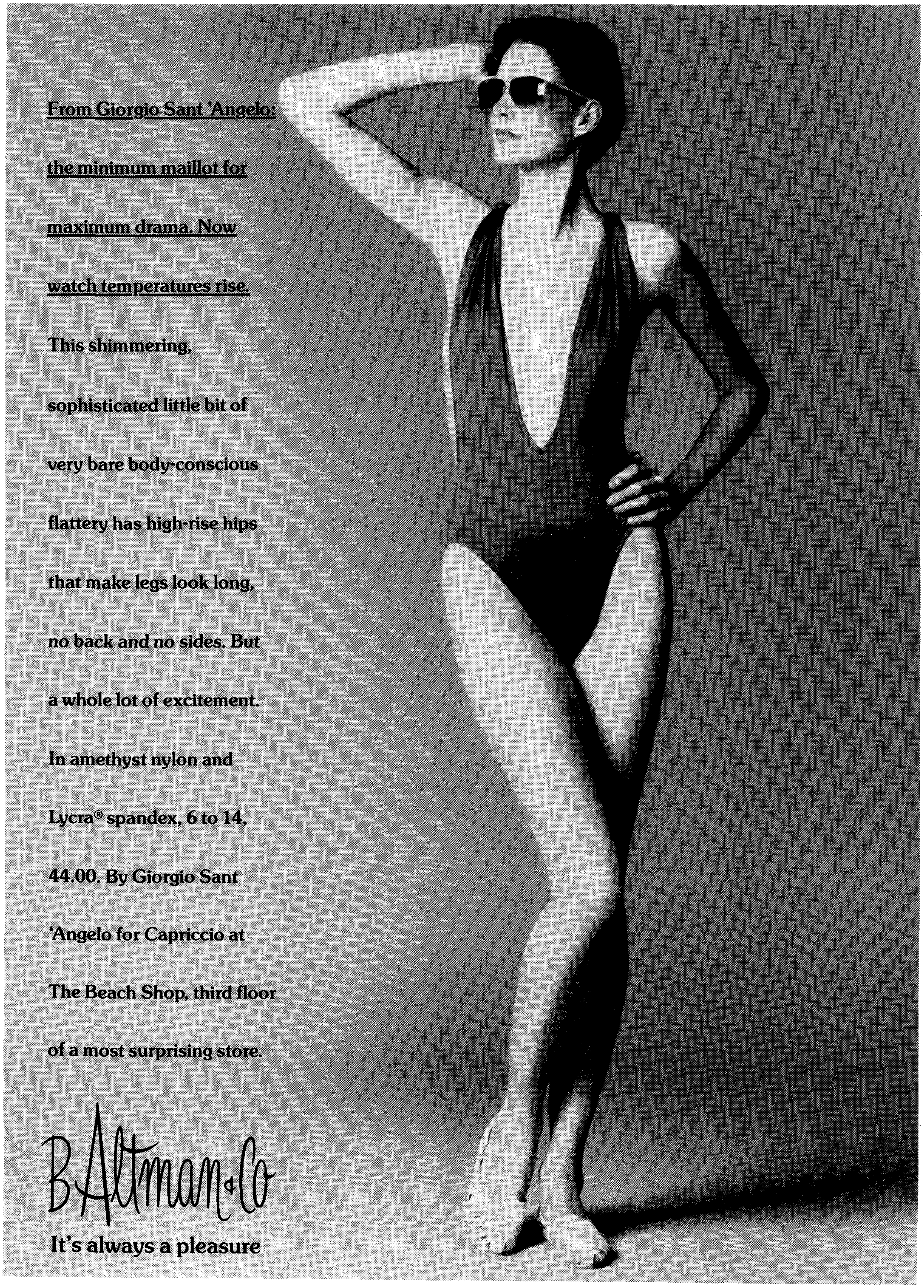

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Ameri/Cain Gothic—A play by Paul Carter Harrison, with Moses Gunn and Sylvia Miles. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Samuel Beckett, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Before the Dawn—An adaptation by Joseph Stein of a play by Aleksandr Borshchagovsky, translated from the Russian by Lev Loseff and Dennis Whelan. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

Biloxi Blues—Neil Simon's sequel to his "Brighton Beach Memoirs." Matthew Broderick is the star and Gene Saks the director. Previews Wednesday, March 27. Opens officially on Thursday, March 28. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Coming of Age in SoHo—Albert Innaurato's humorous, touching comedy about an Italian-American writer who leaves his wife of fourteen years to start a new sexual and literary life, and finds himself at odds with the Mafia. John Procaccino appears in the leading role, and he is surrounded by good actors. Mr. Innaurato directed. (2/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

The Dead Man's Agony—A play by Esteban Navajas Cortes. Performances in English Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; in Spanish Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30. (Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 354-1293.)

Diamonds—The theme of this little revue is baseball, and it takes place in a stunning environmental setting by Tony Straiges (the audience is, in effect, sitting in the bleachers). The show, which was directed by Harold Prince and written and composed by a number of hands, is entertaining more often than not. With, among others, James McDaniel, Chip Zien, Loni Ackerman, and Ellia English. (12/31/84) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Digby—Joseph Dougherty's breezy comedy about love and romance in this city could have been cut to the measure of its leading man, the funny, gifted Anthony Heald, and its leading lady, the charming, gifted Roxanne Hart. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 7.)

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Equity Library Theatre—A revival of **very warm for may**, a musical by Jerome Kern (score) and Oscar Hammerstein (book and lyrics), is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 31. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Fantod—A play by Amlin Gray, with music by Norman L. Berman. (3/25/85) (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 279-4200. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by (and with) Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

In Trousers—A musical by William Finn. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jack & Jill—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bob Larimer and a score by Hal Schaefer. With Ernestine Jackson and Lara Teeter. (Riverwest, 155 Bank St. 243-0259. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Joe Egg—The production of Peter Nichols' play, with Jim Dale and Stockard Channing, seen recently Off Broadway will reopen on Broadway on Wednesday, March 27. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Opening-night curtain at 6; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays; Friday, March 29; and Wednesday, April 3, at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The King and I—Yul Brynner making what is advertised as his farewell appearance in the musical that he has made his own for several decades. An excellent production in every respect and well worth seeing, for the first or fiftieth time. (1/14/85) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sat-

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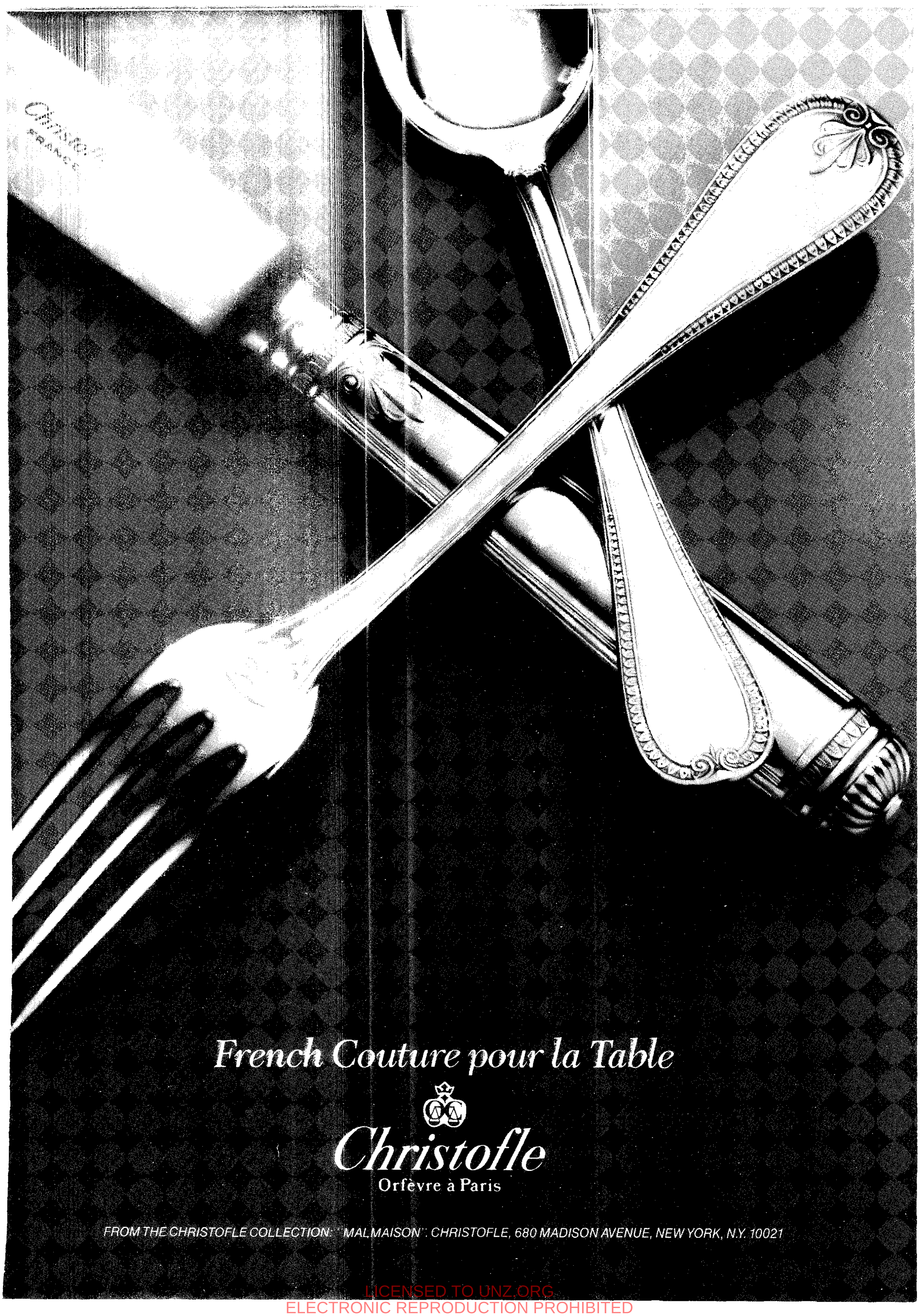

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

A Kurt Weill Cabaret—A return engagement of a program of Weill songs, performed by Martha Schlamme and Alvin Epstein. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Life Is a Dream—The seventeenth-century play by Pedro Calderón de la Barca, presented in English. Opens Thursday, March 28. (Ark Theatre Company, 131 Spring St. 226-7682. Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturday, March 30, at 8; Sundays at 7; and Saturday, April 6, at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, April 7: Lehár's **THE MERRY WIDOW.** (334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Loves of Anatol—Grisly surgery has been performed on Schnitzler's masterly playlets about a young Viennese womanizer, and the patient has died. (3/18/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 14.)

The Making of Americans—A musical version of the Gertrude Stein novel of the same name, composed by Al Carmines and with a libretto by Leon Katz. It was originally staged in 1972 as a production of the Judson Poets' Theatre. (St. Clement's Church, 423 W. 46th St. 265-4375. Wednesday and Thursday at 8; Friday at 7 and 9:30; and Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, March 30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A rousing play from start to finish. The author is August Wilson, the director is Lloyd Richards, and the marvellous cast includes Charles S. Dutton and Theresa Merritt. (10/22/84) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

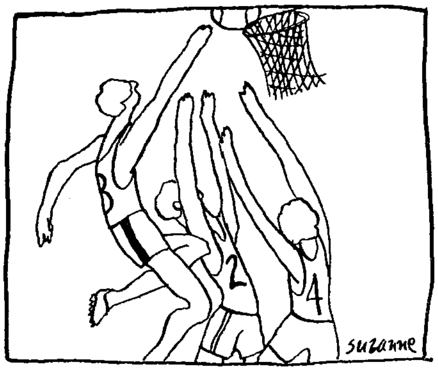
Mirror Repertory Company—The first three in a series of four revivals performed in alternating repertory. **VIVAT! VIVAT REGINA!:** A pokey presentation of Robert Bolt's shallow play about Mary Queen of Scots and Queen Elizabeth I, but with a splendid performance by Geraldine Page, as Elizabeth. (3/25/85) . . . **CLARENCE:** A disastrous production of Booth Tarkington's play. (2/25/85). . . **THE MADWOMAN OF CHAILLOT:** Geraldine Page gives a glorious performance in the title role of this spirited revival of Giraudoux's classic comedy. With Carrie Nye and Madeleine Sherwood, among others. (2/11/85) (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For tickets and information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Pack of Lies—Hugh Whitemore has written a quiet little melodrama, based on an actual event, about the tracking down of Russian spies in a London suburb. Well acted by Rosemary Harris, Patrick McGoohan, George N. Martin, and Dana Ivey. (2/25/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Samuel Beckett Trilogy—The American premières of the author's plays "Theatre I," "Theatre II," and "That Time." (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Sunday, March 31.)

Strange Interlude—Wherein Eugene O'Neill makes a hash of Freud and Joyce and produces a tiresome near-farce, tiresomely misdirected by Keith Hack. The cast includes Glenda Jackson, Edward Petherbridge, Brian Cox, James Hazeldine, Elizabeth Lawrence, and Tom Aldredge. (3/4/85) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 6:45. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

3 Guys Naked from the Waist Down—John Kassir, Scott Bakula, and Jerry Colker play three standup comedians who leave New York for Hollywood in this satiric and most original musical comedy. Mr. Colker wrote the book and lyrics, and Michael Rupert wrote the bountiful, engaging score. The effective scenery, costumes, and lighting were by Clarke Dunham, Tom McKinley, and Ken Billington. (2/18/85) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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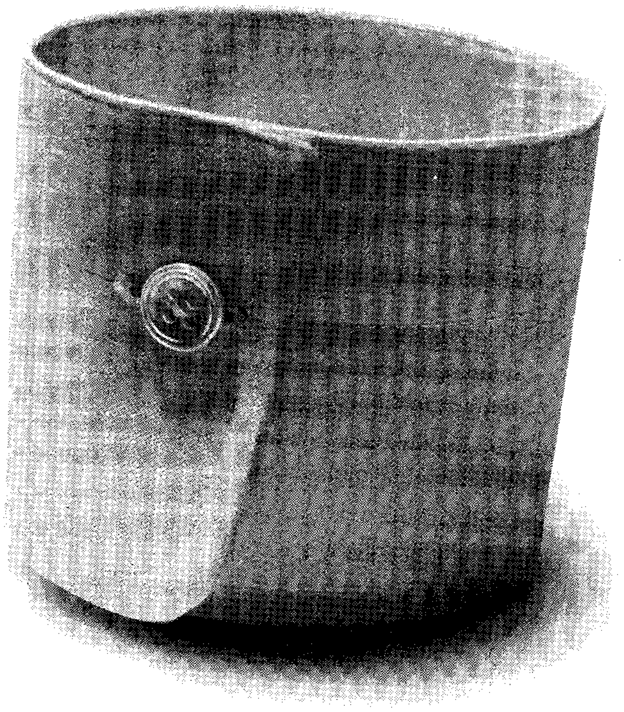
Tracers—The eight good actors are Vietnam veterans, and the effective play is based on actual war experiences. It was conceived and directed by John DiFusco, and it is accompanied throughout by rock music. (2/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3.)

Virginia—Edna O'Brien has arranged selections from Virginia Woolf's diaries and letters into an autobiographical monologue interspersed with scenes involving Leonard Woolf and Vita Sackville-West. Kate Nelligan, an unlikely choice for the title role, nevertheless gives an arresting performance, and Kenneth Welsh is very good as Leonard. (3/18/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A dazzling production of a musical that has little wit and a lot of phony sentimentality about the tenderhearted family life of homosexuals. The music, by Jerry Herman, is Broadway-romantic. The two stars are Van Johnson and George Hearn. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,368 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—myster ous, funny, and beautiful—is about two ba tling, loving lovers in a motel room at th edge of the Mojave Desert and about man other matters as well. Katherine Cortez an David Andrews have the leading roles. M Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 43 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 8:30; an Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . **42ND STREET:** Once upon a time there was a si ly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical abo a young hoofer who goes on in place of a di abled star and herself becomes a star ove night. The legitimate musical that has bee fashioned from the movie musical is just silly but by no means as wonderful. (Maje tic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesda through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. . . . **HURLYBURLY:** David Rabe's wry, brillia comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywoo is very well performed under Mike Nichol dynamic direction. With Ron Silver, Chri tine Baranski, Susan Anton, Danny Aiell and Jerry Stiller. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Satu days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu days at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ISN'T ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wend Wasserstein's sometimes painful but alwa witty comedy about a pair of female "be friends" at age twenty-eight, and especia ly about the trials of one of them, Jan Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christoph St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 ho ror quickie about a man-eating plant, th exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free camp. The score is by Alan Menken, an Howard Ashman directed and wrote the boo and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed th menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays throug Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 1 Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **NOISES OF** The funniest, fastest-moving farce in many long year, written by a Martian name Michael Frayn. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sunday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays 2. Closes Saturday, April 6.) . . . **OH! CALCUTT** A collection of short sketches that purport give us a refreshing view of sex and do no (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Monda through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 an 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays 3.) . . . **THE REAL THING:** A very funny and y unnerving comedy by Tom Stoppard. Th cast is headed by Nicol Williamson and Lai Robins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 23 6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Mat nées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, an Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WIT GEORGE:** Stephen Sondheim and James Lapin have invented a highly entertaining music about Georges Seurat and his celebrate painting of the island of La Grande Jatt Robert Westenberg is Seurat and Maryan Plunkett is Seurat's model and mistres (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesda through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3 . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** An attractive cast do much to brighten what is otherwise a curiou ly gloomy musical about a black family mak ing good. (Minskoff, 45th St. West of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOG** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental and witty—by and with Harvey Fierstein who appears Tuesday through Friday evenings. Philip Astor replaces Mr. Fierstei Monday and Saturday evenings and at th matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's latest edition, with attractions ranging from "The Smallest Man in the World" to a herd of twenty elephants, opens Wednesday, April 3, and will run through Sunday,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

June 2. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 3, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, April 4, at 10:30 and 2:30; Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, at 10:30, 2:30, and 7:30; and Sunday, April 7, at 1 and 5:30.)

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, March 27, at 8: "Light Rain," "Love Songs," "Night," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 28, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Parade," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Friday, March 29, at 8: "Light Rain," "Cloven Kingdom," "Night," and "Trinity." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Italian Suite," and "Le Beau Danube." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 8: "Dream Dances," "Parade," and "Jamboree." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 2: "Suite Saint-Saëns," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 31, at 7:30: "Light Rain," "Love Songs," "Night," and "Trinity." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Martha Graham Dance Company—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 21—Tuesday, April 2, at 7: "Diversion of Angels," "Errand Into the Maze," "Song" (première), and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "Circe," "Episodes," "Errand Into the Maze," and "Diversion of Angels." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "Appalachian Spring," "Cortege of Eagles," and "The Owl and the Pussycat." . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "Judith," "Song," and "The Rite of Spring." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 2: "Diversion of Angels," "Frontier," "Circe," and "The Owl and the Pussycat." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8: "Circe," "Errand Into the Maze," "Song," and "Episodes." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

Sydney Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday through Friday, March 27-29, at 8: "Some Rooms." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 2 and 8, and Sunday, March 31, at 2: "Wilderness," "Homelands," and "Black and Blue." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a six-week engagement—Wednesday, April 3, at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Against the Sky" (première), and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 8: "Play Bach," "Adieu," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 8: "A Footstep of Air," "Against the Sky," and "Intermezzo No. 1." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6, at 8: Two premières—"The Envelope" and "Caught"—"Adieu," and "Straw Hearts." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Bucket Dance Theatre—Programs of modern dance. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Saturday, March 27-30, at 8, and Sunday, March 31, at 2 and 7:30.)

Pilar Rioja—Programs of flamenco dance. (Reportorio Español, Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. 889-2850. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except March 30, at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—Presenting a new full-length work, "Klein Kunst." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, April 7.)

Marleen Pennison and Dancers—"The Hurricane: Dedans l'Année de Cinquante Sept," "River Road Sweet," and "Freeway." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, March 28-30, at 8, and Sunday, March 31, at 3. For tickets, call 924-0077.)

Douglas Dunn and Dancers—"3rd Rotation," an untitled work, and "Elbow Room." (Midtown Y, 344 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 30-31, at 8. For tickets, call 673-2207.)

Mel Wong Dance Company—Presenting "Buddha Meets Einstein at the Great Wall," a new full-length work. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. 288-6400, Ext. 286. Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, at 8.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face *type is used to pick out a few of the more notable* performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, is doing an all-Stephen Sondheim program in the Oak Room through Saturday, March 30. On Tuesday, April 2, singer-pianist **STEVE ROSS,** whose room this is, will return to claim it. Shows start at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Pianist Buck Buchholz occupies the Rose Room Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. The lineup: on Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, **JAKI BYARD**, the free and stride pianist, will lead a trio, and Wednesday, April 3, will belong to the Michael Weiss quartet, which will feature tenor saxophonist **JUNIOR COOK.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

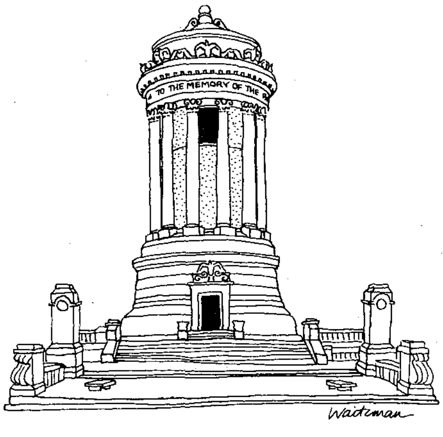
Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is here, singing in her small, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays at six-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A source of consummate singers right now: **SARAH VAUGHAN** is here through Sunday, March 31, and **NANCY WILSON** will arrive on Tuesday, April 2. Music from nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after the last set) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Wednesday, March 27, new music with **DO'A** and guitarist **PIERRE BENSUSAN;** Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, **NRBQ** and the Nighthawks; Sunday, March 31, Philadelphia-soul singer **EDDIE KENDRICKS;** Monday, April 1, poet John Giorno's rock band and Frank Maya; and Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, Pieces of a Dream. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On a commercial, but neighborhoody block where sustenance of all sorts—fresh-cut flowers, frozen lima beans, live unprocessed jazz—can be found to make big-city life a little pleasanter. The jazz, in the form of piano-bass duos: **HAROLD DANKO** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, March 30; Sunday, March 31, **RED MITCHELL** and a pianist; starting Monday, April 1, **HANK JONES** and **RED MITCHELL.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, performs in the Café Carlyle until Saturday, March 30. On Tuesday, April 2, spring *really* begins as **BOBBY SHORT** will return to the premises. Shows at ten and midnight. **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks play for dancing Sundays and Mondays from nine to one. Dining. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** reigns over the keyboard and sings a bit, too. Her sets get going at ten Tuesdays through Saturdays.


TO THE MEMORY OF THE

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek haunt for players and admirers of traditional jazz. Music nightly from about eight-thirty. Dining.

Edwardian Room, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Hot Gypsy jazz in the Django tradition is kept alive by guitarist **BIRELI LAGRENE,** who is here leading a quartet through Sunday, March 31. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. No doubt his garage and household effects and recording-studio implements will someday be found in the Smithsonian. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Wednesday, March 27, Dave Alvin; Friday, March 29, **SUZANNE VEGA;** Saturday, March 30, **ELLEN MC ILWAINE;** and Sunday, March 31, Heartburn, Ross Owens, Frank Pinto, Billy Jones, and Ed Ryun. Mondays are hootennany nights. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—**DAVID ALLYN,** sings with Scott Hardy and Harris Simon through Sunday, March 31; on Mondays **BROOKS KERR** sings at the piano, with aid from bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays are given over to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. All these groups start at ten. **BROOKS KERR** is also present on Sundays from five to ten.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to good piano-bass teams. The piano-bass teams: **KENNY BARRON** and **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, March 30, and **FRED HERSCH** and **MARC JOHNSON** starting Tuesday, April 2. Music from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, March 27, yodeller **PETER ROWAN,** with **FLACO JIMENEZ,** the great accordionist (really!), and the **NEW GRASS REVIVAL;** Thursday, March 28, rock keyboardist **BILLY PRESTON** and B. Willie Smith; Sunday and Monday, March 31-April 1, those wandering former members of The Band, **RICK DANKO, RICHARD MANUEL,** and **GARTH HUDSON;** and Tuesday through Thursday, April 2-4, the Strawbs and Lindesfarne. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—Flamethrowing bassoonist and swinging tenor saxophonist **ILLINOIS JACQUET** heads up a big band through Sunday, March 31, and on Tuesday, April 2, saxophonist **JOE FARRELL** will arrive with his group. Monday's music is provided by **TOSHIKO AKIYOSHI'S BIG BAND,** featuring **LEW TABACKIN** on tenor sax. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A revue, "Offbeats," with **ARTHUR SIEGEL, TONY LANG,** and Janelle Hutchison is presented Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen usually drops by to play clarinet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—In the forefront of West Side urban rhythm-and-blues and jazz renewal: Thursday, March 28, the FM band; Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS;** Wednesday and Thursday, April 3-4, **MICHEL CAMILO'S** highly charged sextet; and Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, electric violinist Noel Pointer. Music from about ten until two.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom: Wednesday, March 27, Suicidal Tendencies; Thursday, March 28, the Nails and the Earl Scooter band; Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, the Blasters and Dwight Yoakam. Shows tend to begin sometime after eleven. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, **WOODY HERMAN** heads up a sextet, the **WOODCHOPPERS,** and Pete Barbutti performs standup comedy. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The partial schedule: Wednesday, March 27, saxophonist **JAMEEL MOONDOC,** and Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, the **BRECKER BROTHERS BAND.** Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, March 27, Sam & the Caribbean Express; Thursday, March 28, the Itals, Roots Radix, and Don Carlos; Friday, March 29, **MIKATA;** Saturday, March 30, **PÉ-DE-BOI;** Wednesday, April 3, Azymuth; Thursday, April 4, Johnny Ventura; and Friday and Saturday, April 5-6, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

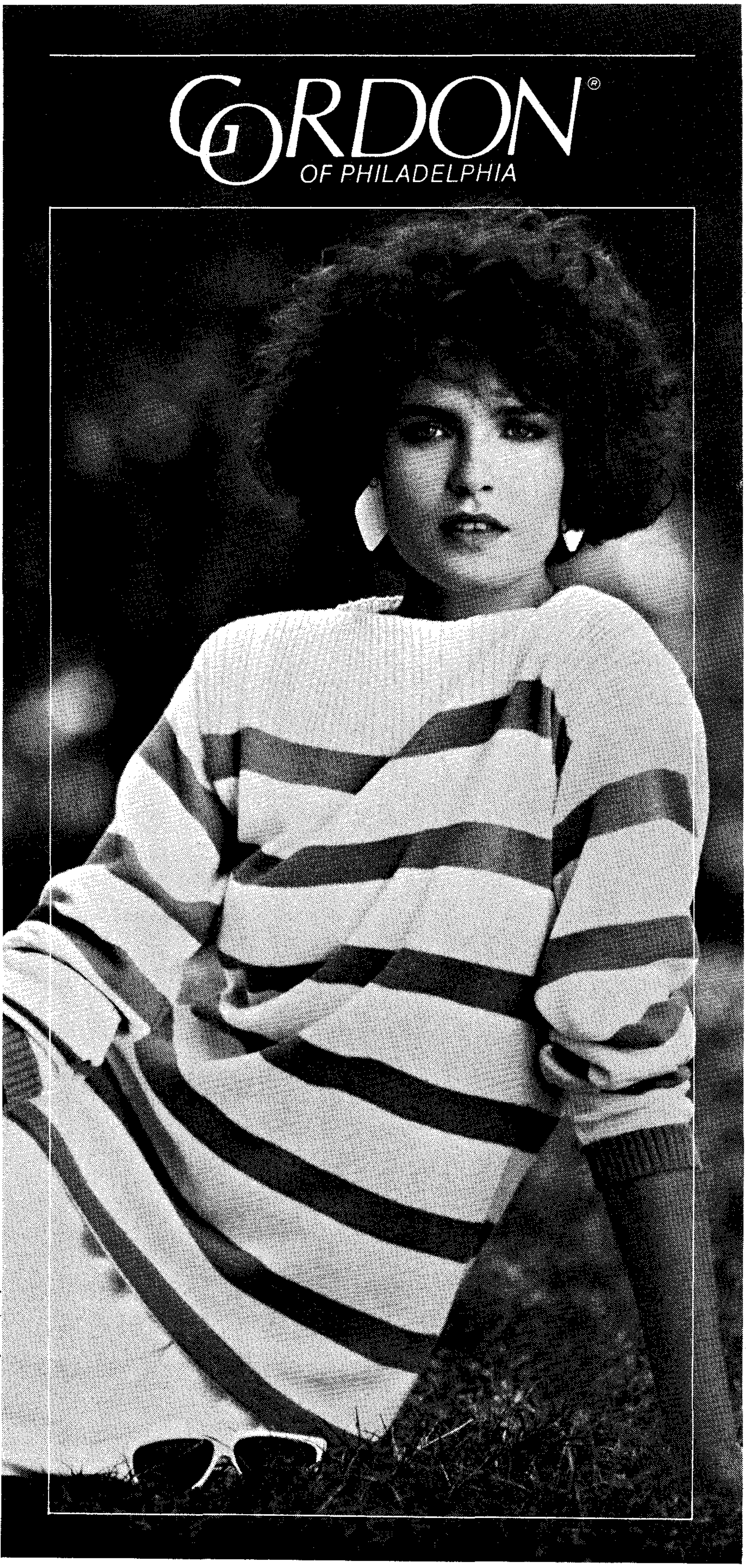
Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The great drummer **MAX ROACH** is in town with a quartet through Sunday, March 31, and on Tuesday, April 2, the **BENNY GOLSON—ART FARMER JAZZTET** will install its lyrical, rhythmic self on this bandstand. Mondays are **GIL EVANS** nights: when his enthusiastic, sage-struck **BIG BAND** with its unmistakable Evansian blur of instruments plays Charlie Parker tunes on top of a heavy rock beat, it sounds like bebop march music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays after nine are salsa nights in the barnlike downstairs room. On April 1, **PAQUITO D'RIVERA'S** quintet, **LOUIE RAMIREZ & RAY DE LA PAZ,** and **ARTHUR BLYTHE,** the guest jazz soloist will all be on hand. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, you can spot pianist **STANLEY COWELL** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** on the job every night but Monday. And, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, fifty years old this year. (See page 32, this issue.) Pianist **STEVE KUHN** works with bassist **RON CARTER** and drummer **AL FOSTER** through Sunday, March 31, and on Tuesday, April 2, the great non-flashy guitarist **JIM HALL** will arrive with *his* trio. Monday night's tradition is the **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND.** Music after ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. Cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** and tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** co-pilot a smooth swing sextet through Saturday, March 30; Sunday and Monday, March 31-April 1, will be claimed by violinist **BERNIE CHARLES;** and on Tuesday, April 2, Harlem's own **PAZANT BROTHERS** will move in. Music from about nine.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. The music schedule: pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** through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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			27	28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

Saturday, March 30; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** and bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** starting Tuesday, April 2; guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** on Sundays; and pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff every Monday. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ROGER WATERS—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Wednesday and Thursday, March 27-28, at 8.

UB-40—With Pablo Moses and the Revolutionary Dream Band. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday and Thursday, March 27-28, at 8.)

ANTONIO CARLOS JOBIM—Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, at 8.

DOO-WOPP, VOL. VIII—With the Marcels, the Skyliners, the Penguins, and others. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Friday and Saturday, March 29-30, at 8.)

JOHN ABERCROMBIE, LESTER BOWIE, EDDIE GOMEZ, AND JACK DEJOHNETTE—A benefit concert. (Community Church of New York, 40 E. 35th St. Saturday, March 30, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 683-5019.)

LEON BIBB—With Serious Bizness, in a benefit concert. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

REGGAE CONCERT—With Third World, Dennis Brown, Gregory Isaacs, and Lloyd Parkes & We the People. (Radio City Music Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 7.)

U2—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Monday, April 1, at 8.

EMMYLOU HARRIS—With the Hot Band. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.)

AL DIMEOLA—With Airto Moreira and Phil Markowitz. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, April 6, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Thursday, March 28: Glenn Branca. . . . ¶ Friday, March 29: Bernie Worrell & Friends and the Microscopic Septet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30: Lyres and the Reducers. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, April 1-2: Johnny Thunders' Cosa Nostra. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 10.)

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Friday, March 29, at 9: Al Grey, Jimmy Knepper, and Steve Turre, *in a tribute to Trummy Young*. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 9 and 11: Ellen Seeling & Jean Fineberg. . . . ¶ Friday, April 5, at 9 and 10:30: Jimmy Heath quartet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ELMER BISCHOFF—Twelve new abstract paintings by a California artist. Through April 13. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

OSCAR BLUEMNER (1867-1938)—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by an early American modernist who concentrated on landscapes, often with buildings. Through May 4. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

SUSAN CRILE / HERMANN DUDLEY MURPHY (1867-1945)—Recent abstract paintings. Through April 13. / Turn-of-the-century landscapes of places here and abroad, portraits, and other paintings and works on paper. Through May 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

FRIEDEL DZUBAS—Color abstractions, seventeen of them painted on canvas panels that are nine feet tall but less than two feet wide. Through April 11. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

JOHN FERREN (1905-70)—Abstract paintings done toward the end of his career. Through April 13. (Sachs, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MARSDEN HARTLEY (1877-1943)—Paintings and drawings. Through April 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

PAUL JENKINS—New color abstractions combining two of the styles—poured-pigment veils and hard-edge—he has used individually in the past. Through April 27. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

LOIS LANE—Abstractions in oil. Through April 13. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ROXI MARSDEN—New abstract oils. Through Saturday, March 30. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

WILLIAM MCELCHERAN—This artist has a lot of fun while working within the boundaries of classical sculpture and architecture-as-sculpture—columns, for instance, whose capitals are decorated with contemporary figures. Through April 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

RAOUL MIDDLEMAN / WILLIAM UMBREIT—Landscapes of Baltimore's waterfront; groups of figures—friends of the artist—in mythological settings. / Abstractions of farm tools in wood and metal. Through Wednesday, April 3. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

DOROTHEA ROCKBURNE—New paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 30. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

KURT SCHWITTERS (1887-1948)—Collages, primarily. Through June 1. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

CHARLES SELIGER—Eighteen new acrylic paintings by a veteran abstractionist. Through April 20. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **CENTER FOR AFRICAN ART**, 54 E. 68th St.: Objects made by Nigeria's Igbo-speaking population, for everyday tasks and communal rituals, the latter represented by life-size mannequins in ceremonial masquerades. Through June 16. (Open Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A work by Raoul Dufy stands out in a small show of paintings and works on paper. Through April 20. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

BENNY ANDREWS—The genesis of the artist's three fanciful monuments for Washington, D.C. (here in the form of maquettes, drawings, rough sketches), was L'Enfant's original plan for that city. Through Saturday, March 30. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

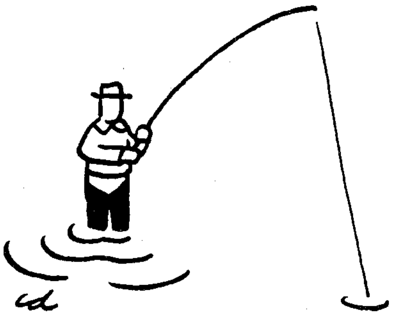
HELEN BERSHAD—Abstractions combining acrylic stains, pastel stick, and collage. Through Saturday, March 30. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

KAREN BREUNIG—Figurative paintings that allude to works by Egyptian tomb painters, de Chirico, Beckmann, and others. Through Saturday, March 30. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SCOTT BURTON—A new series of sculptures entitled "Geometric Granite Furniture." Through Saturday, March 30. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

RAY CIARROCHI—Representational landscapes. Through April 11. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

LAWRENCE FANE—Freestanding sculptures and reliefs, in welded steel, wood, and bronze, that suggest rock formations and other natural phenomena. Through Saturday, March 30. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)



TAZUKO FUJII AND OI SAWA—Paintings in mixed mediums by Mme. Fujii and geometric grisaille paintings on tin by her daughter. Through Saturday, April 6. (Viridian, 52 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Manhattan Laboratory Museum, 314 W. 54th St., has additional works by these artists. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)

DAVID HARE—New paintings in a series the artist has named *"Lionscapes."* Through April 13. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

ALEX KATZ / LEE KRASNER (1908-84)—Images of couples painted on two-dimensional aluminum cutouts. / Charcoal nude sketches from the late thirties. Through Saturday, March 30. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—New monochromatic paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, March 30. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

SIMEON LAGODICH—Vividly colored landscapes, such as one of a forest floor, set in black frames. Through Saturday, March 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

TERENCE LANOUE—Abstract paintings characterized by heavily worked surfaces. Through Saturday, April 6. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

BERNARD MAISNER—Small emblematic paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

MICHAEL MALPASS—Small freestanding sculptures composed of thin woven wires, and steel spheres covered with spiral and straight rods and other metal parts. Through April 20. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

CONRAD MARCA-RELLI—Collage paintings in mixed mediums, all dated 1982. Through Saturday, April 6. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN (1870-1953) **AND CHARLES BURCHFIELD** (1893-1967)—Watercolors derived from nature by each of these early modernists. Through April 20. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

RICHARD NONAS—Minimalist industrial-steel sculptures. Through Saturday, March 30. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

PICASSO (1881-1973)—Repoussé silver plates from the fifties. Through April 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

RICHARD SERRA—Models for new outdoor sculptures by the author of the controversial public sculpture "Tilted Arc," in Federal Plaza. Through April 13. (Galerie Maeght Lelong, 9 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

NICHOLAS SPERAKIS—Recent figurative paintings. Through April 17. (Sumers, 50 W. 57th St.)

TIMOTHY WOODMAN—Cutout aluminum wall reliefs on many of which contemporary genre scenes are painted—a man descending the stairs to a subway, for instance. Through Saturday, March 30. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

TROELS WÖRSEL—Abstractions incorporating a distinctive orange color. Through Saturday, March 30. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SOHO

HANS BELLMER (1902-75)—Drawings, photographs, and sculptures by a European artist known best for his kinky photographs of dolls. Through Saturday, April 6. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

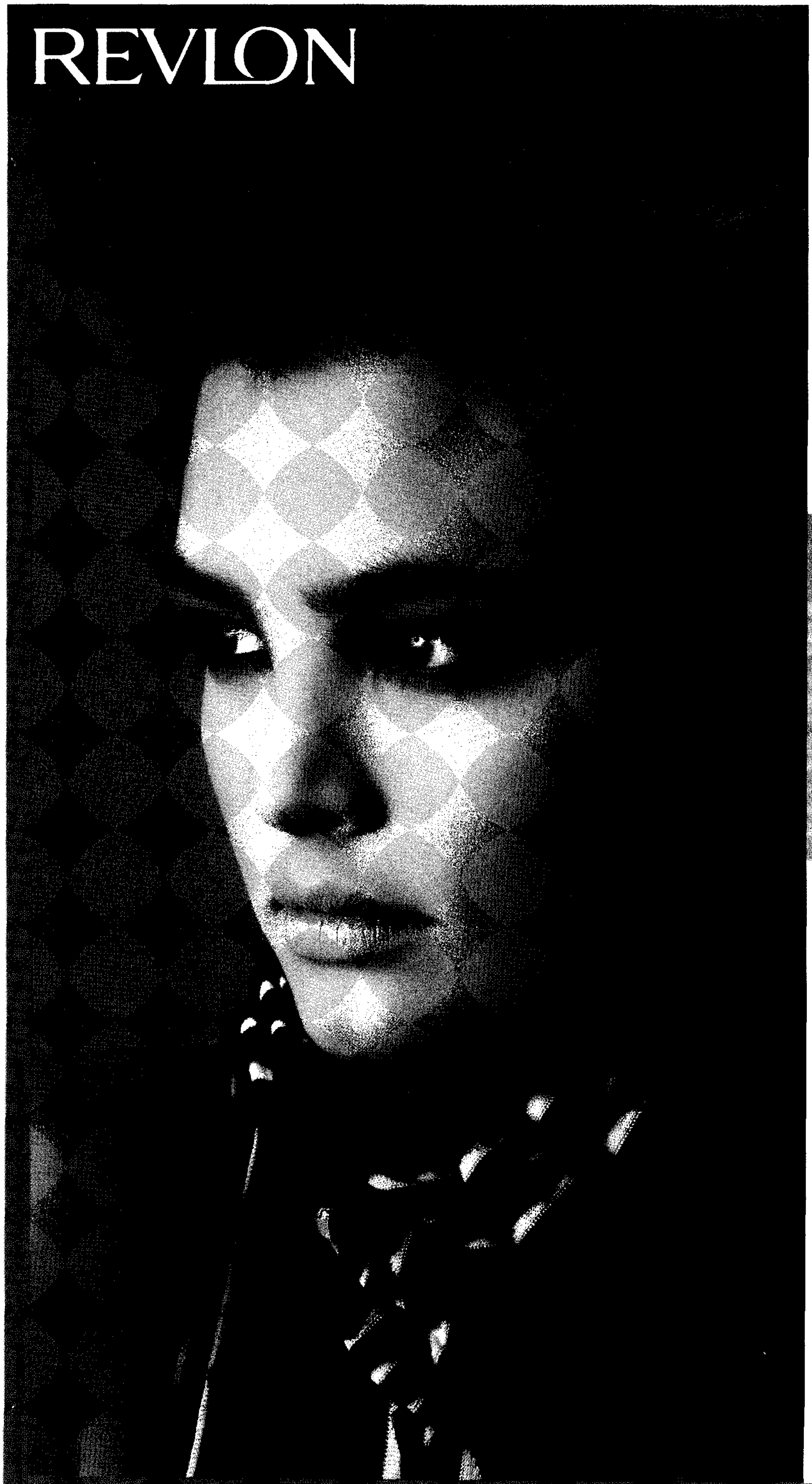
TOM BILLS / CAROLE SEBOROVSKI—Small-scale shaped steel or concrete structures, each with an archlike opening. / Charcoal, oil stick, and pastel drawings dominated by heavily worked geometric forms. Through April 20. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

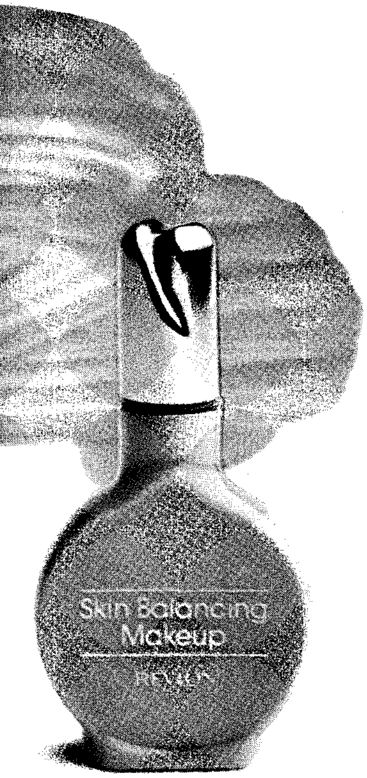
D. CAPOBIANCO / LINDA BESEMER—Works in mixed mediums centering on abstract forms. / Abstract paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

BRETT DE PALMA—Bright-colored paintings, among them four canvases depicting rudimentary tree forms. Through April 20. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

PORFIRIO DI DONNA / EUGENE LEROY—Recent abstractions on paper. / Impastoed oils by a French artist. Through Saturday, April 6. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

RON ISAACS—Trompe-l'oeil painted-plywood con-





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WINE AND FOOD

The Rewards

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As these medals are a reward for our effort to produce wines of elegance, complexity and finesse, so too do they recognize and honor the renaissance of classical winemaking in California. For 81 years and three generations in America, our family has made wine to complement and enhance food. This is part of our Italian heritage, and it is my respect for this tradition that will always direct our style of winemaking.

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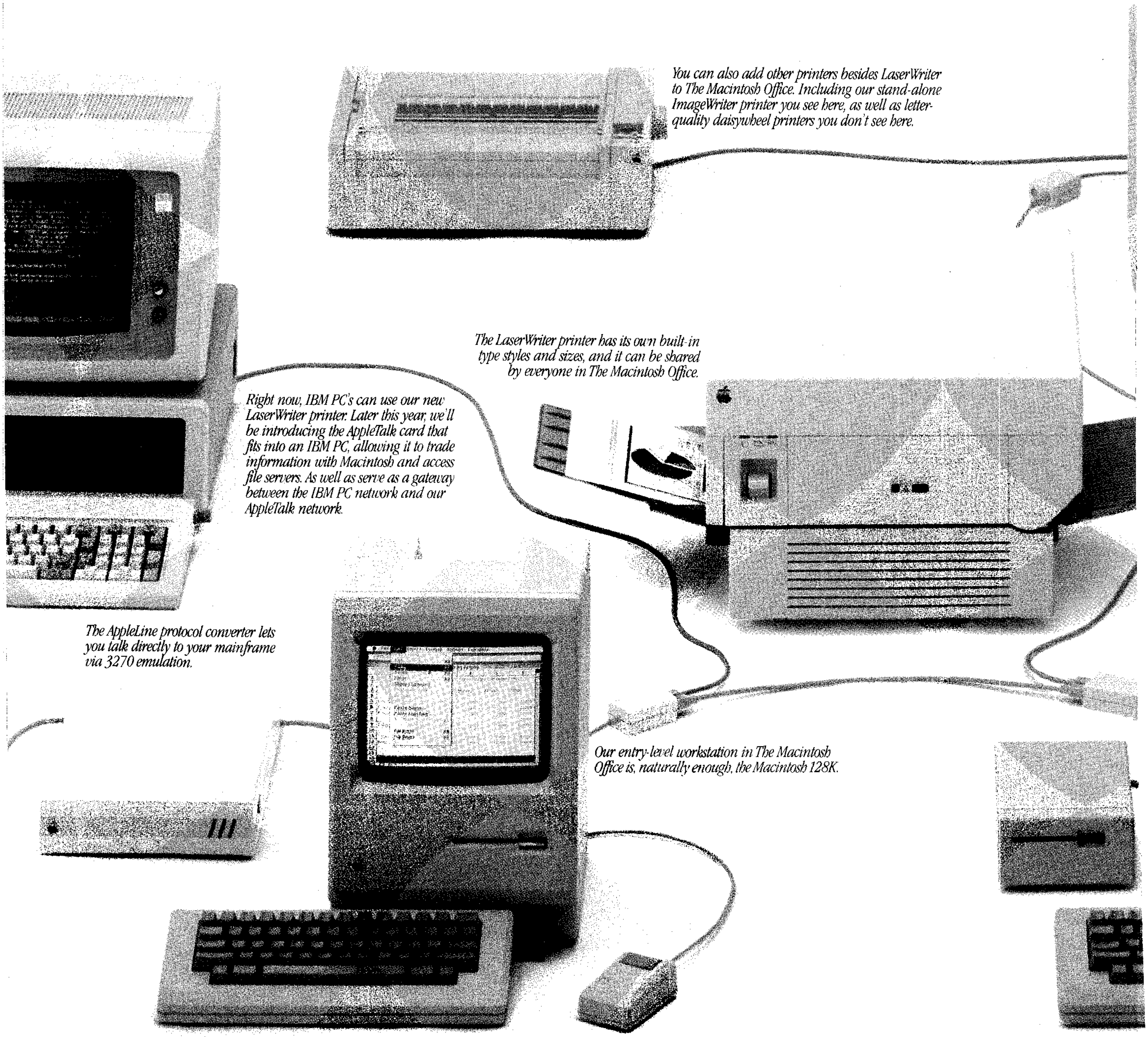

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The AppleLine protocol converter lets you talk directly to your mainframe via 3270 emulation.

Our entry-level workstation in The Macintosh Office is, naturally enough, the Macintosh 128K.

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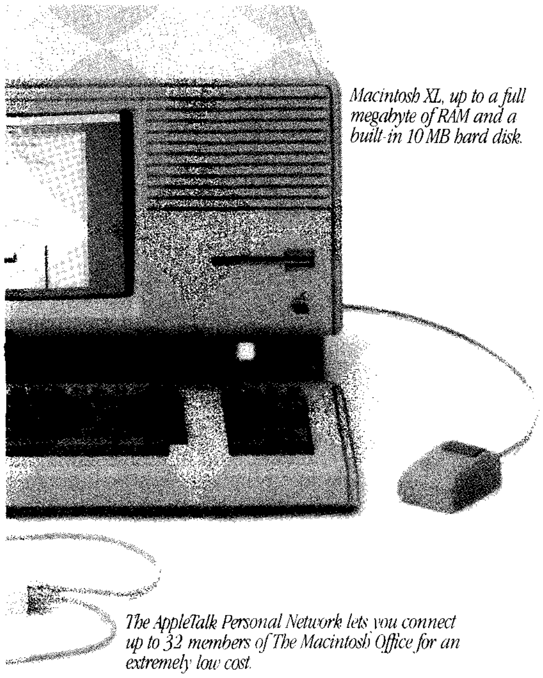
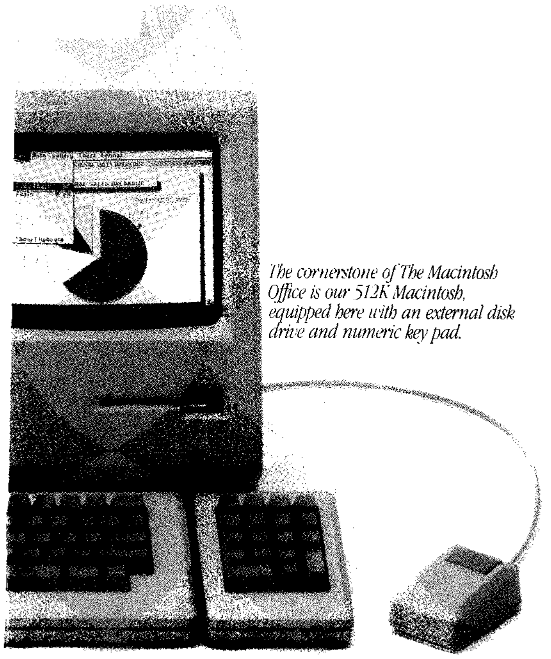


Macintosh XL, up to a full megabyte of RAM and a built-in 10 MB hard disk.

The AppleTalk Personal Network lets you connect up to 32 members of The Macintosh Office for an extremely low cost.



The cornerstone of The Macintosh Office is our 512K Macintosh, equipped here with an external disk drive and numeric key pad.

No, not computer systems people to help you design it. Or computer experts to show you how to use it.

But the kind of people who already make up most of your office.

Managers and professionals. People who spend most of their time selling products, services or, most importantly, ideas.

Because, unlike traditional office computer solutions, we didn't design The Macintosh™ Office around a mainframe. We designed it around an idea.

The idea that people, not mainframes, are the most important information centers in an office. And that most things in business are really accomplished by teams of 5 to 25 people who need to share information with each other. What we call the *workgroup.*

That's why we put Macintosh at the heart of The Macintosh Office. Its powerful, 32-bit technology reduces the time it takes to become productive with a computer from well over a work week, to just under a lunch hour.

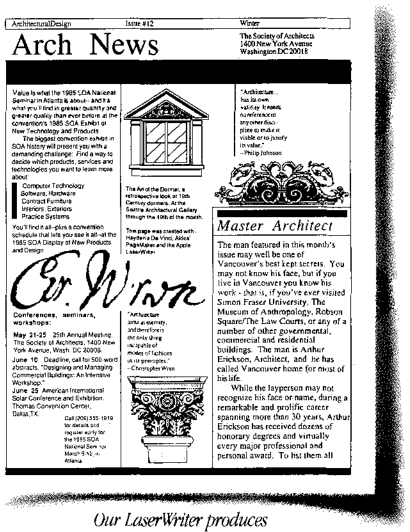
For the first time, the people who could really use a computer — managers and professionals — had a computer they could really use. In their choice of sizes: Macintosh 128K, Macintosh 512K and Macintosh XL.

Then we designed a network solution for workgroups of 5 to 25. Instead of buildings of 500 to 2,500.

We call it the AppleTalk™ Personal Network. It's as easy to hook together as an extension cord. And almost as cheap. Less than $50* a desk, versus up to $1,200 for a typical network system.

Since the number one product of business is still paper, we found a way to make every sheet count. A breakthrough in printed communications called the LaserWriter printer. It produces publication-quality text and graphics. Making your presentations, reports and overheads more persuasive.

We've even found a way for The Macintosh Office to share offices with IBM.® An AppleTalk card that slips into an IBM PC, allowing it to trade information with Macintosh and access file servers.



ArchitecturalDesign Issue #12 Winter

Arch News

The Society of Architects
1400 New York Avenue
Washington DC 20018

Value is what the 1985 SOA National Seminar in Atlanta is about-- and it's what you'll find in greater quantity and greater quality than ever before at the convention's 1985 SOA Exhibit of New Technology and Products.

The biggest convention exhibit in SOA history will present you with a demanding challenge: Find a way to decide which products, services and technologies you want to learn more about:

Computer Technology
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Contract Furniture
Interiors, Exteriors
Practice Systems

You'll find it all--plus a convention schedule that lets you see it all--at the 1985 SOA Display of New Products and Design

Chr. Wren

Conferences, seminars, workshops:

May 21-25 25th Annual Meeting. The Society of Architects, 1400 New York Avenue, Wash. DC 20006.

June 10 Deadline, call for 500-word abstracts. "Designing and Managing Commercial Buildings: An Intensive Workshop."

June 25 American International Solar Conference and Exhibition. Thomas Convention Center. Dallas, TX.

Call (206) 555-1919 for details and register early for the 1985 SOA National Seminar March 9-12, in Atlanta

The Art of the Dormer, a retrospective look at 19th Century dormers. At the Seattle Architectural Gallery through the 19th of the month.

This page was created with Hayden's Da Vinci, Aldus' PageMaker and the Apple LaserWriter

"Architecture aims at eternity, and therefore is the only thing incapable of modes of fashions in its principles."
--Christopher Wren

"Architecture... has its own validity. It needs no reference to any other discipline to make it viable or to justify its value."
--Philip Johnson

Master Architect

The man featured in this month's issue may well be one of Vancouver's best kept secrets. You may not know his face, but if you live in Vancouver you know his work - that is, if you've ever visited Simon Fraser University, The Museum of Anthropology, Robson Square/The Law Courts, or any of a number of other governmental, commercial and residential buildings. The man is Arthur Erickson, Architect, and he has called Vancouver home for most of his life.

While the layperson may not recognize his face or name, during a remarkable and prolific career spanning more than 30 years, Arthur Erickson has received dozens of honorary degrees and virtually every major professional and personal award. To list them all

Our LaserWriter produces publication-quality text and graphics.

Third party developers are also working on The Macintosh Office. Next month, they'll be offering shared storage devices that let your workgroup share information. And they're writing a whole new generation of business software to go along with the 350 programs Macintosh already runs. Including Microsoft® Word, ThinkTank™ 512 and the new Jazz™ from Lotus.®

Now, there's only one more thing we'd like to add to this ad: call 800-446-3000. We'll tell you how to get everything you need to turn your office into a Macintosh Office.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

structions of one of the artist's frequent subjects—antique clothing and accessories. Through Wednesday, April 3. (Knowlton, 153 Mercer St.)

Carla Rae Johnson / Vera Lightstone—A sculptor-cabinetmaker whose works include a three-piece bedroom set, typical of which is a birch bureau whose drawers are lined with—what else?—drawings. / Fired-clay abstractions mounted on steel bases. Through April 17. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon; open Sundays.)

Louise Kramer—Wall reliefs using brass, steel, and plywood, which pay homage to working women. Through Saturday, March 30. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Josef Levi / Randy Dudley—Paintings and drawings that pair off portraits copied from past masters—Matisse's "La Femme au Chapeau" juxtaposed with Leonardo's "Madonna with Carnation," for instance. / Magic Realist paintings. Through Saturday, March 30. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Harold Olejarz—Wood-chip sculptures of classical figures, one in the round, the rest reliefs. Through Saturday, March 30. (14 Sculptors, 164 Mercer St.)

Edith Schloss—Paintings directly on music scores by Alvin Curran are of interest in this group of recent oils, watercolors, and drawings. Through April 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Elfi Schuselka—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through April 20. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Jack Tworkov (1900-82)—Paintings and works on paper from the seventies, when his textured compositions were founded on geometric forms. Through April 24. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Gina Werfel—Semi-abstract paintings of Italian landscapes. Through April 10. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Tuesdays through Fridays and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Joan Witek—Uniform lozenge shapes applied to raw canvas with black oil stick and graphite. Through Saturday, March 30. (Esman, 70 Greene St.)

Group Show—Minimalist artists Carl Andre, Sol LeWitt, Agnes Martin, Brice Marden, and others, each showing an early work and a recent one. Through Saturday, March 30. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Alec Drummond—Paintings and drawings, including figurative oils done on Mylar. First one-man show in New York. Through April 13. (Bent, a new gallery at 204 Waverly Pl., just east of Seventh Ave. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

John Himmelfarb—Paintings, brush-and-ink drawings, and ceramics from the past ten years. Through April 14. (Area X, 200 E. 10th St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 1 Sundays.)

David Rabinowitch—Low-lying rolled-steel floor sculptures. Through April 13. (Oil & Steel, 157 Chambers St.)

Group Show—Figure drawings by Rosemarie Castoro, Luis Frangella, Grace Graupe-Pillard, Jody Pinto, and Rick Prol. Through April 13. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Grey Art Gallery—A show of elegantly crafted paintings, three-dimensional objects, and photographs of such subjects as babies, altars, airplanes, decomposing bodies, and in such materials as gold leaf, tinfoil, rhinestones, dollar bills, chocolate. Three of the artists are Tom Dillon, Starr Ockenga, and Larry Miller. Through May 4. (New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

P.S. 1—Contemporary paintings, sculptures, graphics, and video by Gilbert & George, Barbara Kruger, James Rosenquist, and other artists whose works imply a narrative content, shown with traditional indigenous Mexican art. This show has travelled from the Museo Rufino Tamayo, in Mexico City. Through May 26. (46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

Eugène Atget (1857-1927)—Two shows in tandem, "Ancien Régime" (prints of Versailles, Saint-Cloud, and Sceaux) and "Modern Times" (working-class Paris), complete a survey of the photographer's work at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Larry Burrows (1926-71)—Photographs of the Vietnam War done on assignment for *Life.* Through April 13. (Lawrence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

Peter Campus—Photographs of Hudson River landscapes. Through Saturday, March 30. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Judy Fiskin—Photographs of middle-class housing in New York and California. Through April 7. (Wyatt, 202 E. 10th St. Open Sundays.)

Vera Lehndorff and Holger Trülzsch—Dye-transfer photographs of Miss Lehndorff's body, which was painted to blend in with the background area of, for instance, a wall in the old Fish Auction Hall in Hamburg. Miss Lehndorff is the actress who goes by the name Verushka. Through April 20. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

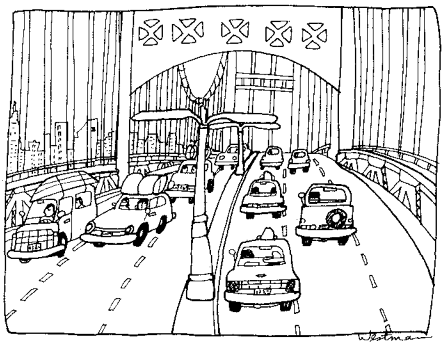
Scott MacLeay—Two-color Fresson prints of figures at close range. Through April 19. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Richard Misrach / JoAnn Verburg—Desert landscapes and the series "Three Days at Edwards Air Force Base: The Shuttle Landing." / Group portraits, each divided among several frames, and swimmers in unconventional poses. Through April 13. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Show—At the **burden**, 20 E. 23rd St.: Photographs of American landscapes by thirteen contemporary artists, including Robert Adams, Marilyn Bridges, Emmet Gowin, and Stephen Shore. Through April 27. (Opens at 1.) . . . **ledel**, 168 Mercer St.: Tina Barney's huge color prints of families in informal poses and Lorie Novak's still-lifes are among works by contemporary photographers. Through Saturday, March 30. (Opens at noon.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Age of Caravaggio," an exhibit that underscores Caravaggio's contribution to Italian baroque art and contrasts his paintings with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. Included are some forty paintings attributed to Caravaggio and as many by Peter Paul Rubens, Federico Barocci, Guido Reni, and others. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A show of antiquities—crosses, chalices, crowns—from the Treasury of San Marco, Venice, many of which have resided there since their removal from Constantinople in the early thirteenth century. Through June 2. . . . ¶ Chinese paintings and calligraphy promised to the museum by John M. Crawford, Jr., whose collection is being shown in two parts—this is the second. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A chronological arrangement of drawings by Henri Matisse, about a third of which are being shown in public for the first time. Through May 14. . . . ¶ Henri Rousseau's "Myself, Portrait-Landscape" greets viewers to a retrospective of approximately sixty of the artist's paintings. Through June 4. . . . **photography**: Last sections of the Atget survey. Through May 14. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—"Kandinsky in Paris: 1934-44," an exhibit surveying the influences on this painter in the last decade of his life. Supplementary paintings and sculptures by Arp, Klee, Miró, and others. Through April 14. . . . ¶ A comprehensive show of works on paper by Helen Frankenthaler, with watercolors, acrylics, charcoal, and crayons among the mediums. Through April 21. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—The Whitney Biennial, 1985: eighty-four artists, a hundred and forty-six pieces (paintings, sculptures, photographs, films, video, and installations). Through June 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of drawings and paintings by nineteenth-century American Pre-Raphaelites, who practiced the doctrines of John Ruskin and the English movement, and whose subjects were nature scenes and humble still-lifes. Also included are works by better-known contemporaneous artists outside but affected by the movement—Bierstadt, Church, Durand, and others. Starts Friday, March 29. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display of skeletal studies done by osteologist S. Harmsted Chubb (a staff member at the museum between 1901 and 1949) which capture their subjects in motion—e.g., a man reaching for the bridle of a rearing horse. Through June 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by thirty contemporary American artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute art awards. Through Sunday, March 31. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Jewelry devised for personal adornment and ritual use by tribes of Indonesia, Malaysia, and the Philippines. On loan from the Barbier-Müller Museum in Geneva, the exhibit of more than two hundred and fifty pieces includes an ornate gold crown, a brass headdress, a mother-of-pearl necklace, and silver earrings. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Chinese gold and silver objects that testify to the opulence of the Tang dynasty (618-907 A.D.). Buddhist statues and jewelry from the imperial court are among the seventy beaten, cast, gilt, and inlaid artifacts on hand. Through April 21. . . . ¶ A display of Javanese batiks, the epitome of Indonesian ornamental textiles. Through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Albrecht Dürer's original drawing "Praying Hands" is the centerpiece of a show of seventy-five Old Master drawings on loan from the Albertina

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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collection in Vienna. As a bonus, the Morgan has added its own eight Dürers. . . . ¶ Also from the Morgan's holdings come thirty music manuscripts that were either composed in Austria or first heard there, including several in the hand of Mozart. Both exhibits through May 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—The skills of male weavers from New York State are displayed in this exhibit of fancy coverlets completed between 1820 and 1860. . . . ¶ A show of seventeen Amish quilts. Both shows through April 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Eighty-nine samples of figure drawing representing almost the whole of the twentieth century. A nice coup: a study, in conté crayon, that Edward Hopper did for "Nighthawks" and Red Grooms' colored-pencil drawing "Night Hawks Revisited." Also, Charles Demuth, Philip Pearlstein, Keith Haring, and others. Through May 5. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Two exhibitions: paintings by John Hull; and sculptures by Mia Westerlund Roosen, whose six massive abstract works are in concrete with lead, encaustic, or bronze. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.—R. P. Connolly (performance), Thursday, March 28, at 8:30.

The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. 925-3615.—Eight programs of music: Anomy and Borbetomagus, Wednesday, March 27, at 8:30; "First . . . Sounds" and the Christmas Rose Choir, Thursday, March 28, at 8:30; Henry Threadgill Orchestra, Friday, March 29, at 8:30; Guy Klucevsek and David Lopato, Wednesday, April 3, at 8:30; Elliot Sharpe and Notorische Reflexe, Thursday, April 4, at 8:30; Outrage and Sirius, Friday, April 5, at 8:30; White Eagles, Saturday, April 6, at 8:30; David Holland, Lois Vierk, and Mikel Rouse Broken Consort, Sunday, April 7, at 3.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288.—Tom Cayler (performance), Friday through Sunday, March 29-31, and Thursday through Sunday, April 4-7, at 8; David Cale (performance), Friday through Sunday, March 29-31, and Thursday through Sunday, April 4-7, at 10.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 27: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; conducted by Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 28: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Veronica Tyler, Bernard Thacker, and Robert Mosley; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 29: "Ernani," with Leona Mitchell, Ermanno Mauro, Pablo Elvira, and Paul Plishka; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée March 30: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Plácido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; Thomas Fulton. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 30: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Florence Quivar, Charles Williams, and Simon Estes; William Vendice. . . . ¶ Monday evening, April 1: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 2: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Vladimir Popov, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 3: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 4: "Porgy and Bess," with Roberta Alexander, Marvis Martin, Veronica Tyler, Bernard Thacker, and Robert Mosley; William Vendice. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 5: "Tosca," with Hildegard Behrens, Vladimir Popov, and Cornell MacNeil; Giuseppe Sinopoli. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 6: "Rigoletto," with Judith Blegen, Isola Jones, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 6: "Lulu," with Julia Migenes-Johnson, Evelyn Lear, Kenneth Riegel, and Franz Mazura; James Levine. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Gounod's "Faust." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturday, March 30, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 2:30.)

Bel Canto Opera—Victoria Bond conducting the last two performances of Rutland Boughton's "The Immortal Hour." (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, March 30, at 8, and Sunday, March 31, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Rafael Kubelik directing an all-Bach program on Thursday, March 28, at 8; Friday, March 29, at 2; and Saturday, March 30, and Tuesday, April 2, at 8 (all with Benita Valente, soprano; Claudia Catania and Birgit Finnilä, mezzo-sopranos; Philip Creech, tenor; Wolfgang Schoene, baritone; Charles Rex and Kenneth Gordon, violin; and the Westminster Choir). On April 2, Norman Anderson will replace Mr. Schoene. . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting a C. P. E. Bach–Mahler program on Thursday, April 4, at 8; Friday, April 5, at 2; Saturday, April 6, at 8; and Tuesday, April 9, at 7:30 (all with Jeanne Baxtresser, flute).

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Paul Dunkel conducting, with Joseph Swensen, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

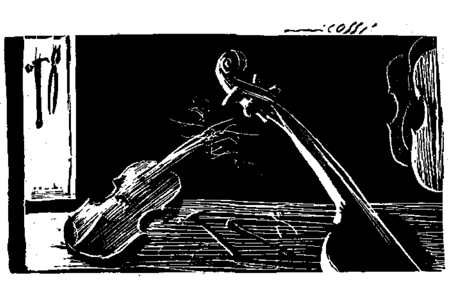
Julius Grossman Orchestra—Mr. Grossman conducting, with Peter Winograd, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

Brandenburg Ensemble—Alexander Schneider conducting, with Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

Prism—Robert Black conducting a program of music by Miriam Gideon, Schubert, and Stephen Dembski, with William Sharp, baritone. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Wednesday, April 3, at 8.)

University of Wisconsin La Crosse Symphony—Joseph Cordeiro conducting, with David Reedy, piano, and Michael Barrett, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

Oratorio Society of New York—Lyndon Woodside conducting a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with Andrea Matthews, soprano; Sheila Nadler, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Cornett, tenor; and John Ostendorf, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 27, at 8.)



Sine Nomine Singers and Baroque Orchestra—Harry Saltzman directing two performances of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, March 30, at 7:30, and Sunday, March 31, at 2.)

New York City Gay Men's Chorus—Gary Miller directing a benefit concert of Broadway show music, with, among others, Betty Buckley, Maureen McGovern, Ann Reinking, and George Rose. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

Amor Artis Chorale—Johannes Somary directing Scarlatti's "Stabat Mater" and Heinrich Schuetz' "St. Matthew Passion," with Grayson Hirst, tenor; Thomas Hewes, bass; and Frank C. Smith, organ. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Tuesday, April 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Choral Celebration of Bach—John Nelson directing the first two in a series of three concerts of choral works by the composer, all with Paul Esswood, countertenor; John Aler, tenor; John Cheek, bass; the Male Choir and Orchestra of St. Luke's; and the American Boychoir—Wednesday, April 3: A performance of "The St. John Passion," also with Elly Ameling, soprano; Chris Merritt, tenor; and Jorma Hynninen, baritone. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 6: A performance of "The St. Matthew Passion," also with Sylvia McNair, soprano, and the Messrs. Merritt and Hynninen. (Carnegie Hall. Evenings at 7:30.)

Bach's "St. John Passion"—Paul Halley directing the Cathedral Singers and two other choruses, with Thomas Bogdan, tenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and instrumentalists. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Friday, April 5, at 7:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.) . . . ¶ JoAnn Rice directing the Florilegium Chamber Choir and Baroque Orchestra, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano; Fay Kittelson, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas and Frank Hoffmeister, tenors; and Bruce Kramer, bass-baritone. Performed in English. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 5, at 8.)

RECITALS

Detlef Kraus—Piano, in the last two in a series of concerts presenting Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavier." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, March 28, and Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

Morton Estrin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

Seymour Lipkin—Piano. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 28, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Donald Joyce—Organ, in an all-Bach recital. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, March 28, at 8.)

North / South Consonance—A program of contemporary instrumental and electronic music by Paul Betjeman and others, with Catherine Rowe, soprano, and the Times Square Basstet. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, March 28, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Andrés Segovia—Classical guitarist. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 29, at 8.)

Andras Schiff—Piano, in the last in a series of three all-Bach concerts, this one a performance of the "Goldberg Variations." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, March 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—With Bethany Beardslee, soprano, and the Emerson String Quartet. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, March 30, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert. . . . ¶ Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, March 31, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, April 1-2, at 7:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, March 30, at 8. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall.

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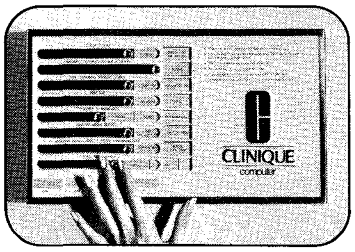

CLINIQUE

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Wednesday and Thursday, April 3-4, at 8, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Michael Feldman conducting an all-Dvořák program. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Saturday, March 30, at 8.)

Martha Brody and Alan Mandel—Violin and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 30, at 8:30.)

Music from Marlboro—Two programs of chamber music, performed by different artists. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, March 31, at 2—for tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Monday, April 1, at 8—for tickets, call 840-2824.)

Emanuel Borok—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

Berlin Octet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 3.)

Frederica von Stade—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

Delos String Quartet—With Peter Lloyd, bass, in a Dvořák-Suk program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, March 31, at 8.)

League-ISCM—A program of contemporary music, with William Purvis, horn; Rolf Schulte, violin; and Alan Feinberg and Aleck Karis, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, March 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Hal Freedman, Jeffrey Schanzer, and Tom Varner. (The Kitchen, 59 Wooster St. Sunday, March 31, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Si-Yo Music Society—Chamber music. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, April 1, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 864-1414.)

Charles Fisk—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, April 1, at 8.)

Musica Camerit—The second in a series of three concerts, this one with Nicholas Mann, violin, and Robert White, tenor. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, April 2, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—Presenting a recital by Benjamin Hudson, violin, and Kenneth Bowen, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday, April 2, at 8.)

Trevor Pinnock—Harpsichord, in the second in a series of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

Eduardo Fernandez—Classical guitarist. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord, with the Bach Family Strings and Linda Comparone, flute, in a program that includes the premiére of a work by Robert Baksa. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, April 4, at 8.)

Note—Reinhard Goebel, baroque violin, and Robert Hill, harpsichord, will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, April 14, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, April 1, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Milwaukee, Thursday, March 28, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, March 30, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Atlanta, Thursday, April 4, at 9. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Boston, Wednesday, March 27. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Knicks, Wednesday, April 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Saturday, April 6. (Games begin at 7:30.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Sunday, March 31, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Tuesday, April 2, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, April 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Devils, Saturday, April 6, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Thursday, March 28, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Saturday, March 30, at 1:35.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Daily, except Sunday, March 31, at 1; through Monday, May 6. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 30; the Bed o' Roses Handicap, Friday, April 5; and the Gotham, Saturday, April 6. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, April 1, through Saturday, June 15. The Cherry Hill Mile, Saturday, April 6.

Running—The Perrier Ten-Kilometre Run will start at eleven on Saturday, March 30, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, and finish near the Tavern on the Green.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, March 30. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, April 1, through Monday, June 17. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

ET ALIA

Prose Readings—Geraldine Page reading Carson McCullers' "Ballad of the Sad Café." (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, April 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ Mary Gordon reading from her own works. (Three Lives & Company, 154 W. 10th St. Thursday, April 4, at 8. No tickets necessary; seating on a first-come, first-served basis.)

Cat Show—Empire Cat Club. (New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 49th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 30-31, from 10 to 7.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden. Opens Saturday, March 30, and will run through Sunday, April 14. (1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, April 5, from 9:30 to 5.) Wednesday, March 27, at 10:15 and 2: American manuscripts, from the collection of Mrs. Phillip D. Sang. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 30, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century furniture, together with decorations and works of art. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 4, at 10:15 and 2: Watches, clocks, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 30. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Saturday, March 30, at 10 and 2: Art Nouveau and Art Deco. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 3, at 10 and 2: Clocks, watches, and scientific instruments. Exhibition starts Friday, March 29.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—First league games here—METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, April 9 and 11 (both day games). . . . YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, April 16 and 18 (both day games).

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division preliminary playoffs start April 18.

Eve Olitsky

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 11-14.)

Hockey—Stanley Cup preliminary playoffs start April 10.

Racing—At CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 4. . . . BELMONT: May 8-July 29.

Running—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 15.)

Tennis—Tournament of Champions. (West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills. May 6-12.)

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (362-6000): The season continues through April 20. . . . AVERY FISHER HALL (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 25. . . . ¶ Elmar Oliveira, violin, April 14. . . . ¶ Netherlands Chamber Orchestra, April 21. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 26. . . . ¶ Alicia de Larrocha, piano, April 28. . . . ¶ Yo-Yo Ma, cello, May 3. . . . CARNEGIE HALL (247-7800): Bach Choral Festival, April 7. . . . ¶ St. Louis Symphony, April 10-11. . . . ¶ New York Pops, April 12 and 22 and May 9. . . . ¶ Orpheus, April 13. . . . ¶ Rochester Philharmonic, April 14. . . . ¶ Opera Orchestra of New York, April 14. . . . ¶ Polish Chamber Orchestra, April 15. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, April 19. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, April 20. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 21. . . . ¶ Alfred Brendel, piano, April 23. . . . ¶ Mainz Chamber Orchestra, April 24. . . . ¶ Hildegard Behrens, soprano, April 25. . . . ¶ Murray Perahia, piano, April 26. . . . ¶ Handel Opera Festival, April 28. . . . ¶ Chicago Symphony, April 29-30, and May 1, 3, and 4. . . . ¶ Jeffrey Siegel, piano, May 2. . . . ¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 6. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 7. . . . ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): New York Philomusica, April 8. . . . ¶ Solisti New York, April 10. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 12, 14, 26, and 28, and May 5-7. . . . ¶ Concerto Soloists of Philadelphia, April 14. . . . ¶ Haskell Small, piano, April 16. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 18 and 20. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, April 21. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 22. . . . ¶ Walter Ponce, piano, April 24. . . . ¶ Ensemble for Early Music, April 27. . . . KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL, 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Shura Cherkassky, piano, April 13. . . . ¶ Daniel Phillips, violin, April 16. . . . ¶ Opera at the Y, April 20-21. . . . ¶ Michala Petri, recorder, April 25. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, April 27-28. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, April 30-May 1. . . . GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Trevor Pinnock, harpsichord, April 11. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, April 12. . . . ¶ Heinz Holliger, oboe, and Christiane Jaccottet, harpsichord, April 13. . . . ¶ Peter Serkin, piano, April 18 and (with Young Uck Kim, violin) April 29 and May 2. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 19. . . . ¶ Paula Robison, flute, April 20. . . . ¶ Frans Brueggen, flute and recorder, and John Gibbons, harpsichord, April 21. . . . ¶ Mozartean Players, April 25. . . . TOWN HALL (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, April 17. . . . ¶ St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, April 20.

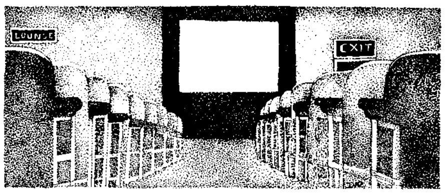
Dance—Paul Taylor Dance Company, at City Center, April 9-May 5. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 22-June 15. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 23-June 23.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks. A musical, "Grind," with a score by Larry Grossman, lyrics by Ellen Fitzhugh, a book by Fay Kanin, and a cast headed by Ben Vereen. . . . ¶ The Goodspeed Opera House revival of the musical "Take Me Along," based on Eugene O'Neill's play "Ah, Wilderness," with music and lyrics by Bob Merrill and a book by Joseph Stein and Robert Russell. . . . ¶ Roger Miller has written the music and lyrics for "Big River," which is based on Mark Twain's novel "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." William Hauptman provided the book. . . . ¶ Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, Lynn Redgrave, George Rose, and Jeremy Brett will star in a London import, a revival of Frederick Lonsdale's 1923 comedy "Aren't We All?"

Other Dates—Easter Sunday is April 7. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1984 and estimates for 1985 are due Monday, April 15. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 28.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through March 28: "Allonsanfan" (1974; directed by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni.
From March 29: "French Cancan" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through March 28: "Beyond the Walls" (Uri Barbash; an Israeli film, in Hebrew).
From March 29: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 28: "1984" (Michael Radford), with John Hurt and Richard Burton; and "Night of the Comet" (Thom Eberhardt), with Catherine Mary Stewart and Kelli Maroney.
March 29-April 4: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†); and "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
From April 5: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 28: "Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.
From March 29: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. From March 29: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
Theatre 2: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.
Theatre 3: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Amadeus" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Camila" (Maria Luisa Bemberg; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through March 28: "The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt.
From March 29: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack. From March 29: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "The Killing Fields" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "A Soldier's Story" (†). From March 29: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†). From March 29: "King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Beverly Hills Cop" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "The Return of the Soldier" (†).
Theatre 2: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert. From March 29: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.
Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: Through April 2: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer. From April 3: "Alamo Bay" (Louis Malle), with Ed Harris and Amy Madigan.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Witness" (†).

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through March 28: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.
From March 29: To be announced.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "The Killing Fields" (†). From March 29 (tentative): "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through April 2: "Mississippi Blues" (1983; directed by Bertrand Tavernier and Robert Parrish; in French and English), a documentary. From April 3: "All My Good Countrymen" (1968; Vojtech Jasny; in Czech).
Theatre 2: Through March 30: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God" (1972; Werner Herzog; in German). March 31-April 2: "Stroszek" (1977; Werner Herzog; in German and English), with Bruno S. From April 3: "Ballad of the Little Soldier" (Werner Herzog) and "The Dark Glow of the Mountains" (Werner Herzog), both documentaries.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through April 2: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.
From April 3: "A Bigger Splash" (Jack Hazan), with David Hockney.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "Variety" (Bette Gordon). March 29-April 4: To be announced. From April 5: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Pedro Almodovar; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "Blood Simple" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan. From March 29: "The Hit" (Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt.
Theatre 2: "The Makioka Sisters" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Sunday in the Country" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French).
Theatre 4: "Stranger Than Paradise" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: Through March 28: "Birdy" (†). From March 29: "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 3: Through March 28: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz). From March 29: "A Passage to India" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Sylvester" (Tim Hunter), with Richard Farnsworth and Melissa Gilbert.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through March 28: "A Passage to India" (†).
From March 29: "King David" (Bruce Beresford), with Richard Gere.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through March 28: "Places in the Heart" (Robert Benton), with Sally Field.
From March 29: "A Passage to India" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through March 28: "Heartbreakers" (Bobby Roth), with Peter Coyote and Nick Mancuso.
From March 29: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Private Function" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Wild Duck" (Henri Safran), with Jeremy Irons and Liv Ullmann.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through March 28: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.
From March 29: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (Susan Seidelman), with Rosanna Arquette and Madonna.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Stop Making Sense" (†).
Theatre 2: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 3: "The 400 Blows" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).
Theatre 2: Through April 3: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†). From April 4: "Streetwise" (Martin Bell), a documentary.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "My New Partner" (Claude Zidi; in French), with Philippe Noiret.
Theatre 2: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 3: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).
Theatre 4: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Lost in America" (Albert Brooks), with Brooks and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 2: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 3: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 4: "Porky's Revenge" (James Komack), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 5: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 6: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Theatre 1: Through March 28: "Lust in the Dust" (Paul Bartel), with Tab Hunter and Lainie Kazan; and "Eating Raoul" (1982; Paul Bartel), with Bartel, Mary Woronov, and Richard Beltran. From March 29: "A Passage to India" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "Birdy" (†). From March 29: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From March 29: (matinées only): "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.
Theatre 2: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.
Theatre 3: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 4: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Porky's Revenge" (directed by James Komack), with Dan Monahan.
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer. From March 29: "Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment" (Jerry Paris), with Steve Guttenberg.
Theatre 3: "The Sure Thing" (Rob Reiner), with John Cusack.
Theatre 4: Through March 28: "The Terminator" (James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger. From March 29: "The Breakfast Club" (John Hughes), with Anthony Michael Hall, Ally Sheedy, and Molly Ringwald.
Theatre 5: Through March 28: "Vision Quest" (Harold Becker), with Matthew Modine. From March 29: "Into the Night" (John Landis), with Jeff Goldblum and Michelle Pfeiffer.
Theatre 6: "The Falcon and the Snowman" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through March 28: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†). From March 29: "The Care Bears Movie" (Arna Selznick), an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "Blood Simple" (†). From March 29: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 3: "A Soldier's Story" (†).
Theatre 4: Through March 28: "Starman" (John Carpenter), with Jeff Bridges and Karen Allen. From March 29: "Blood Simple" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Witness" (†).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Mask" (Peter Bogdanovich), with Cher, Eric Stoltz, and Sam Elliott.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th: A New Beginning" (Danny Steinmann).

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Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
"The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"Pinocchio" (1940), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "The Killing Fields" (†).
Theatre 2: Through March 28: "The Mack." From March 29: "The Slugger's Wife" (Hal Ashby), with Michael O'Keefe and Rebecca De Mornay.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: Through March 27: "Night Patrol" (Jackie Kong), with Linda Blair and Pat Paulsen. March 28: All three segments of the "Star Wars" trilogy will be shown, starting at 4 P.M. From March 29: "Return of the Jedi" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Last Dragon" (Michael Schultz).

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Amadeus" (†).
Theatre 2: "Baby . . . Secret of the Lost Legend" (B. W. L. Norton), with William Katt and Sean Young.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 28: "Repo Man" (1984; directed by Alex Cox), with Emilio Estevez and Harry Dean Stanton.
From March 29: "Hotel New York" (1985; Jackie Raynal).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through March 28: "Hotel New York" (1985; Jackie Raynal).
March 29-April 4: "Mrs. Soffel" (1984; Gillian Armstrong), with Diane Keaton, Mel Gibson, and Matthew Modine; and "Splendor in the Grass" (1961; Elia Kazan), with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, and Pat Hingle.
From April 5: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 27: A program of films by Claude Lelouch.
From March 28: A two-week program of French comedies.

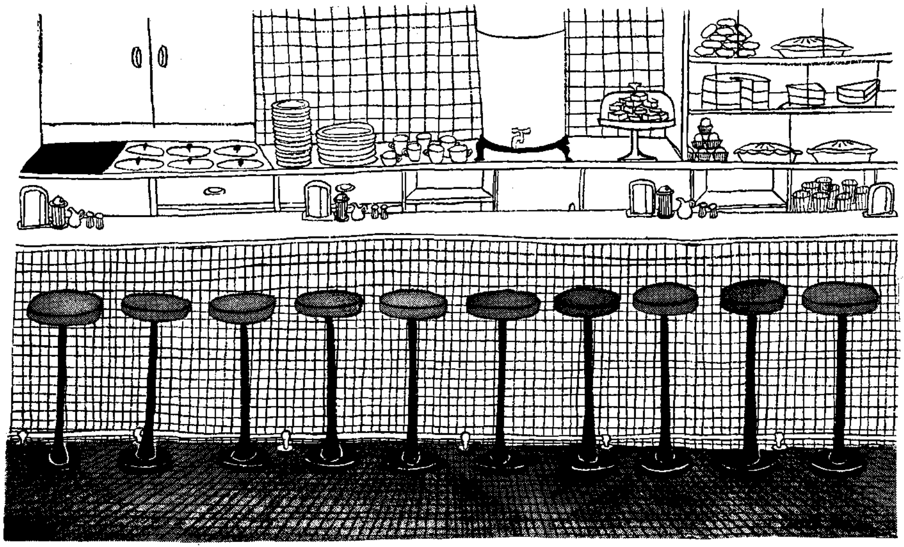
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 28: "Starstruck" (1982; Gillian Armstrong; an Australian film), with Jo Kennedy; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.
March 29-30: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine.
March 31-April 2: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).
April 3-4: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1966; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with a cast of nonprofessionals; and "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
April 5-6: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Stop Making Sense" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
March 27: "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman; and "Teachers" (1984; Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
March 28-30: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.
March 31-April 1: "Cat People" (1982; Paul Schrader), with Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, and John Heard; and "Nosferatu, the Vampyre" (1979; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, and Bruno Ganz.
April 2-3: "Gorky Park" (1983; Michael Apted), with William Hurt and Lee Marvin; and "Tightrope" (1984; Richard Tuggle), with Clint Eastwood and Geneviève Bujold.
April 4-6: "Female Trouble" (1975; John Waters), with Divine; "Polyester" (1981; John Waters), with Divine and Tab Hunter; and "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through March 28: "Flashdance" (1983; Adrian Lyne), with Jennifer Beals; and "Footloose" (1984; Herbert Ross), with Kevin Bacon, Lori Singer, John Lithgow, and Christopher Penn.
March 29-30: "Magnum Force" (1973; Ted Post), "Dirty Harry" (1971; Don Siegel), and "The Enforcer" (1976; James Fargo), all with Clint Eastwood as Harry Callahan.
March 31: "Gone with the Wind" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Vivien Leigh and Clark Gable.
April 1-2: "Come Back to the 5 & Dime Jimmy Dean, Jimmy Dean" (1982; Robert Altman), with Sandy Dennis, Cher, and Karen Black; and "Streamers" (1983; Robert Altman), with Matthew Modine.
April 3-4: "Myra Breckinridge" (1970; Michael Sarne), with Mae West, John Huston, and Raquel Welch; and "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970; Russ Meyer).
April 5-6: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "The Hills Have Eyes" (1977; Wes Craven), with Susan Lanier and Robert Houston.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
March 27: "Late Spring" (1949) and "The Flavor of Green Tea Over Rice" (1952), both films in Japanese, directed by Yasujiro Ozu.
March 28: "Napoléon" (1927; Abel Gance; a French silent film), with Albert Dieudonné.
March 29: "Full Moon in Paris" (1984; Eric Rohmer; in French); and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.
March 30: "The Terminator" (1984; James Cameron), with Arnold Schwarzenegger; and "Mad Max" (1980; George Miller and Mel Gibson; an Australian film), with Gibson.
March 31: "Gandhi" (1982; Richard Attenborough), with Ben Kingsley.
April 1-2: "Oedipus Rex" (1967; Pier Paolo



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Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti and Silvana Mangano; and "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas.

April 3: "Enjo" (1958) and "An Actor's Revenge" (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa.

April 4: "Le Jour se Lève" ("Daybreak;" 1939; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty; and "Port of Shadows" (†).

From April 5: "La Traviata" (1983; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 27: "Torn Curtain" (1966; Alfred Hitchcock), with Paul Newman, Julie Andrews, and Lila Kedrova; and "Topaz" (1969; Alfred Hitchcock), with Frederick Stafford.

March 28-30: "The Wrong Man" (1956; Alfred Hitchcock), with Henry Fonda, Vera Miles, and Anthony Quayle; and "Suspicion" (1941; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.

March 31-April 6: "The Birds" (†); and "Psycho" (1960; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles, John Gavin, and Janet Leigh.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

March 27: "The Third Man" (1950; Carol Reed), with Orson Welles, Joseph Cotten, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard; and "Brighton Rock" ("Young Scarface;" 1951; John Boulting), with Richard Attenborough and Hermione Baddeley.

March 28: "Chicken Ranch" (1983; Sandi Sissel and Nick Broomfield); and "Exhibition" (1975; Jean-François Davy), a documentary.

March 29-30: "Imperative" (1982; Krzysztof Zanussi), with Robert Powell; and "Cul-de-Sac" (1966; Roman Polanski), with Donald Pleasence and Françoise Dorléac.

March 31: "Sunset Boulevard" (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Strohiem; and "Stalag 17" (1953; Billy Wilder), with William Holden, Don Taylor, and Otto Preminger.

April 1: "Fat City" (1972; John Huston), with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "Wise Blood" (1980; John Huston), with Brad Dourif, Ned Beatty, Harry Dean Stanton, and Amy Wright.

April 2: "Easy Living" (1937; Mitchell Leisen), with Jean Arthur, Ray Milland, and Edward Arnold; and "The Whole Town's Talking" (†).

April 3: "Get Crazy" (1983; Allan Arkush), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Smithereens" (1982; Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

April 4: "Lightning Over Water" (1981; Nicholas Ray and Wim Wenders); "F for Fake" (1977; Orson Welles), with Welles; and "The Epic That Never Was" (†).

April 5: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "A Place in the Sun" (1951; George Stevens), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Shelley Winters.

April 6: "Being There" (1979; Hal Ashby), with Peter Sellers, Shirley MacLaine, and Melvyn Douglas; and "The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo Starr.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 27: "City for Conquest" (1940; Anatole Litvak), with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan; and "Taxi" (1932; Roy Del Ruth), with James Cagney and Loretta Young.

March 28: "Nightmare Alley" (1947; Edmund Goulding), with Tyrone Power and Joan Blondell; and "Hangover Square" (1945; John Brahm), with Laird Cregar and Linda Darnell.

March 29-30: "Murder Most Foul" (1965; George Pollock) and "Murder She Said" (1962; George Pollock), both with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Miss Marple.

March 31: "The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance" (†) and "High Noon" (†).

April 1: "Spies" (1929; Fritz Lang; a German silent film); and "The Last Laugh" (1924; F. W. Murnau; a German silent film).

April 2: "Odd Man Out" (†); and "Outcast of the Islands" (1952; Carol Reed), with Trevor Howard and Ralph Richardson.

April 3: "Smart Money" (1931; Alfred E. Green), with Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, and Boris Karloff; and "Scarlet Street" (1946; Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea.

April 4: "The Teahouse of the August Moon" (†); and "The World of Suzie Wong" (1960; Richard Quine), with William Holden, Nancy Kwan, Sylvia Syms, and Michael Wilding.

April 5-6: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Gallipoli" (1981; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson, Mark Lee, and Bill Kerr.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: March 28 at 2:30 and 6: "The Last Laugh" (1924; directed by F. W. Murnau; a German silent film). . . . ¶ From March 29: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

THEATRE 2: March 28 at 6:30: "One on Every Corner: Manhattan's Greek-Owned Coffee Shops" (1984; Doreen Moses and Andrea Hall), a documentary. . . . ¶ From March 29: See listings under "Film Society of Lincoln Center."

Film Society of Lincoln Center (at MOMA)—The first programs in a seventeen-day festival of new films by new directors. March 29 at 6: "A Test of Love" (Australia; Gil Brealey). . . . ¶ March 29 at 8:30 and March 30 at 1: "Crossover Dreams" (United States; Leon Ichaso). . . . ¶ March 30 at 3:30: "A Test of Love." . . . ¶ March 30 at 6: "Funny Dirty Little War" (Argentina; Hector Olivera). . . . ¶ March 30 at 8:30: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" (Spain; Pedro Almodovar). . . . ¶ March 31 at 1: "Overlord" (1975; Great Britain; Stuart Cooper). . . . ¶ March 31 at 3:30: "Funny Dirty Little War." . . . ¶ March 31 at 6: "What Have I Done to Deserve This?" . . . ¶ March 31 at 8:30 and April 1 at 6: "Canale Grande" (West Germany; Friederike Pezold). . . . ¶ April 1 at 8:30 and April 2 at 6: "Our Marriage" (France; Valeria Sarmiento). . . . ¶ April 2 at 8:30 and April 3 at 6:"Streetwise" (United States; Martin Bell). . . . ¶ April 3 at 8:30: "Overlord." . . . ¶ April 4 at 6: "The Wheel" (Korea; Lee Doo-yong). . . . ¶ April 4 at 8:30: "Witness to War" (United States; Deborah Shaffer/David Goodman) and "The Ties That Bind" (United States; Su Friedrich). . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Twenty Years Later" (Brazil; Eduardo Coutinho). . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30: "Wildrose" (United States; John Hanson). . . ¶ April 6 at 10 A.M. (in Theatre 2 only): "Heimat" (West Germany; Edgar Reitz). The entire eight hours will be shown, with a break for lunch. . . . ¶ April 6 at noon (in Theatre 1 only): "Heimat." Five hours of the film will be shown. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Witness to War" and "The Ties That Bind." . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30: "The Wheel." (Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 708-9503.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—A series of programs composed of films and video works made during the past two years. *The schedule of performances is complicated; our best advice is to phone the museum for titles, schedules, and ticket information.* Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Lincoln Plaza, and U. A. Twin.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for *little set pieces in which the street-smart* Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (34th St. East, and D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad. Starting March 29, evening performances only.) . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through March 28. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 29.)

The Birds (1963)—Some of the special effects are amusing, and a few are perverse and frightening, but the effects take over in this Hitchcock scare picture, and he fails to make the plot situations convincing. The script (by Evan Hunter) is weak, and the acting is so awkward that often one doesn't know how to take the characters. With Rod Taylor, Tippi Hedren, Suzanne Pleshette, and Jessica Tandy. (Regency; March 31-April 6.)

Birdy—Part satire, part Christ myth, it's about two boys from the drab working-class suburbs of Philadelphia; they have both been maimed in Vietnam. Al (Nicolas Cage), his mutilated face wrapped in bandages, comes to see the psychically injured Birdy (Matthew Modine), who squats naked on the floor of a military hospital, crumpled like a broken bird. The movie is about the purity of madness, about *male bonding, sadism, violation, and so on.* And, with Al sitting on the hospital floor holding the catatonic Birdy in his arms, it's one Pietà after another. Directed by Alan Parker, the movie takes itself inordinately seriously as a moral fable expressing eternal truths. It feels morose and unrelieved, despite the efforts of the two actors. With John Harkins and Sandy Baron. (2/11/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and New Yorker; through March 28.)

Blood Simple—A Texas roadhouse owner (Dan Hedaya) wants to have his young wife (Frances McDormand) and her lover (John Getz) murdered; he hires a killer, a good-ol'-boy private detective (M. Emmet Walsh) who takes his money and double-crosses him. The film provides a visually sophisticated form of gross-out humor; the material is thin, though, and there isn't enough suspense until about the last ten minutes, when the action is so grisly that it has a kick. Directed by Joel Coen, who wrote the screenplay with his brother Ethan. (2/25/85) (Waverly, and Embassy.)

The Epic That Never Was (1965)—Bill Duncalf's documentary about the circumstances that caused the 1937 Alexander Korda production of "I, Claudius," based on Robert Graves' "I, Claudius" and "Claudius the God," to be abandoned midway. The temperamental problems between the star, Charles Laughton, and the director, Josef von Sternberg, were clearly enormous, and the production was hit by a series of disasters; however, from the look of the footage which is included, the world did not lose a masterpiece. The interviews with survivors of the debacle (such as Merle Oberon, who was supposed to play Messalina) are very entertaining. This is probably the only film ever made about an abandoned film. (Thalia; April 4.)

The Falcon and the Snowman—The movie isn't really interested in why the intelligent Chris Boyce and his coked-up buddy, Daulton Lee, two boys from well-heeled, conservative Southern California backgrounds, sold key documents about U.S. surveillance satellites to the Russians. The director, John Schlesinger, wants to shock the hell out of us by justifying Boyce, making the point that his actions weren't the traitorous ones—the C.I.A.'s were. While Schlesinger gives you the feeling that he knows what he's doing, he has

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

no staying power—he doesn't develop any of the ideas he tosses in. Timothy Hutton, who plays Boyce, makes you respond to the freak hidden inside the proper manners, but the attention shifts to Sean Penn's whiny, strung-out Daulton Lee—an attention-getting bummer of a performance. With David Suchet, Dorian Harewood, Lori Singer, Pat Hingle, Boris Leskin, and Joyce Van Patten. (2/11/85) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Coronet; through March 28. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; March 29-April 4.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—François Truffaut's eloquent first feature is a semi-autobiographical account of a twelve-year-old boy who—in the eyes of adults—becomes a delinquent. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. In French. (Lincoln Plaza.)

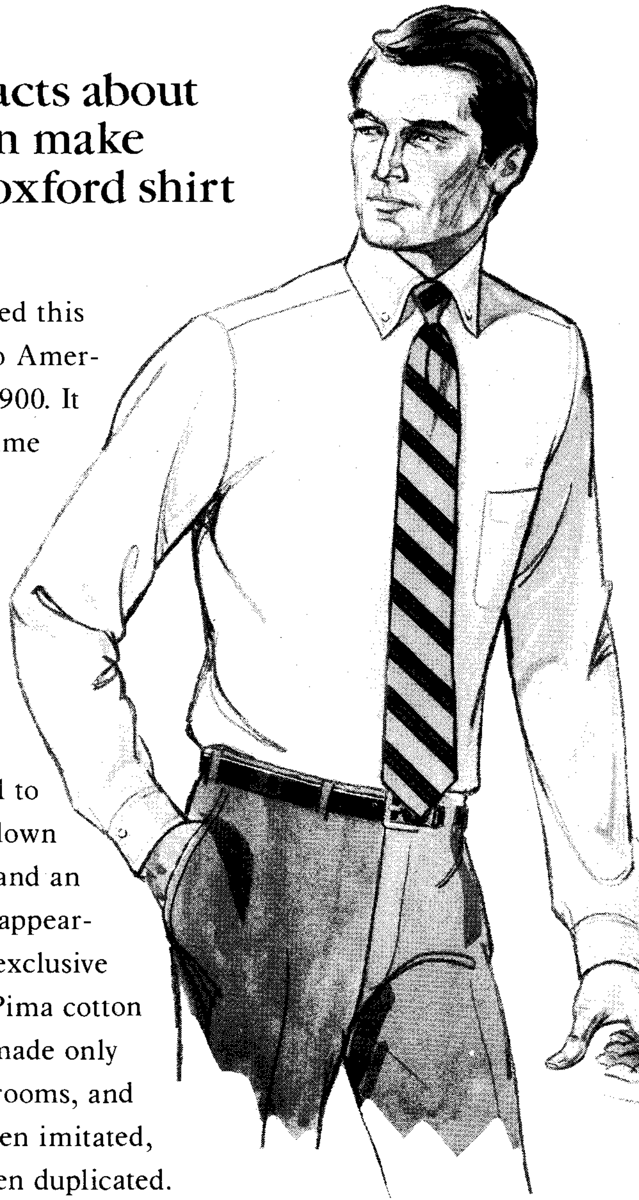
French Cancan (1954)—Jean Renoir's account of how an impresario (Jean Gabin) builds the Moulin Rouge and revives the long-forgotten cancan. The show-folk charm is rather cloying. With Maria Felix, Françoise Arnoul, and Edith Piaf. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting March 29.)

High Noon (1952)—The Western form is used for a sneak civics lesson. Gary Cooper is the marshal who fights alone for law and order when his cowtown is paralyzed by fear. When the film came out, there were actually people who said it was a poem of force comparable to "The Iliad." But its insights are primer sociology, and the demonstration of the town's cowardice is Q.E.D. It's a tight piece of work, though—well directed by Fred Zinnemann. With Grace Kelly, Katy Jurado, Lee Van Cleef, Thomas Mitchell, and Lloyd Bridges. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31.)

The Killing Fields—The British film shows us the Khmer Rouge transforming Cambodia into a nationwide gulag, and the scenes of this genocidal revolution have the breadth and terror of something deeply imagined. The movie tells the story of how Sydney Schanberg (Sam Waterston), who was the *Times* correspondent in Cambodia from 1972 to 1975, was separated from his interpreter and assistant, Pran (Haing S. Ngor), and of his remorse and general anguish until the wily, resourceful Pran, after four years of slave labor and hiding, made his way into Thailand, late in 1979, and got word to him. It's written like a TV docudrama, and it bogs down in the crosscutting between Pran's experiences of the atrocities in Cambodia and Schanberg's guilt and misery in various settings in the U.S. But it's by no means a negligible movie. Roland Joffé, making his début as a movie director, and the cinematographer, Chris Menges, give us imagery that suggests the work of a macabre lyric poet, and there are accomplished performances—most notably by John Malkovich, Bill Paterson, and Athol Fugard. (12/10/84) (Manhattan, Greenwich Playhouse, Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century National Twin. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin; through March 28.)

The Makioka Sisters (1983)—Kon Ichikawa celebrates the delicate beauty of the four Makioka sisters—the four heiresses of an aristocratic Osaka family, who move as if always conscious that they must be visual poetry—and at the same time he makes you feel that there's something amusingly perverse in their poise and their politesse. Set in 1938, the film is like a succession of evanescent revelations—the images are stylized and formal, yet the quick cutting melts them away. The venerable Ichikawa is doing what so many younger directors have claimed to be doing: he's making visual music. And he's doing it without turning the actors into zombies, and without losing his sense of how corruption and beauty and humor are all rolled up together. In Japanese. (3/11/85) (Quad Cinema.)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)—The reputation of this John Ford Western is undeservedly high; it's a heavy-spirited piece of nostalgia. John Wayne is in his flamboyant element, but James Stewart is too old for the role of an idealistic young Eastern lawyer who is robbed on the way West, goes to work in the town of Shinbone as a dishwasher, and learns about Western life. Opposite him, Vera Miles is as proficient and colorless as ever. With Lee Marvin, Edmond O'Brien, Andy Devine, John Carradine, Woody Strode,



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and Strother Martin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 31.)

Odd Man Out (1946)—Wounded at noon, the Irish rebel Johnny MacQueen (James Mason) stumbles through the streets of Belfast until midnight—the object of an intense, widespread manhunt. The tormented, delirious man, bleeding to death, seeks (but does not find) refuge on his way to the grave. Though the director, Carol Reed, doesn't quite succeed in creating a masterpiece (the inflated ideas in the script don't allow him to), there are bravura visual passages, the sound is often startlingly effective, and the film provides an experience that can't be shrugged off. With Kathleen Ryan, W. G. Fay, Maureen Delany, and Denis O'Dea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

A Passage to India—This admirable version of E. M. Forster's 1924 novel about the tragicomedy of British colonial rule was adapted, directed, and edited by David Lean, who knows how to do pomp and the moral hideousness of empire better than practically anybody else around. Peggy Ashcroft comes through with a transcendent piece of acting as Mrs. Moore, and Judy Davis is close to perfection as the repressed Miss Quested, who longs for adventure; they are the two women whose attempt to get to know the Indians socially results in a charge of attempted rape against Dr. Aziz, played by Victor Banerjee, a fine, fluid actor who's like a piece of erotic sculpture. It may not be the highest praise to say that a movie is orderly and dignified, but of its kind this "Passage to India" is awfully good, until the last half hour or so; the concluding scenes wobble all over the place. The cast is just about irreproachable. It includes James Fox, Nigel Havers, Art Malik, Michael Culver, Saeed Jaffrey, Roshan Seth, and Sandra Hotz. (2 hours and 43 minutes.) (1/14/85) (Ziegfeld; through March 28. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex, Festival, and New Yorker; starting March 29.)

Port of Shadows (1938)—The first of the three major collaborations of director Marcel Carné and writer Jacques Prévert—it was followed by the infinitely superior "Daybreak" in 1939 and by "Children of Paradise" in 1944—the movies which helped to create the French film style of poetic fatalism. In "Port of Shadows," which is a drearily predictable film, a man (Jean Gabin) is running away from the police; he meets a girl, the exquisite, raincoated Michèle Morgan, and tries to free her from her disreputable guardian (Michel Simon) and his crony (Pierre Brasseur). He doesn't escape. "Port of Shadows" is gloomy and shallow, but at the time the defeatism of the film was like a breath of fresh air to American filmgoers saturated with empty optimism. In French. (Metro Cinema; April 4.)

A Private Function—This joint début film by the celebrated British television playwright Alan Bennett and the young director Malcolm Mowbray keeps adding greedy eccentrics and scatological jokes until everything is interconnected and the action seems on the verge of exploding into lewd farce. It never quite makes the final leap, but it's pretty funny anyway. The action is set in a small Yorkshire town in 1947, during the worst of the postwar austerity, and the plot involves the efforts of the local pillars of society (Denholm Elliott, John Normington, Richard Griffiths) to fatten a hidden, "unlicensed" pig for a banquet celebrating the nuptials of Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip. They run into trouble when the pig is stolen by a mild-mannered chiropodist (Michael Palin), who is encouraged by his Lady Macbeth of a wife (Maggie Smith). The movie is trivial, but alive and unruly; the characters cheat and conspire on such a low level that it suggests "Volpone" set in a cabbage patch. Maggie Smith can bring you up short with a devastating inflection, and as her aged mother, Liz Smith (no relation) is like a bleary, befuddled mirror image of the daughter's pretensions. Also with Bill Paterson as the inspector for the Ministry of Food and Rachel Davies as his seductive landlady. (3/25/85) (Paris.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. This comedy has a small, rapt quality; he wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen at the Jewel Theater. This is the first Woody Allen movie in which a whole batch of actors really interact and spark each other. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, Deborah Rush, Annie Joe Edwards, Karen Akers, Irving Metzman, Milo O'Shea, Alexander H. Cohen, and, in a spectacular cameo, Dianne Wiest. Cinematography by Gordon Willis; the original music is by Dick Hyman. (3/25/85) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema Studio, and Movieland.)

Return of the Jedi (1983)—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax—a chance to engage the audience emotionally with something awesome—the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Billy Dee Williams, Anthony Daniels as C-3PO, and Peter Mayhew as Chewbacca. (Plaza, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; starting March 29.)

The Return of the Soldier—Directed by Alan Bridges, this film version of Rebecca West's first novel, published in 1918, isn't great or exciting, but it's very enjoyable. Julie Christie, Glenda Jackson, and Ann-Margret play the three women who love the shell-shocked amnesiac Captain Chris Baldry (Alan Bates), who has forgotten the last twenty years of his life and regressed to the time of his greatest joy. The conflict is: Should he be allowed to remain in his boyish state of happiness, or should he be forced to confront the truth? As Chris's wife, Julie Christie is so outrageously vain that she's funny; Glenda Jackson takes the literary conception of an instinctual, loving woman and plays it with an ease and leanness that's fairly astounding; and Ann-Margret has a thankless role, but she acquits herself with likable dignity. In a role that could seem ludicrous, Alan Bates has a weight and an aura of middle-aged bewilderment that you don't laugh off. The cast includes Ian Holm, Frank Finlay, and Jeremy Kemp. (3/11/85) (Cinema I.)

A Soldier's Story—This tense, wholehearted combination of melodrama and psychodrama is set in and around an Army base in Louisiana in 1944; a black drillmaster (Adolph Caesar) has been murdered, and a black lawyer, Captain Davenport (Howard E. Rollins, Jr.)—the first black commissioned officer ever to be seen in this part of the country—has been sent down from Washington, D.C., to investigate. Charles Fuller did the adaptation of his "A Soldier's Play," and there's some daring in his perception that in a racist society the temptation toward self-hatred is part of being black. The material is like the trumped-up, creaky yet powerful socially conscious plays-into-movies of the past. But the director, Norman Jewison, has given it an atmosphere that recalls his crack 1967 comedy-mystery "In the Heat of the Night," and he has also given it a beautiful sense of pace. With Denzel Washington, Art Evans, Larry Riley, David Alan Grier, Robert Townsend, David Harris, and Dennis Lipscomb. (11/26/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Baronet; through March 28.)

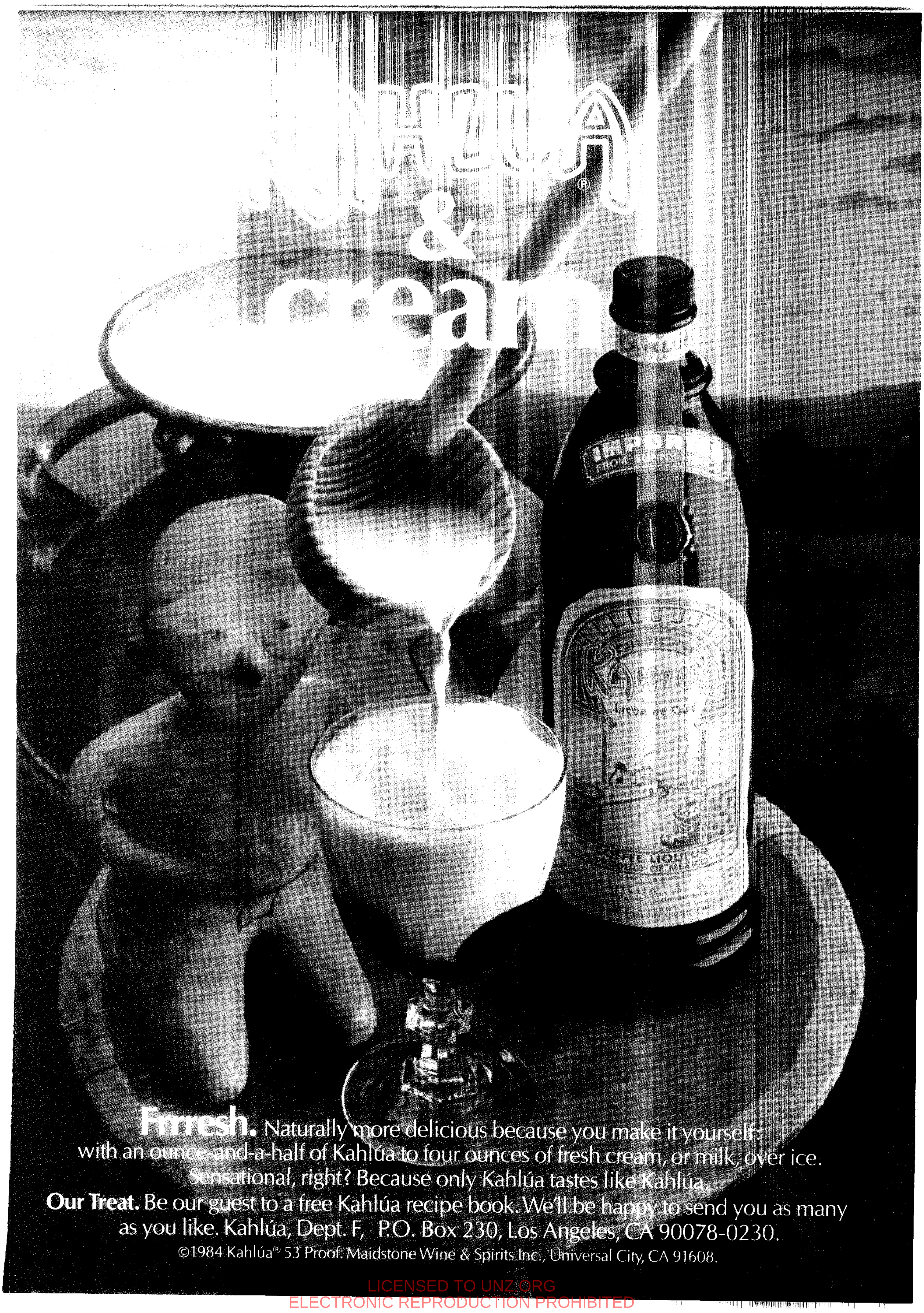
Stop Making Sense—Directed by Jonathan Demme, this concert film by the New York new-wave rock band Talking Heads is a continuous rock experience that keeps building, becoming ever more intense and euphoric. It's a happy movie from beginning to end. The lead singer, David Byrne, is a stupefying performer who gives the group its modernism—the undertone of repressed hysteria, which he somehow blends with freshness and adventurousness and a driving beat. He designed the stage lighting and the elegantly plain performance-art environment. The sound is better than live sound—it has been filtered and mixed and fussed over, so that it achieves ideal clarity. (11/26/84) (Lincoln Plaza, and 8th St. Playhouse.)

Stranger Than Paradise—The young writer-director Jim Jarmusch uses a minimalist aesthetic for low-key comic effects. This punk picaresque is in black-and-white, and each scene is a single take followed by a blackout; the three principal characters—deadpan deadbeats—live in dead space. Jarmusch keeps the picture formal and cool, and it has an odd, nonchalant charm; it's fun. But it's softhearted fun—shaggy-dog minimalism—and it doesn't have enough ideas (or laughs) for its ninety-minute length. With John Lurie, Eszter Balint, and Richard Edson. (11/12/84) (Quad Cinema.)

The Teahouse of the August Moon (1956)—A whimsical comedy-fantasy about the foolishness of the American military bureaucracy's attempts to impose American ideas on occupied countries—in this case Okinawa. Everybody in the movie, whether American or Okinawan, seems childish and stupid; the squeals and giggles of the native women are enough to drive one out of the theatre. Marlon Brando, as the pixie interpreter Sakini, is harmlessly genial (and he is certainly missed when he's offstage), but this whole production is so talky and rhythmless that it's hard to see how even a specialist in the fey arts could have got the role airborne. As the American captain, Glenn Ford grimaces, twitches galvanically, and stutters foolishly. With Machiko Kyo, Paul Ford, Eddie Albert, and Henry Morgan. Directed by Daniel Mann. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 4.)

The Whole Town's Talking (1935)—John Ford directed this likable comedy about a gentle clerk, his gangster double (Edward G. Robinson in a dual role), and the hardboiled girl, Bill, whom the clerk adores. Bill is Jean Arthur, the comedienne with the wistful-husky voice; her distinctive voice was one of the best sounds in the romantic comedies of the thirties and forties. With Wallace Ford, Etienne Girardot, Donald Meek, Arthur Byron, and Edward Brophy. (Thalia; April 2.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (Loews Tower East, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)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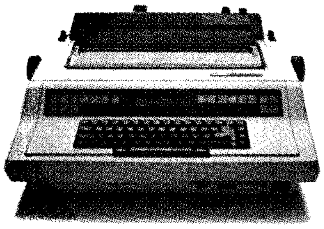

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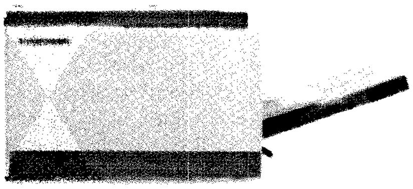

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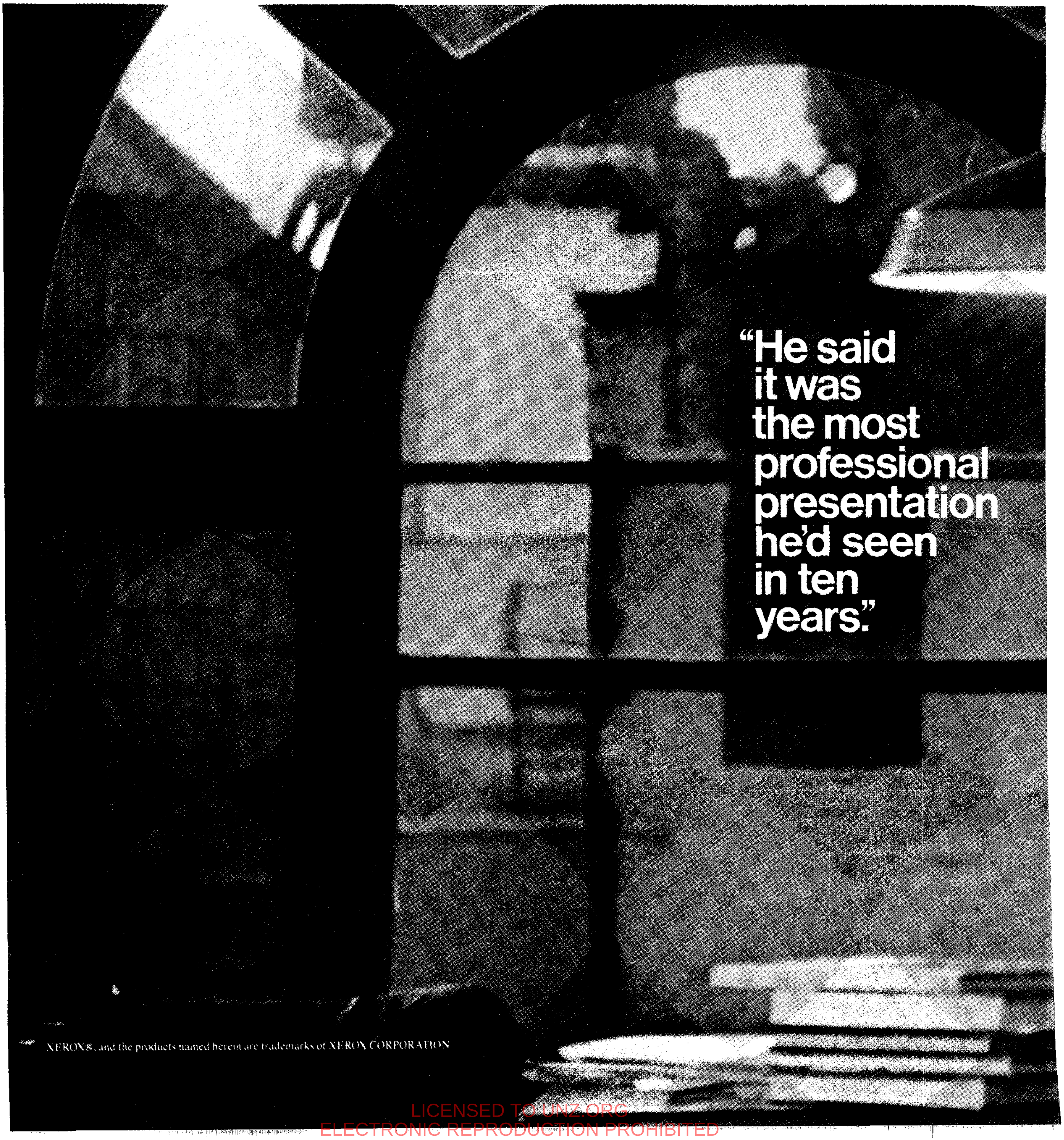
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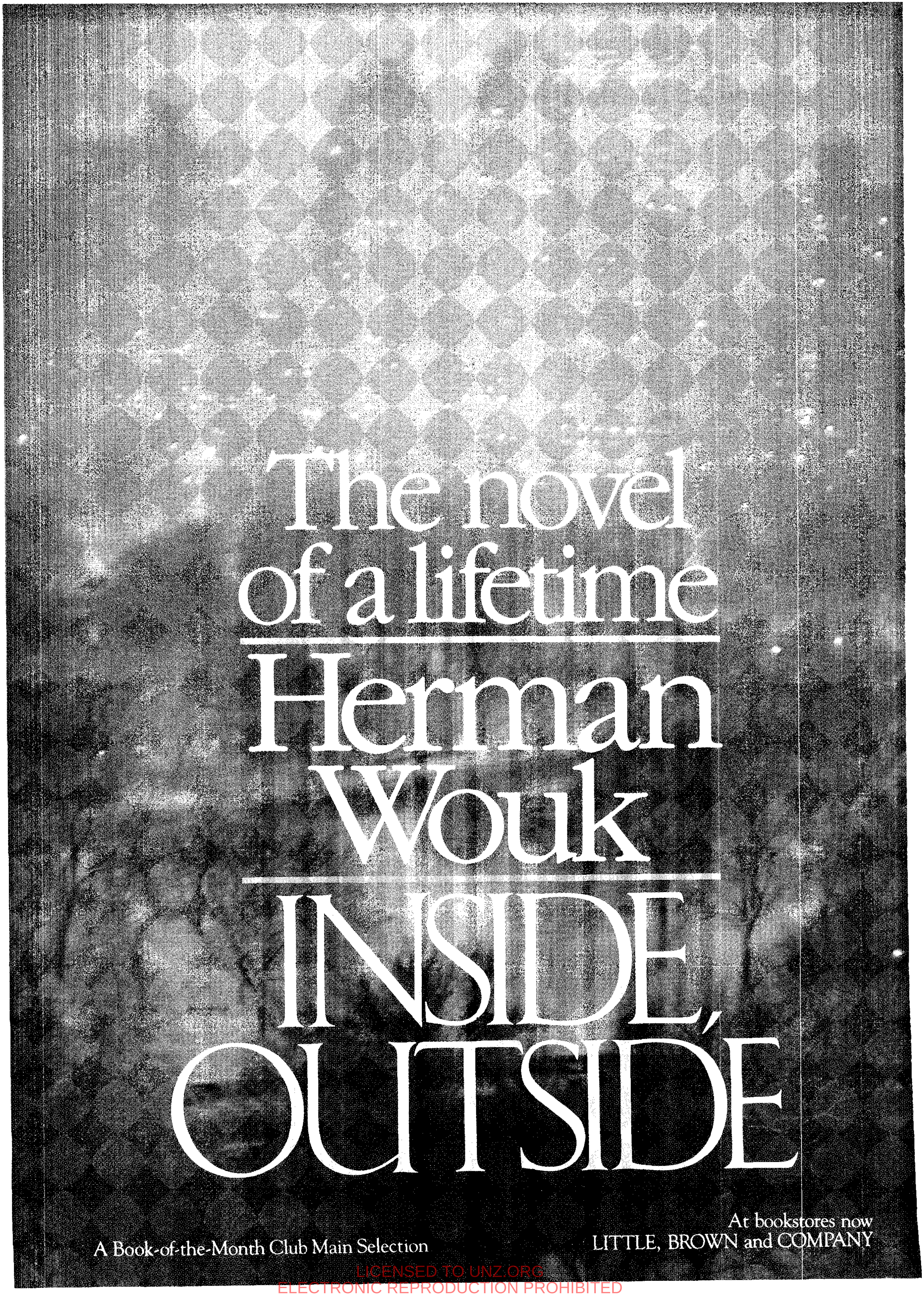

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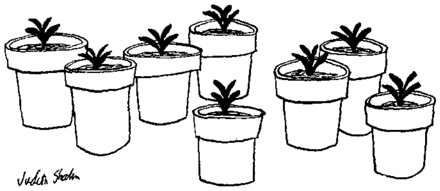
Notes and Comment

A HARLEM schoolteacher told us once that, given crayons and paper, an inner-city boy or girl will often draw a house—not a boarded-over row house with a drunk in the doorway but a red house with a front door and four windows and a tree in the yard and smoke curling from the chimney. Never mind that in such children's neighborhoods smoke mostly means arson; their impression of what a house is like somehow overwhelms the examples all around them. In somewhat the same way, a bigot can never be convinced he is wrong, though obviously he is. Examples can't dislodge the reality in his head; they can only confirm it. If he suspects, or would like to believe, that welfare recipients are frauds, an anecdote—say he hears about a man who buys vodka with the change from his food stamps—can cement the impression even more firmly in his brain. But an example can't *shake* his idea: if he comes across an honest welfare recipient, he will see him as an exception. George Orwell, in "Down and Out in Paris and London," writes of a "rather superior tramp" who finds himself, for want of the few tools he needs to practice his trade, reduced to living in the shelters for the homeless. Paupers, this superior tramp continues to maintain, are lazy good-for-nothings: "You don't want to have any pity on these here tramps—scum, they are: You don't want to judge them by the same standards as men like you and me. They're scum, just scum."

The point of all this is not that the schoolchild or the bigot or the tramp is right or wrong; it is that impressions are tenacious, even when you live with counter-examples. The idea in the minds of many—and we are no exception—about everyday, average life approaches the house-with-a-chimney model, or, at least, the two-parents, two-or-three-children, full-refrigerator model. And so to us poverty seems an exception to the rule. We take note of it when a grubby man cadges a quarter, or when a newspaper reporter talks to a welfare mother, and the examples sadden us, but the shabby people seem outcasts from regular life. A study released last December makes it clear how wrong this notion of reality is—at least, for those of us who live in New York City. Reality in this city is poverty; it is a normal way of life, perhaps *the* normal way of life. Statistics may be as useless as examples to change our cemented-in impressions, but maybe they can raise at least a little doubt:

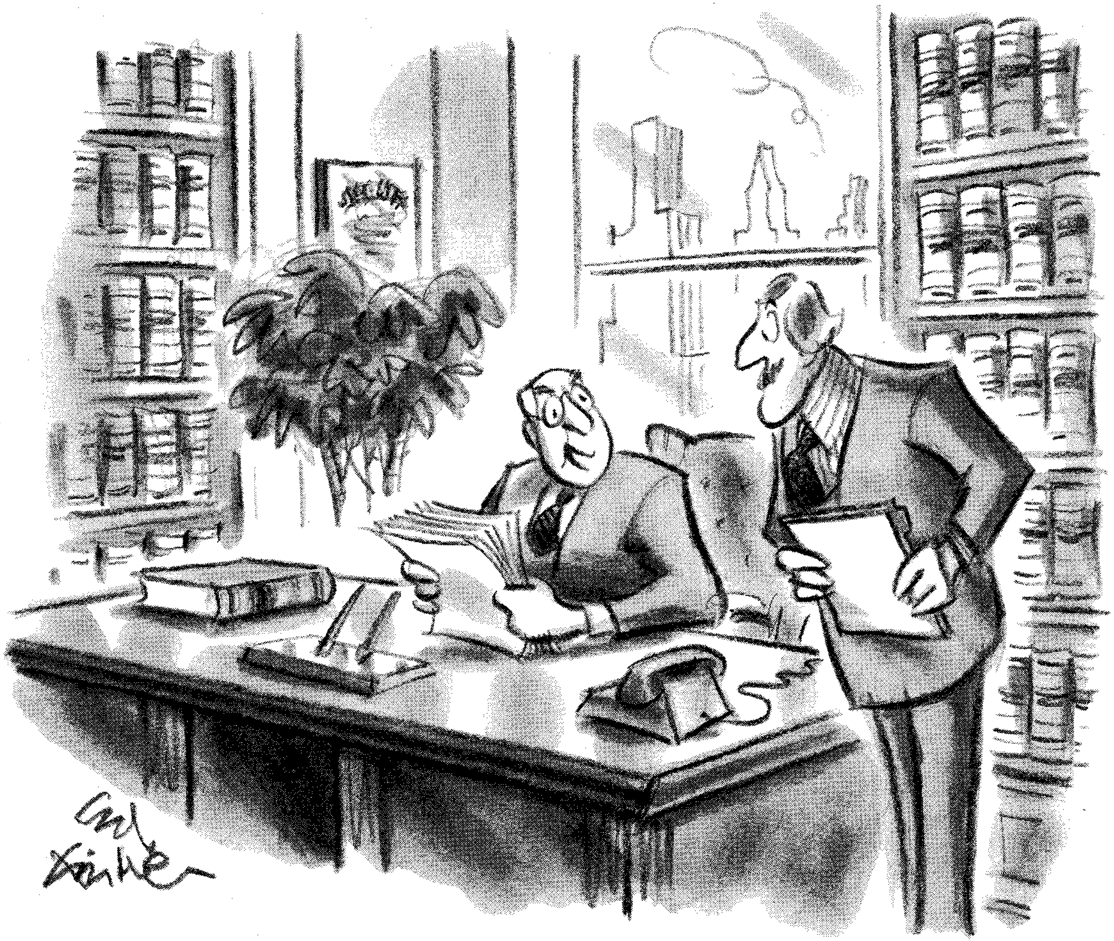
In 1979, the latest year for which figures are available, five hundred and fifty-two thousand children in the city lived below the poverty line. That figure represents one-third of all people under the age of eighteen in the five boroughs. Emanuel Tobier, who compiled the report, for the Community Service Society, estimated that by 1982 "the poverty rate for city children had probably moved well over the forty-per-cent mark." (Another study, released this winter, showed that forty-eight per cent of the city's children now live below a hundred and twenty-five per cent of the poverty line—that is, in poverty or near enough to feel it.) "And since people move in and out of poverty," Tobier told us last week, "being poor has probably been an almost universal experience among minorities at some point in their childhood."

Of the people living in poverty, most are living in dire poverty. In 1980, sixty-eight per cent of those living below the poverty level were actually living below seventy-five per cent of the poverty level. By 1983, said Tobier, a "good estimate" would put one million one hundred thousand New Yorkers in this very poor group—that's fifteen per cent of the residents of this city. And the lower one gets on the income scale, he added, the more children one finds.



Tightened eligibility requirements have cut back the percentage of poor people on welfare and the amount they receive. Even between 1969 and 1979—that is, in the "big-spending" days before the Reagan Administration—the number of children living in poverty in New York City rose by fifteen per cent while the number of children on welfare in the five boroughs *fell* by eight per cent. Between 1969 and 1982, the number of non-elderly poor people grew by thirty-one per cent, but the number of people receiving benefits from Home Relief and Aid to Families with Dependent Children, the two cash grants for people below the age of sixty-five, fell by six per cent. In 1969, when the poverty threshold for a family of four was $3,721 in annual income, a family with no earnings received $3,612 in welfare payments, or ninety-seven per cent of the amount needed to raise it above the poverty line. By 1984, a four-person household was defined as poor if its income fell below $10,200, but the most it could possibly receive in welfare benefits was $6,804—only two-thirds of what it would take to lift it out of poverty.

It is not at all unusual not to be working. Tobier looked at unemployment rates, and also at employment-to-population ratios. Among all males sixteen and over in New York City, sixty-four per cent worked; the rest were retired or were students or were unemployed or were "discouraged"—



“Oh, boy! A libel suit based on a malpractice question arising from a divorce scandal precipitated by a bribery charge. Now we're talking!”

• •

not working but no longer even bothering to look for a job and hence not counted as unemployed. Between 1970 and 1980, the percentage of black males in the city who were working fell from 67.4 to 56.2, or about half. “That drop doesn't mean increased school attendance or increased retirement,” Tobier said. “It basically reflects discouragement.” Of black teen-agers in the city, only twelve per cent worked full or part time. (The national figure was scarcely better; it was nineteen per cent.) This was not because the teen-agers were busy in school. Of the black public-school students who enrolled in tenth grade in the fall of 1979, only forty-two per cent showed up two years later to register for their senior year. Among Hispanic teen-agers, the figure was thirty-nine per cent.

This is reality in New York City. If we were able to stick it in our minds in place of our impression—to see the tenement as vividly as the house with the tree in front—we might be able to dream up the sort of measures that could begin to change the reality. But those changes might be painful and costly; it is probably no accident that we think of the world in the ways we do.

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Prime Time in Peking

THE Chinese language as it is spoken in the People's Republic of China has up to the present not had any word that we know of for “first down,” “line of scrimmage,” or “tight end.” This shortcoming will soon be corrected by China Central Television (CCTV), which is now scheduled to show a potential six hundred and thirty million viewers their first American college football game. The game is just one in a whole series of television programs—some sixty-four hours of programming—that the Chinese have contracted for from CBS Broadcast International, and these have already started to be broadcast all across their country. Sandwiched in between such listings as “The People's Army,” “Monkey King Makes Trouble in Bottomless Cave” (Peking Opera), and “Economic Reform in Anyang,” the Chinese “masses” are now finding some very different kinds of programs in the TV listings of their local papers. And if they become football devotees they will before long be able to enjoy the Tournament of Roses Parade and a made-for-TV film called “Quarterback Princess,” about a young American girl who tries out for, and makes, her high-school varsity football team.

In addition, Chinese viewers will be able to watch segments of “60 Minutes,” “Count Basie in Concert,” a National Basketball Association game, some chamber music from Lincoln Center, a program (with Gwen Verdon as host) of excerpts from Broadway shows, a series on science and technology (with Walter Cronkite as host), a four-part animated Dr. Seuss special, and several made-for-television feature films, including “White Water Rebels” (about a “dedicated outdoorsman,” played by James Brolin, who falls in love with a beautiful photographer, played by Catherine Bach) and “Muggable Mary: Street Cop” (about a “divorced mother who joins the New York Police Department to take advantage of medical benefits . . . for her ailing son, starring Karen Valentine”).

To find out how this pathbreaking cultural exchange between the United States and China had come about, we recently stopped by the New York City offices of CBS Broadcast International, on Seventh Avenue at Fifty-third Street, to chat with Arthur Kane, the company's vice-president of international sales, and Jayne Ferguson, its account executive for China. Ms. Ferguson's job is unique in the advertising world; it is to sell American corporate sponsors three hundred and twenty minutes of commercial time that the Chinese have made available to run with the sixty-four hours of CBS programming.

"There are things happening over there in China that you can hardly believe," Mr. Kane told us, with a mixture of enthusiasm and amazement. "I mean, this new 'open door' policy is really rolling now. It's got a life of its own."

When we asked how the Chinese had been as negotiators, Mr. Kane, who began discussions with them in 1982, shook his head respectfully and said, "There was very little ceremony or talk about the weather. They were very blunt and very direct. They came to us, they offered to give us five minutes of commercial time on the air for American sponsors for each hour of programming we gave to them. They came right out and said that they didn't have much hard currency, that they wanted to work out some kind of a barter agreement, and that they expected some percentage of the revenues from the commercials—which we were supposed to sell over here. First, we offered to pay them so much for commercial time on a minute-by-minute basis, but they said that that didn't even begin to meet their demands. They were really playing hardball. It wasn't until after we agreed to give up half of what we made as well as to give them the programs that we finally clinched the deal."

"This is the first time that a United States network has got any such regularly scheduled commercial time on Chinese television," Ms. Ferguson, a spunky woman in her early thirties, added brightly. "And now that we've signed we hear that the other networks are very interested, too."

We asked whether CBS had found it easy to sell such commercials here in the United States.

"It's been very, very, very difficult," Mr. Kane replied, his ordinarily cheerful demeanor darkening a little.

"You'd have to describe it as an uphill battle," Ms. Ferguson agreed.

"But China is going to be a big consumer someday," Mr. Kane went on quickly. "What we're looking for is companies with a long-range perspective. In terms of Chinese interest in foreign-made goods, it's all just starting now."

The main task of Mr. Kane and Ms. Ferguson in selling this commercial time has been to convince prospective American sponsors that Chinese interest in foreign goods is indeed "all just starting now." To this end, CBS has put together a short promotional video that depicts "new China" as a country where "emerging consumerism is not only encouraged but is a national policy." The film's narrator goes on to proclaim that post-Mao Chinese are fascinated with color TVs and also with fashion shows and washing machines, and says, "It's a new look of vitality—a new era of flexibility, pragmatism, and a willingness to experiment with profit incentives and private enterprise."

"What we try to do is impress potential sponsors with what a good media buy China is," Ms. Ferguson explained. "For instance, the cost per thousand viewers is very low in China. We're talking about a country that has forty-five million TV sets, with the number growing by almost seven million sets per year—and some of these sets have as many as a hundred people watching them."

"We are selling product exclusivity," Mr. Kane said. "So we remind potential sponsors that if they don't get in now, on the ground floor, their competition will. We also remind them that the Party cadres, who make the decisions about what China is going to buy, will all be watching our shows."

In her pioneering job, Ms. Ferguson has been far from unsuccessful. She has so far signed up Boeing, Eastman Kodak, Weyerhaeuser, Stauffer Chemical, I.B.M., and Procter & Gamble, at a cost to each of three hundred thousand dollars for thirty-two minutes of commercial time. Commercials for most of these sponsors are already being seen in China.

Having told us this, Ms. Ferguson slipped a cassette into the office VCR, and the room was filled with the sound of a voice speaking in Mandarin while a series of Boeing 747, 707, and 737 aircraft glided across the screen. This commercial was followed by one from I.B.M., describing in Chinese some of the company's work in microcircuitry. The voices in the commercials were almost serenely calm and the scripts almost academic in content, so that we had the feeling of watching very short documentaries rather than advertisements.

As these TV messages to China unrolled, we speculated about the combined effect of the CBS programs and the commercials.

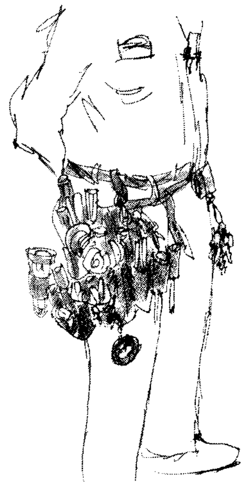
"Well, the influence of TV is now pervasive almost everywhere in the world," Mr. Kane said. "Our China programming is very, very different from what the Chinese have been accustomed to seeing, and I don't think the effect can be anything but profound."

"When the Boeing commercial first started being shown," Ms. Ferguson said, "we were told that Chinese began arriving at the ticket offices of the CAAC—the Civil Aviation Administration of China—asking specifically to be put on Boeing jets rather than on older, Russian- or British-built planes. Boeing really wasn't trying to reach consumers directly, but look at what happened!"

When we put a question about the fate of China's "socialist revolution," Mr. Kane said, "At least for now, the current hierarchy seems to think that its 'revolution' can live side by side with these Western influences, but my hunch is that at some point the Party may come to feel that the whole situation is getting away from it, and may want to put on the brakes. But the thing about TV is that once people start watching certain kinds of programs they get used to them. And when they reach that point you can do almost anything to them except take those programs away."

Maintenance

In the course of the day, we usually catch a couple of glimpses of Philip Labriola, a sprightly middle-aged maintenance man who works in our office building. Mr. Labriola carries an enormous collection of keys, tools, and repair-related items, most of them protruding from a leather holster that is slung from a belt (*Illustration*). It seems remarkable that Mr. Labriola, a slight, skinny man, can manage to remain perfectly vertical with such a heavy and lopsided burden, let alone attain any forward speed, but he always looks plumb and he moves at a good clip. We hailed him one morning this week and asked him to



tell us what he was currently packing.

"Well," Mr. Labriola said, extracting a pair of pliers from his holster and peering at them through thick glasses, "these are small-line pliers. You loosen nuts with them, or I use them as side cutters if I'm cutting a thread rod or a screw bolt, maybe one-eighth to one-quarter size." He put them back and pulled out a bigger pair. "These are large-line pliers," he said, and replaced them. "This is an adjustable wrench," he continued, "for metal cabinets, desks, doors. . . . Here's nose pliers, for lamps, light fixtures. . . . These are electrical pliers that can cut insulation, so I can splice wires with"—Mr. Labriola reached into a pocket and pulled out several small orange objects—"wire fasteners." He put the wire fasteners back in his pocket. "Here's a channel-lock wrench—takes the place of a Stillson for plumbing. . . . These three are Phillips screwdrivers. I use them on faucets, soap dispensers, electrical stuff. . . . Here we've got two nut-drivers, for loosening the nut when you want to take out a door check. . . . This is a small insulated screwdriver." Mr. Labriola peered into his holster for a moment, puzzled. "I usually have two," he said. "I must have left the other one downstairs. . . . Here's a tiny screwdriver for appliances . . . a heavy screwdriver . . . a roll of electrical tape . . . a pocketknife with two blades . . . a flashlight . . . a tape rule for woodworking or measuring carpets . . . a beeper for when the superintendent wants to reach me . . . my house keys, building keys, storage keys, master keys, and the keys to the tool cabinet in the basement, where I keep most of my tools." Mr. Labriola paused. "That's about it," he said, and went on his way.

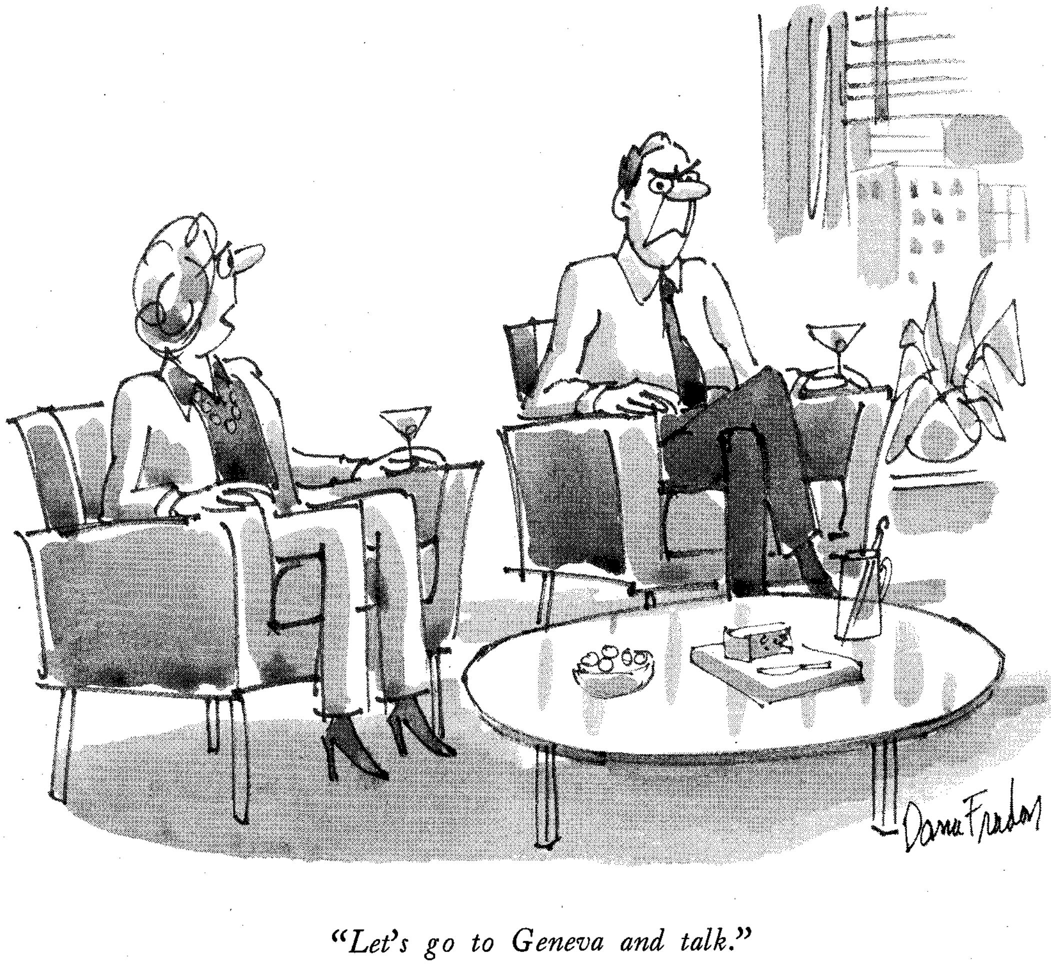
Fiftieth

A LETTER from an acquaintance who first went to the Village Vanguard when it was fifteen and had a dance floor:

I had dinner with my old friend Max Gordon the other evening. It was several days before the party he gave in mid-March to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Village Vanguard, which is actually fifty-one but moved to its present site in 1935. Whichever, it's probably the oldest night club in the world. I couldn't make the party, so I called Max and we met at Pirandello, in the Village. Max generally eats at Pirandello two or three times a week. He likes the food, and he feels comfortable there. I hadn't seen him in almost a year, and he looked wonderful. He ate a little pasta and drank several glasses of wine, and he talked a lot, in his soft, rasping, steady way. He laughed a lot, too. When we were settled, I asked him how his autobiography, "Live at the Village Vanguard," had done. He wrote it himself, and it's an honest, funny, literate book.

"It sold out," he said. "I only made five thousand on it—no royalties. Da Capo Press reprinted it, and I just ordered twenty-five more copies. I must have sold two thousand copies of the original edition myself at the Vanguard. There's a Japanese edition now. They wanted me to add a chapter on John Coltrane, who's very popular in Japan. I got my head working and wrote six pages, and they liked it. We get a big Japanese trade at the Vanguard, and they bring me copies of the Japanese translation to be autographed. And they take my picture. They come for the first show, in groups of four and six, with their briefcases, and they always leave during the intermission.

"The Vanguard has a life of its own. It's nice to people. It doesn't push them around. It doesn't make them feel it's trying to inveigle them into more drinks. It doesn't hustle. If people want a drink, they get it. If they don't, they don't. Someone asked me recently, 'What is it about the Vanguard? Why has it lasted fifty years?' Stanton Wheeler—he's a professor at Yale, and a friend—happened to be there, and he said, 'Max, it's the kitchen. You always find interesting people to talk to in the Vanguard kitchen.' Of course, the kitchen is my office now, and not a real kitchen anymore, but maybe he's right. You *do* find interesting people in the Vanguard kitchen. Speaking of Yale, a professor named Jon Rieder asked me to talk to his sociology class a couple of months ago, and I did. I talked about com-



"Let's go to Geneva and talk."

“Willis loves *children. He’s just a little shy, that’s all.”*

ing to the Village in the twenties, about how people wanted to stretch their characters, to make their lives livable, to be creative—that was the key word. I told them that I did some writing when I first arrived, but that it was forty years before I wrote a book, and that the only reason I got into the night-club business was that a girl put the idea in my head one night in the thirties.

“I’m not sure what day I moved into the present Vanguard. It was sometime in February, and I use the twenty-sixth because Marcia Chambers, who works for the *Times*, dug up the fact that that was the day the telephone was installed. I didn’t feel we had to celebrate on the actual day, and anyway I wasn’t sure I wanted any kind of celebration. Who can believe it’s been fifty years? It’s going to be a kind of cocktail party, a nice little party. We’ll have drinks and some afternoon food from a caterer, and we’ll have a little music. Dick Cavett is supposed to come. And Dan Morgenstern and Comden and Green and Lee Konitz and Jim Hall. Daphne Hellman will be there, and Stiller and Meara, and Harold Taylor and Irwin Corey and Annie Ross. Jabbo Smith is coming, and so is Pete Seeger, and I’ve invited Bradley Cunningham. My wife, Lorraine, and my daughters, Deborah and Rebecca, will be there. And Sadye, my sister. She lives up by the George Washington Bridge and she’s pretty much house-ridden, but she’s taking a cab down. People have been giving me presents. One is a box of fifty cigars, for the Vanguard anniversary, but I’m down to half a cigar a day, after breakfast, so I’m giving them to Stanley Crouch, who’s coming to the party. Another is an eighty-two-year-old bottle of wine, which is supposed to stand upright for three days to let the sediment settle before you drink it. That’s for my eighty-second birthday, three days ago. Lorraine and I had dinner here that night, and the waiters surprised me by singing ‘Happy Birthday’ and giving me a piece of cake, which I ate. Lorraine and I don’t live together anymore, but we eat together, we quarrel together, we’re friends. This is a sweet little place. The only thing wrong with it is they don’t have soup. They don’t know what soup is. I don’t come here all the time in cold weather. It’s too far to walk to from Fifth and Eleventh, where I live. So I eat at a wonderful little Japanese place near me, and I still go by cab to Joe’s, on Macdougal Street.

“I’m at the Vanguard just about every night, and I leave around midnight. I have a ten-minute shower when I get home, and a hot glass of milk, and go to bed. I don’t sleep that well, but how much sleep does a man my age need? For breakfast, I have half a grapefruit and a little cereal with bran on it, or a cheese bun heated in the oven, and a couple of cups of coffee. My appetite is reduced—I’m not that hungry anymore. I read the *Times*, and I need magnification glasses. I don’t read novels anymore, but I read a lot of short stories. The phone starts ringing at home late in the morning. People I never heard of call, and they say, ‘Are you Max? Do you really answer your own phone?’—when they’re talking to me. I feel all right. I feel pretty good. I haven’t learned that much about the human race by living so long, but I have learned I get tired more quickly. I got a little scare today. With all the wind there was, I leaned up against my building while I waited for the light to change so I could cross Fifth Avenue, and this young man came up to me and said, ‘Hey, can I help you?’ It made me feel I looked my age, which I don’t think I do. Do I? I’m not rich. I don’t even want to be rich. I live frugally. I never buy anything, although I did buy these running shoes I have on.”

After Max had finished his espresso, I told him how much I had enjoyed seeing him, and said I’d drop him off at the Vanguard. We went out onto Mercer Street, and Max pulled his black hat down over his ears and we headed toward Washington Square. He didn’t say anything for a block or so—just rocked along slowly in his new shoes. Then he said, “Thank God I’m alive!”

CENTAURS

THE smartest man in our law-school class told me he wanted to be an actor. He is short and awkward, and he has a comical problem with his "R"s. Once, he grabbed my hand and said, "Sheila, I made a terrible mistake leaving the stage." I like the idea of private failure. There must be chief executive officers who harbor secret dreams of teaching high-school English.

Inertia seems to be getting me through law school. I don't move much. I wait for a professor to intimidate me into the subject at hand: arson, divorce, whatever. I am particularly fascinated with the predicament of battered husbands. Not fascinated enough to do anything about it, but I don't mind reading the cases. My tax professor told me that I am not so different from my classmates. I suppose he meant the remark to be comforting.

If some man—say, X—runs a mink farm, and another, Y, is exploding dynamite next door, Y does not have to pay X in the event the mink eat their kittens from the shock of the explosion. It's the law.

I have a private life but not a personal one. Mostly, I smoke Dunhill cigarettes, put unwhipped cream on things, and reread early Evelyn Waugh novels. In private, I'm English.

A man from Yale who wants to go into entertainment law offered to buy me dinner. We chatted about the various apartments he'd had in New York, his stint in television, his Midwestern roots. When we got back to his apartment and undressed, he said, "Do it to me, sweetie." Now when we see each other, which is about twelve times a day, he acts as if we were once partners in some sort of class project.

If a railroad employee, X, thinks he is tripping over a bundle of newspapers, but is in fact tripping over a can of dynamite, and the explosion causes Y to drop a valuable family heirloom, could Y sue the railroad company for the cost of her grandmother's Hummel figurine? I don't know, because I wasn't paying attention that day.

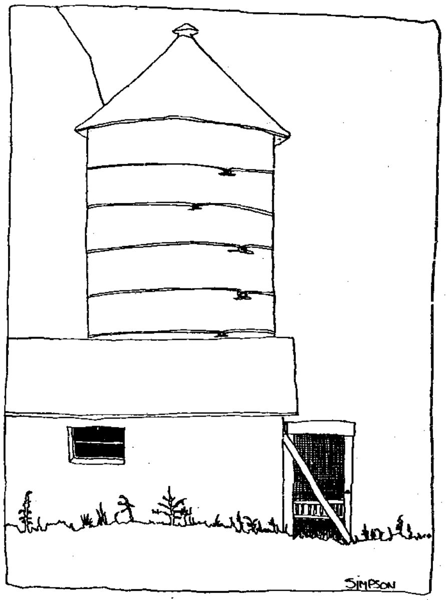
At a mandatory law-school party, a lady law professor from another university asked me to show her which were the law students and which were the dates. She just assumed I wasn't a date. After most of the guests had left, she broached the subject of alternative families. She said that lesbian motherhood was fascinating but doomed as an institution. I told her that I liked her Laura Ashley dress.

I have one friend. He's a homosexual and also likes Evelyn Waugh. Sometimes he even does imitations of the characters. He calls most people philistines, and often walks into Evidence and says, "I got positively no sleep last night." I usually believe him.

AT a mandatory tea at the Dean's house, I met the Dean's wife. She's an illustrator of children's books and a gourmet cook. After a few preliminary remarks, she asked if I wanted her recipe for *crème brûlée*. I suppose she thought I was different from the other law students.

The editor of the law review lives across the street. She used to be a nun, but now she wears hiking boots and smokes mentholated cigarettes. After she left the convent and before she entered law school, she worked at the men's cologne counter of a large department store. Sometimes she has dinner parties and drinks a lot of Scotch. I guess another "terrible beauty is born." But how and when? Did she just wake up one morning and head for the nearest men's cologne counter? Perhaps it happened gradually (she's about forty-five)—a rosary in one hand, a Budweiser in the other; half saint, half goat.

People in law school, like people in general, try to be pleasant, and like people in general they often fail. Law students, I have noticed, tend to eat three-quarters of a sandwich and then wrap the remainder in foil, right there out in the open. One law student who is handicapped asks people to buy him hot chocolate around lunchtime; his wheelchair can't get near the vending machines. The other law students, busy wrapping, usually don't hear him.



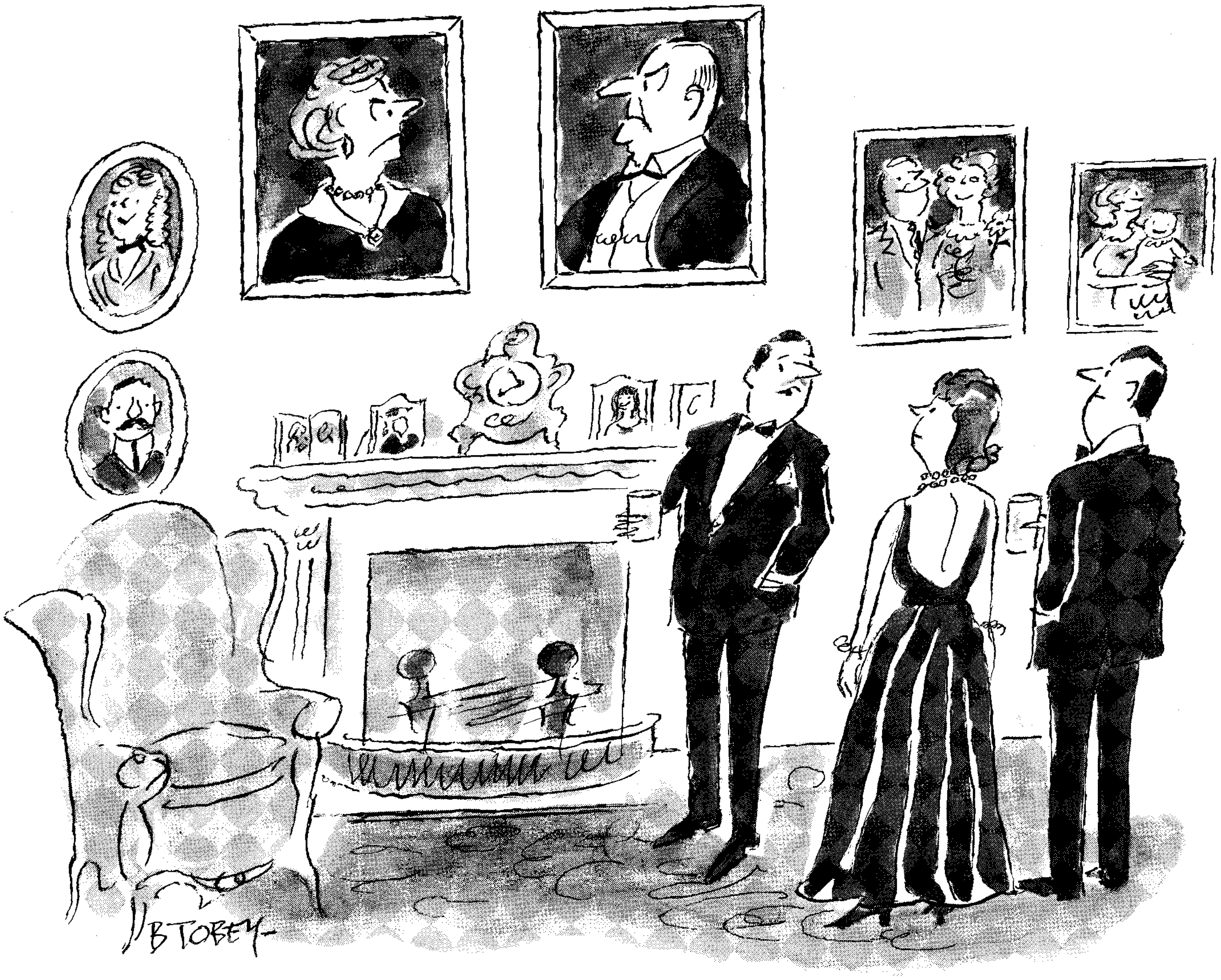
My Jurisprudence professor decided to hold class in his apartment so it could turn into a party. He had a copy of *Soviet Life* in the bathroom and talked about how much money he'd be making if he weren't a law professor. He lives with one of his former students. She's a judge and wears the same clothes as he does: boots, blue-jeans, blazers. They are both, as fate would have it, from the same Chicago suburb. She came up to me with a plate full of cucumbers and smiled. I wanted to tell her that while insanity may be a defense for homicide, it is not a defense for a plate full of cucumbers; she always has a ravaged, insane look on her face.

As a child, I wanted to be an actress. More recently I've toyed with the idea of becoming a chief executive officer.

Each year, we eagerly await the Malpractice party and the White-Collar Crime party. The Malpractice party comes in October and is made up of law students and medical students. The White-Collar Crime party comes in February and is made up of law students and business students. One wonders: Left to their own devices, do the medical students and business students meet on their own? Is there such an animal as the Hospital Administrators' party?

Soon we will be reading about a woman who signed up for thirty thousand dollars' worth of dance lessons. I'm not sure if she was hit by a car on the way to her first lesson and wanted all her money back, or if she never learned to dance and blew up the studio with dynamite. Perhaps she was black, or a man, or handicapped, and they gave her inferior lessons. I just don't know.

In law school, you can feel boredom go from the benign to the malignant. You can see people run around with a quarter of a tuna-salad sandwich in their briefcase and argue about mink farms. You can, with a little patience and finesse, get yourself invited



"My grandfather is in gouache, and my grandmother is in acrylic."

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to a party where the food and liquor are free.

LAW students, unlike other students, tend to have umbrellas. I feel even more English when it rains, and often say things like "Excuse me, I have to go to the loo."

Some of the more interesting stereotyped characteristics of law students: unshaven, impotent, dirty, overweight, devout, narrow-minded, humorless. Or if they're women: frigid, tall, overweight, giddy. If you've ever seen a law-school catalogue, you know there are very few pictures.

I could be wrong, of course. Perhaps the man from Yale said, "Do it to me, Mama," not "sweetie." This would make more sense, since I am taller than he is. But if I had to go through it all over again and he did say "sweetie," I would tell him never under any circumstances to use both an imperative and a diminutive in the same sentence—especially in bed.

The other day, I was on my way to class when the man from Yale came out of nowhere and said to me, "Where are you galloping off to?"

At law-school parties, men and women talk to each other as if there were no difference between men and women. The law students and the dates act as if there were no difference between the law students and the dates. Of course, the dates don't understand all this talk about law, unless they happen to be judges. Sometimes the women talk about feminism, and sometimes the men talk about sports. But we eventually leave those topics to the extremists and drift off onto less sacred subjects. I have never heard Evelyn Waugh's name brought up at a law-school party—not even at the ex-nun's house. My homosexual friend has better things to do, and I usually don't open my mouth, even though I am a baseball fan.

Transformations, sublimations, things becoming other things. Yesterday, I had a Reuben potato—certainly the centaur of modern delicatessen food. Prodding the melted cheese for some trace of Russian dressing, I tried to recall if any of the law-school parties so far had been catered. I am becoming a lawyer. —J. S. MARCUS

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WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*George Hill in the London Times*]

He is a most un-Reithian figure: sanguine and swashbuckling, with a taste for fast cars and a dash of Cherokee blood.

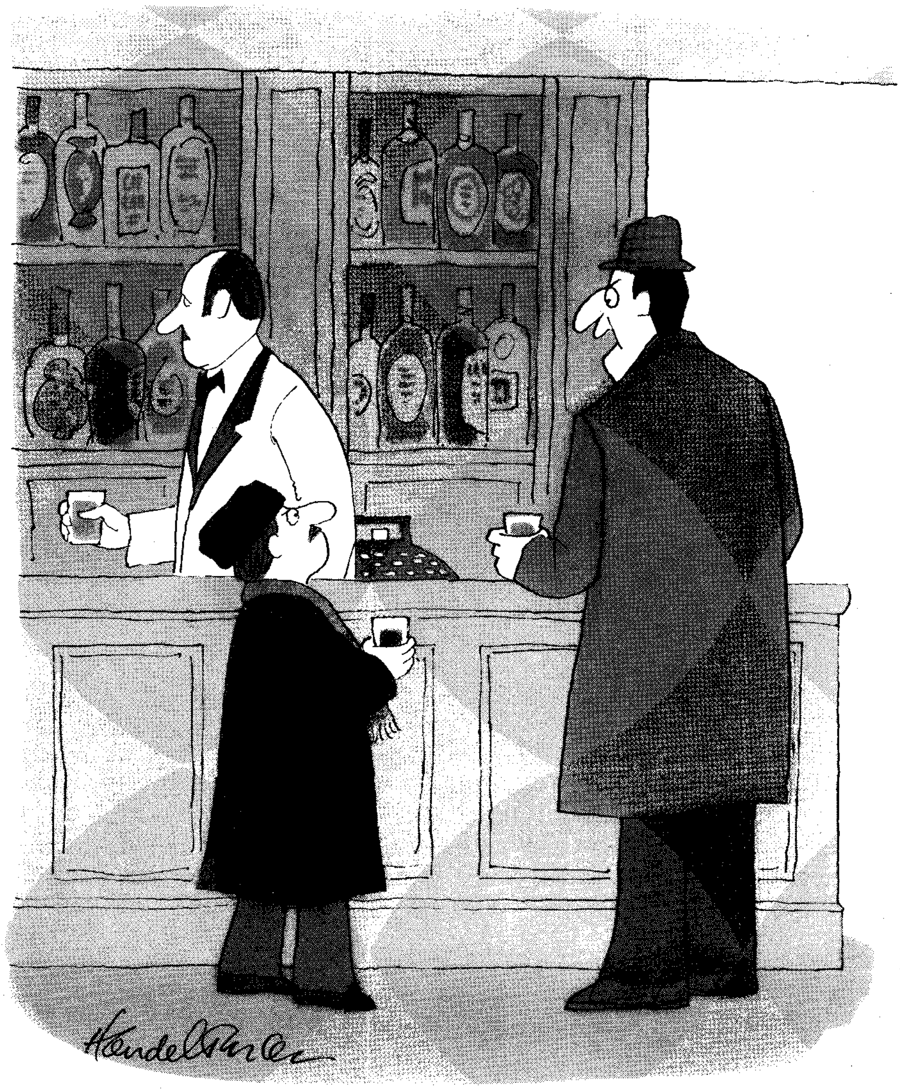
SWEET DISPOSITION

THE house was set very prettily against its bluff; all morning the mist spilled down the bluff, around the house's corners, and into the arroyo, where it hid everything but the pale cane handles that were the heads of foxtails. The mist carried with it something of the benevolent quality of new-fallen snow. Jenny had never seen anything like it. For once, Delgado's dogs, which slept in the abandoned cars in the junk yard on the far side of the arroyo, didn't fight; neither did Jenny and Sam, who had been at odds for a month. That morning, Jenny ran down the road and stopped before the sorrel horse, his rough winter coat steaming in tufts and curls. As she neared the fence, his ears tipped forward—first the left ear, always the more alert, then the languorous right.

She was careful about touching him, though he was beautiful. The deep inverted commas of his nostrils, furled at the upper ends, perfectly mimicked the shape of his ears, whose tips hooked inward, almost touching above his coarse forelock; his eyes were the color of tea, tucked within elderly folds of skin and immobile lashes. She remembered to keep her hand flat, so that he would not be confused about where her fingers were. She held out the apple. His nose dipped to her hand, and his breath, rising in white strokes, joined the cloud of Jenny's breath. She liked that, and yawned to make more breath, but once he had the apple he swung his head away.

She stamped her feet to warm them. It had been winter since October, and it wasn't Christmas yet. When Jenny felt claustrophobic, and that was often, she went running. After the first week, when she passed his stretch of fence the horse—who belonged to Jenny and Sam's downhill neighbors, the Gallardos—had lifted his head and neighed, and after that he neighed each time he saw her. She began to bring him apples and crusts of bread, thinking the Gallardos wouldn't mind, but not troubling to ask them, either. Now when she started down the road from her house, the horse would canter across the snowy field to the corner of fence where they met. She was something in his day, and he was something in hers. Yet she tried not to presume; she still approached him with caution, because Sam said he had once kicked a dog's skull in, and he had the nervy head-tossing mannerisms of horses who are never ridden. Even now she sometimes scared him away—a wariness would seem to overcome him at some innocent, too sudden gesture of hers, and he would shy away and run. This never failed to wound her. The next morning at the fence corner, his nose would gust in butterfly pulses, fusing trust and evasion, across her extended palm, and she would feel forgiven.

SAM often wished that, out of courtesy, Jenny had consulted Socorro Gallardo—the sorrel belonged to Socorro's husband, Juan, but he was often away. Jenny didn't understand how binding courtesy could be in small neighborhoods, how glaring its omission. You couldn't make Jenny talk to Socorro, though, or Socorro acknowledge Jenny's existence unless she had to; one of those mysterious dislikes that sometimes seemed to separate pretty women had settled between them, Sam had no idea why. He couldn't afford to discourage Jenny from feeding the horse, because it was one of the few things she seemed genuinely to like about living in the country, and Sam was counting on a gradual accrual of details, the steady accumulation of habit, to help Jenny settle down. The house had been his idea first, and it had somehow refused to become Jenny's house at all. Once or twice she'd said she wished they had looked harder for something in Santa Fe; once or twice he'd thought she was inventing reasons to go into town more often than was strictly necessary; once, just once, she had disappeared for groceries and come back without so much as a carton of milk. What would it take to make Jenny feel at home? This morning Sam had tried a lecture, though his lectures were rarely suc-

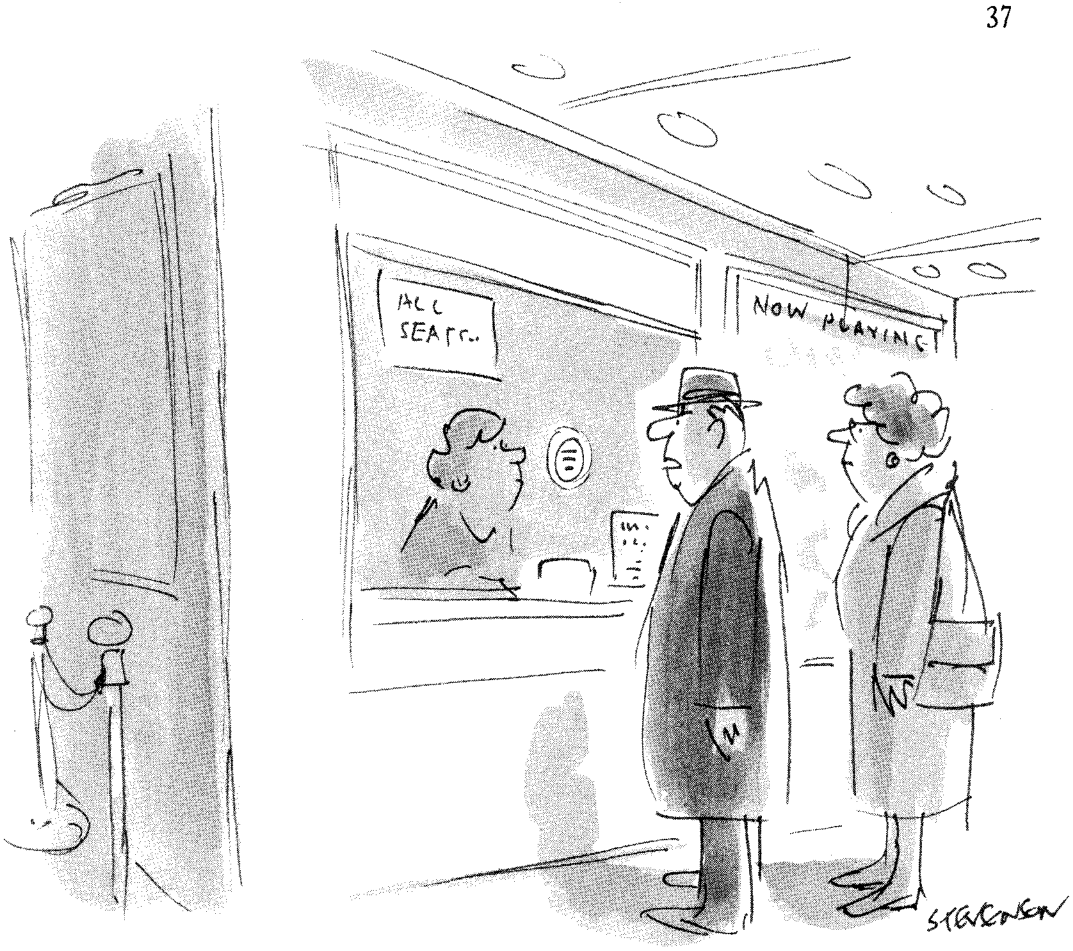


"I want you to know that I consider you immoral as well as small."

cessful. Remember the way everyone had told them stories about how buying a house would break up some couple who had been rock-solid for years? Remember how everyone had delighted in telling them those stories? How Jenny had sworn it would never, never happen to them?

"How can I forget?" Jenny said. She left him alone with this unsatisfying answer, and in baggy pants and layers of ragged sweaters ran down the raw dirt road to the corner where the sorrel horse waited, his chin on the fence post.

Sam rested his forehead against the cold window and watched his wife. He'd done the kitchen in quarry tile and costly stainless steel—everything he thought she wanted. He'd done the bedroom in a shade of russet she had happened to admire in the paint store, though he was only lukewarm about it, and when she told him she liked high tech in bathrooms he hadn't fought too hard, though he had coveted a claw-footed old caldron of a tub he had come across in a secondhand shop. So what would it take, what would it finally require, to make Jenny happy? Or was she happy now, this instant? She had an almost wild horse eating out of her hand.



"How old are the people in this movie?"

AFTER Christmas it turned so cold that Old Man Sandoval, who lived down the road, hated to come out of his house, so Sam walked the half mile to the row of mailboxes, starred with mud, to collect the old man's mail: samples of soap, a circular from a state senator, the bill from the community well. One windy morning, Socorro caught Sam on the road after he'd dropped off Sandoval's mail and she asked him in for coffee. He couldn't think of a polite way to refuse; then he decided he didn't want to think of a way. Socorro had three sons. Two were nowhere in sight, but the youngest stared at Sam from a corner of the kitchen until Socorro made him sit at the table and warned him to be good. When her back was turned, the boy edged his way around to Sam and began dropping M&M's into his coffee, feeding them in one at a time, as if they were dangerous. He looked up hopefully to see if Sam was disgusted; Sam made a terrible face. The boy returned to his chair.

Socorro, her back to them, was singing at the stove. She interrupted herself to tell Sam, "I really like what you're doing to the house, you know? It's so different than it was."

"It's going to turn out all right," Sam said modestly.

"Oh, no—beautiful. It's going to come out beautiful. I thought nothing very good could happen to that house."

"You didn't like it?"

"Oh, I liked it." She looked over her shoulder, unwilling to hurt his feelings. Two elderly Spanish women, distant cousins of hers, had sold the house to Jenny and Sam last fall, and before it was sold Socorro had been inside it often, retrieving her sons, whom the cousins spoiled with ice cream and daytime television. "But it was always, you know, so dark inside."

"It's not now. I tore out a wall. That opened it up." He lifted his hands from his coffee cup in a sweeping gesture meant to indicate light. If it wasn't for Jenny, he would ask Socorro to come up and see for herself; they were both aware of this, and skirted it delicately.

"You did? I saw all of that dirt going out." She laughed, as if that were a wonderful thing to have done, to have trundled a wall, wheelbarrow by wheelbarrow, out the door and dumped it down the arroyo. So she'd been watching. "Such a lot of time you've put into it," she said. "Juan doesn't like to do things with his hands, not unless it's to engines."

Her little boy slipped from his chair and went to the refrigerator. He peeled a slice of baloney from its wrapper, screwed it into a cone, fed several M&M's into the cone, and ate it.

"Juan only likes to spend all day working on his cars. He never really wants to go anywhere."

On Saturdays, Sam had often observed Juan flat on his back in the gloom below a rusty Mustang while his youngest son squatted nearby, waiting for the impatient prodding of a dirty sneaker toe, the upward shift of a knee, that signalled a need: a smaller wrench, a rag, a cold Coke from the house. Music from the car's radio bound father and son more closely than conversation; the car was an island, and they had been stranded there to make the best of it. Its underside was a shadowy realm of spider gears, exhaust pipes, bell housing, muffler, and struts. Sam felt an absurd urge to defend her husband to Socorro—to prove to her, somehow, what a fine thing it was to fix a car with your son watching. "But he's really great with engines. Everyone says he can tell what's wrong just by listening. I've been thinking that my pickup needs a little work."

She gave in right away, or seemed to. "Oh, he is. He's very good at what he likes. You all are."

All men, he guessed she meant, and felt curiously flattered, as if her recognition of male stubbornness was a kind of approval in which he was included.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

I

In his photographer's shroud,
the hill, crouched over our town,
focussed the sunset. To loud
cheers the street lamps flashed on.

I swivel the same old set
of postcards fifty years later:
the lighthouse, a silhouette
of sloops on dazzling water.

Stars grope to their usual spots
over Castries, then repeat
its bright, disconnected dots,
one line of which I complete

lamp by lamp up to La Place.
A night with rum on its breath
walks with me at funeral pace
to lengthen the town. Beneath

the black, iron Market, a crowd
is heckling some speaker. A face
turns to me, then loosens its screwed
squint. Shouts. The hand-pumping farce

of old times. Across dark sand,
briefly, candling the gusty tops
of the sea grapes, the compass hand
of the lighthouse finds the rum shops.

We choose the Jerusalem Bar.
I order a flask of Old Oak.
The crowd follows a different star
now, but with an old patois joke

he unscrews the past with a squint
and gargles the politician's
harangue. Like old times, I'm bent
double with laughter. Once,

he could hook hysterical fans
on one eyebrow. Now their noise
is for the speaker. The vans
of the lighthouse make their blind choice.

Wiping wet eyes with wet palms,
I ache from all these distraught
recollections in double rums.
We split up on a dark street.

I to the black promontory
of Vigie, the dots sprinkled on
in its villas. He to a glori-
ous piss, and a sleep. A full moon

rose at the end of the road,
minting the harbor with scales.
A coin, tossed once overhead,
that stuck there, not heads or tails.

By the airport, across dim grave-
stones, the seraphic beam revolves
its white lance. Shawled waves
spread their lace like altar cloths.

The road, held up to the light,
would show, like a negative,
the days I walked there. I recite
to that zero all I believe.

From wayside bushes, a girl's
laughter. A lit shack. Your kerosene
lamp, Philomene, that a Bible's
thin pages of calico screen.

And he, that lovely actor
lost in the post office. Stripped.
A superfluous character
written out of the script.

• •

"When anything else goes wrong, though, he hates it if I ask him to fix it. Jenny's lucky that what you like is houses." She said "Jenny" lightly, apprehensively, looking over her shoulder again, as if again she might offend, and for the first time Sam noticed a nick, a tiny hooked scar, at the corner of Socorro's eye. Her cheek was downy against the fall of her hair.

"What happened to your eye?"

"Nothing." She was startled.

"Right here." He touched the corner of his own eye.

"No, nothing."

They looked away from each other. "I forgot what I was doing," she said. She turned a singeing tortilla.

Her little boy came up and laid a slice of baloney on Sam's knee. Sam unstuck it from his knee and ate it in two bites. He had forgotten the taste of baloney.

"Who are you really?" the boy demanded.

Socorro knelt, zipped his snowsuit, carried him kicking into the living room, flung open the front door, and set him down. "You know who he is," she said. "Now go find your brothers."

"I don't know where to look."

"You tell your brothers I said to take care of you. If I find out different, you're in trouble—all three, no matter who started it first. No getting in fights. No going near the ditch. No going as far as the road."

"I said I don't know where to look."

"I've got to go, too," Sam said.

"You do?" She sounded sorry she had opened the door. "No breakfast?"

"Work," Sam said. "Got to." He had adopted her apologetic tone—so closely, in fact, that for a moment he sounded to himself as if he were mocking her. Suddenly worried that she would misinterpret, he made his next sentence deliberately, self-consciously rueful, using a true Jenny tactic, presenting something he believed as a fragment of farce. "In dreams begin responsibilities, huh? I'm late."

She looked down at her unmoving son, whose short legs were braced wide apart. She laid a hand at the back

Apart from one trip abroad,
he stayed here fifty years. Fifty.
He turns with his island, the blade
of the lighthouse dips in the sea.

So, when some street lamp echoed
our ring of boys breaking up,
was the moon, rolled from its cloud,
the dice in a gambler's cup

that sent him home to a boy's
daydreams on a crowded bed?
Tonight I laughed at the voice,
not the graying, socketed head.

In my room, the air-conditioner's
freezing. It drips. Its racked hum
excludes you, Philomene, and the stars
in your coal pot. The heat of home.

As soon as its noise rattles off,
the surf, or a frenzy of palms,
hisses, "You had losses. Enough.
You can't hold them all in your arms.

"For the care in the craft of verse,
pray. For the sand's moonlit linen.
For hills that ignore the moon's curse
and sleep with their window open.

"Sleep, sleep. Tomorrow, the dread
of what may drop out of the blue."
I cannot, the levelling blade
flashes across faces I knew.

II

Morning. Light-fingered shade. A red door,
chipped basins under a pipe,
and, from its brass crown, water
plaiting in a white whip.

Young Rastas lean in a yard.
A rooster, safe, struts in the sun.
A red-green-and-yellow board
cries: "Man Is a Babylon."

At noon, down a crooked street,
children run screaming from school.
Some fall. Some will take the straight
road from their galvanized hell.

Then, far as that crackling romance
of a boyhood climbing the wind,
where the kites of almond leaves dance
in the back yard of my mind,

a cool breeze creases the sea,
shadowing the breadfruit's bark,
and brightens with January
the harbor facing La Toc.

III

The ghost of the lighthouse will sleep
all day like an actor. A song
pins sheets on a line. A white ship
carries others where they belong.

And a smell that I couldn't place
comes off of the sea's warm skin,
from the postcard canoes of La Place,
where the dots I finished begin,

and a vender smiles: "Fifty? Then
you love home harder than youth."
Like that moon in daylight, her thin,
uncontradictable truth.

—Derek Walcott

• •

of his head and pushed. "Then go, idiot," she said. "Look where you always look."

The horse had no shelter. He slept in falling snow, one hind leg cocked. His manger was a fender from a Volkswagen, and each evening Socorro waded through the snow to pour the feed into the fender, lifting the heavy bag to her shoulder and steadying it while the golden, dusty stuff shuttled through the sharp air. The horse ignored Socorro, waiting until she had turned her back before plunging his nose into the grain. Jenny was pleased with the distance the horse kept between himself and Socorro. She interpreted it to mean that the sorrel wished the one who was feeding him was Jenny.

Just how much would Juan want for the horse? Was his state of neglect a sign that he would come cheap? His flaxen mane was encrusted with burrs the size of cloves; even the star on his forehead was dirty, and one of his knees had a cruel black callus. Sam had told her the horse had been ruined somehow, but how? Now no one, not even Juan, really liked to handle him. Jenny would lean on the fence and daydream. Sorrel hairs, like slivers, were embedded in the grain of the gray fence rail: this was the corner where he leaned to wait for her. A hundred dollars? Two hundred? Five? Oats? Boarding? Vet bills? Why should she want a horse she knew she could never ride? That was a good question—so good, in fact, that she heard it in Sam's voice. She'd never even seen the sorrel with a halter on. Who knew if she could handle him? Why not find a quarter-horse mare with a glossy coat and a sweet disposition? What should she offer Juan in order not to insult him but not to be taken advantage of, either? It was impossible.

Impossible. The long whiskers bent to allow the plush nose to fit more closely into Jenny's cupped hand. Though it was the dead of winter, his breath smelled grassy. She had forgotten to bring an apple. He was doing it for love.

After New Year's, the reef of ice in the irrigation ditch began to corrode and fall away, its edges thinning into sheets frail and dark as mica that extended far out over the water, except under the bridge, where the blue day-long shadow protected a pristine drift. Over coffee early one morning, Jenny watched the two oldest Gallardo boys dragging a sled up the bluff; the smallest one followed, eating a handful of snow. At the crest there was a scuffle that ended in one of the older boys' holding the smallest while the third brother bucked down through dirty patches of snow, forcing himself to fall off at the bottom, somersault several times in slow motion, stop, somersault again—narrowly missing a juniper trunk—jump to his feet, deal a number of mortal blows to an invisible, vicious, circling enemy, and finally climb the slope again, the sled sawing behind him on its frayed rope. At the top he caught the smallest boy and held him while the other brother lay on his belly on the sled and pushed off. He had to tip the sled nearly vertical to get it going. The little boy battered his brother's chest with his square brown head until his brother scooped up a handful of snow and washed the smallest boy's face with it. He was the only one she liked, Jenny decided. She remembered how the bone in your chin hurt when your face was washed with snow.

When most of the snow had been scraped away, exposing the rusty earth of the bluff, the youngest boy finally got a turn. He fell off the sled at the bottom, somersaulted violently, jumped up, parried the blows of his attackers until, his face going through heroic contortions, he was thoroughly exhausted. Only then did he let his guard down, was shot through the heart, reeled backward and died, scuffing up a lot of snow in his death agonies, but by that time Jenny was his only audience, for the top of the bluff was bare.

"No fair," Jenny said softly, to herself.

That night she woke in moonlight to find the wood stove had gone out. The wind was beating against the panes of the window high above Sam's shoulder, and he had taken most of the quilts. "The stove's out," she said.

"You do it," he said. "I'm asleep."

"You're the only one it likes."

"It's not alive, Jen."

"It hates me."

"You think everyone hates you. Even Socorro."

"Why did you think of Socorro?" No answer. "Have you been flirting with her, Sam?" Very gently: "You shouldn't, you know. Because they're Spanish. You can't tell how she'd take it. You can't tell how he would."

He woke enough to turn wary. "You're right. I can't tell how she'd take a thing that never happened."

"I've *seen* you." This wasn't true, but she waited to see if a glimmer of guilt would flaw his angel's stare. When it didn't, she felt somewhat reassured, but went on exactly as if she weren't. "You could hurt her, Sam. What if she took you seriously?"

"It's in your imagination, Jen, so Socorro would have a hard time taking it seriously." He said "Socorro" lightly, without apprehension, without even a trace of the pleasure that having a reason to pronounce your lover's name—or even the name of someone you had once or twice imagined as your lover—to your wife might give, and Jenny, keenly alert to the possible inflections, was convinced, except for one last niggling doubt that turned erotic as soon as he left the bed. She drew the quilts to her side and anchored them slyly with knee and elbow. She heard the kindling rattling down, then the match, then the bridal rustle of tinder catching, and again, after an interval in which Sam blew softly into the stove, talking to it, the shudder of coals dropping, each thud softened by ash; then a hiss; then the closing moan of hinges, and he was back in bed, his feet cold, his hand moving along her leg. Wherever he stroked, there was a faint, fanning glitter of sensation she guessed was coal dust.

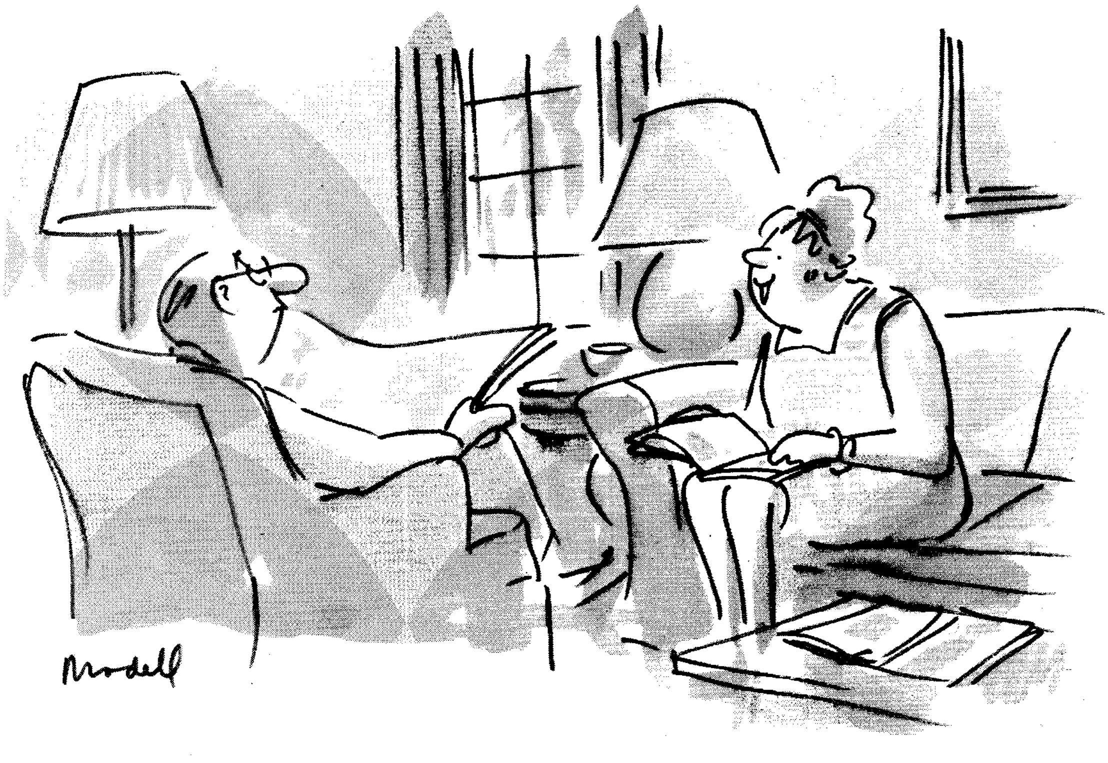
LATE that afternoon, Jenny, coming into the kitchen to sweep the floor, found that the roof had leaked all along the butcher-block counter. She went into the yard, where Sam was cutting kindling, and asked him if he would sweep the snow from the flat roof. He drove the axe blade into a chunk of cedar, lifted axe and cedar together, and brought them down, splinters raining across Jenny's wet boots.

"The roof," she said. "Please?"

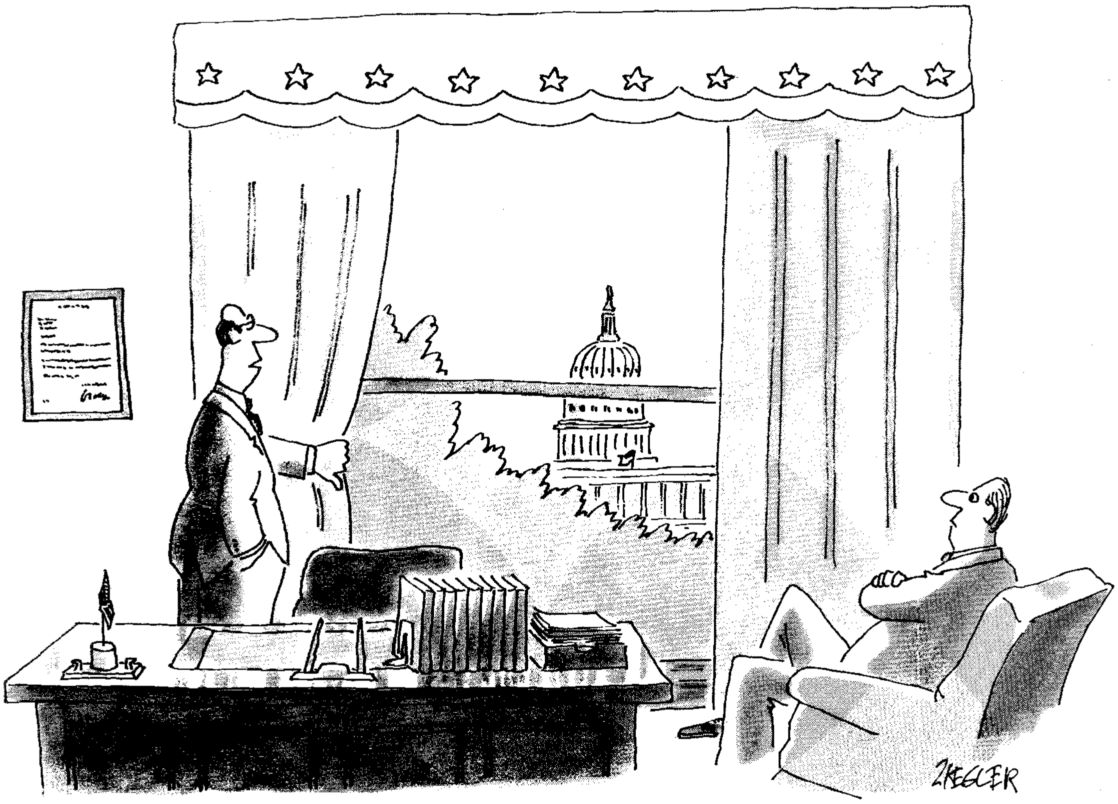
"When I'm done."

She turned and stalked away. He watched snow fall onto her dark hair and, though at that moment he disliked her, he began to whistle.

And was still whistling, on the roof, when he spotted the smallest of Socorro's boys sidling on his bottom along the fence rail, scooting along parallel to the bored progress of the sorrel horse, which seemed to be watching him from the corner of its eye. The little boy leaned from the fence into the horse's shoulder, catching a handful of mane. Sam, who had been scooping the gutter clear with his gloved hands, let the ice fall. The horse began to canter, at first quite gently, dragging the boy, who was trying to get a leg over its back. Sam had an instant of hope. Shattered ice rained from the roof's edge past the kitchen window where Jenny was daydreaming. She heard Sam's boots



"Tonight I plan to have something for dinner you never had before but is very good for you."



"I propose legislation. I do my best to aid in the process of government. And I try like hell to keep my name out of 'Doonesbury.'"

• •

ringing down the ladder's rungs, missing a rung, and the metal flex of the ladder as he caught himself. Then he ran by the window. She went to the door, past the neat stack of kindling, and began to run, plunging her left foot into his left boot print, her right into his right, as if she'd been told to take ten giant steps, fifty, a hundred, the snow's crust already broken by his knees but still biting into hers. The cold printed itself in her lungs. It illumined them—an X-ray you inhaled. There had never been air so cold.

The boy had fallen flat on his back, one arm extended. Jenny had time to notice a line of rabbit tracks that disappeared under that arm and reappeared on the other side of his body. Sam stripped off his gloves. Very gently, he tugged on the boy's jaw and felt inside for the tongue. Jenny saw baby teeth. He listened, then pinched the pale nose, crouched, and exhaled into the child's mouth. Jenny saw him guess at the length, curbing his own intensity to keep it a child's breath, yet with every muscle in his body willing it to suffice. He lifted his face and panted, for he was still trying to catch his own breath, staring at her through the plumed air; he crouched, and she could see the infinite delicacy he brought to this breath, and the stillness in which he listened for its answer. Again he stared at her. His stares, each a fraction of a second, marked off the failed breaths. In an instant they would stare at each other over a dead child. She knew this in her knees, her mouth, her eyes, her throat, her bowels; she knew what it was going to be like; it would own them in a moment. She was so far ahead of herself that when Sam lifted his face and a breath curled thinly along his cheek, she couldn't tell where it had come from. Sam turned his face into it shyly, as if he wanted a taste but might frighten it away. He was waiting for it to happen again. This time, when it did, at exactly the same moment Jenny and Sam said, "Ah."

It was as if they had said it to each other in sex. Jenny felt a great, rib-cage exultation. Sam slid a hand into the quilted, filthy snowsuit for the heartbeat. She knelt to talk to him.

"What happened?"

"He fell off the horse, and the horse stopped and kicked him. It just turned on him. A hoof caught him right in the chest. I can't find any blood, so I think we ought to get him into the house. Do you think it's all right to move him now?"

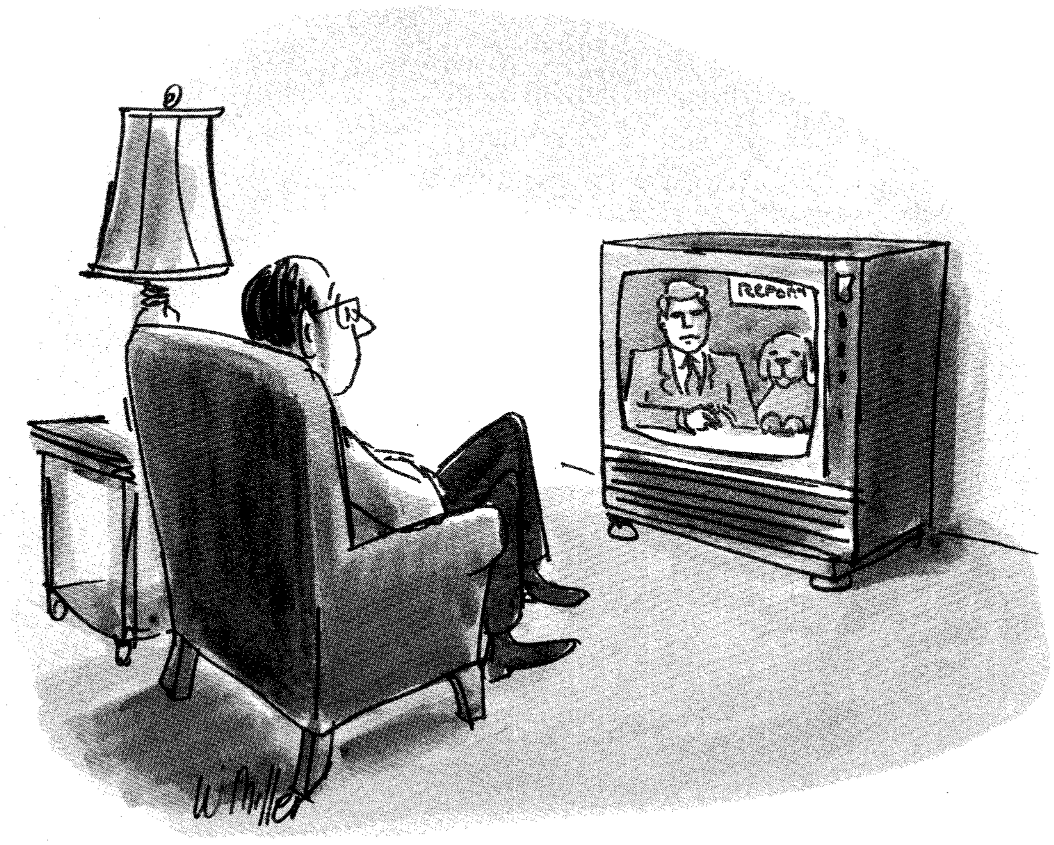
She stroked the boy's forehead. They were suddenly two adults with a child between them. "I think he'll freeze out here if you don't."

"Hey," Sam said. "Hey, *hito*, I know everything hurts, but does anything hurt especially much?" The boy shook his head; he coughed, then hiccupped, still shaking his head. "It's O.K.," Sam said. "Don't get too scared. You feel bad, but I don't think anything's broken. So you're going to stay kind of still and not talk. I want you to be my buddy now, all right? Remember who I am? I'm going to carry you home."

The horse had caught sight of Jenny. He lowered his head and his ears pitched forward; he took two hesitant steps toward them. On his chest there was a small patch of shadow. Jenny was impressed by this. How frightened he must be, to sweat in such cold. He swung his head around to be sure of her, and took another step. She admired once more beauty in the shape of the dark eye, the vein that spindled from the saucer of cheek to the dilated nostril, and the pale forelock that stuck up between his pricked, attentive ears. Looking over Sam's shoulder at the horse, the boy hiccupped in soft pops. Jenny stood. She shouted, stamping her feet and swinging her arms, and the horse ran.

JENNY knocked. When her knuckles made no sound, she took her glove off and tried again. "Socorro?"

Socorro opened the door, holding one of her husband's shirts on a hanger; she handed it to Jenny with a strangely submissive gesture, as if that were what Jenny had come for, and all she wanted. Then Socorro closed her



"And now here's anchorman Brad Ferndrull and his anchordog, Rex."

eyes and leaned her cheek into the doorjamb.

"Socorro, come on, he's all right," Sam said.

"It's me," Socorro said. "It's because of *me*."

"That's not true," Sam said.

"He's all right," Jenny said. "It's nothing bad. He's not hurt."

"I don't think he even has any broken bones," Sam said. "So can we come in?"

"He's all right?" Socorro put her hand to the boy's face; he took a deep, rasping, relieved breath and began to cry. Sam, rocking him lightly, carried him to the sofa, covered him with a shawl, and each time a tear ran down his cheek swiped at it with his forefinger and pretended to taste it.

"This one's not salty enough," Sam said.

"My husband isn't home to see this," Socorro said.

"Do you want me to call him for you?" Jenny was watching Sam with the boy.

"No, it's better if he comes home like always and finds out then."

"It's better, you're sure?" Jenny was thinking, But what if he doesn't come home at all, the way he sometimes doesn't? Then she chided herself. It was purely Socorro's business. It was none of her own.

"I think so," Socorro said. "I'm pretty sure. Tell me where he was, Jenny? Tell me what happened?"

"This one is too salty," Sam said. "Now, this one, thank God, this one is juuuuust right."

JUAN did come home, at dusk, when a little more snow was falling. Jenny had gone out to get some kindling—she wanted to read in her chair with her feet tucked up, and that required a fire. Sam was in the yard, and looked up when she came out. They were standing like that, facing each other, when they heard the shot. The report ended bluntly, its echo skipping from facet to facet of the bluff behind them, so neither Jenny nor Sam was really sure what they had heard. It wasn't very different from the first stroke of an axe in cold air. Sam went to the rise where he could look down into the Gallardo field, and Jenny followed. There was Juan, still in his work clothes, holding his pistol, and there was the horse, his head still lifted but turned away from Juan, then growing slowly heavy and sinking at an angle such that a cheek would strike the ground, not the nose; the tail flared, the hocks crippled under, and the long belly fell, thrusting rather lightly forward, the chest cracking the glaze of snow before it. The head lifted from the snow as Juan shot it again.

"Jesus Christ," Sam said.

For some reason, he put his hand over Jenny's mouth. He drew her back against his chest.

The horse's neck was a bow—not the direction a horse's neck arches in but its reverse. The torque of his neck was illustrated by his coarse mane. There was a great deal of blood; Juan was walking in it.

"Go in now, you bastard," Sam said softly.

Juan nudged the horse's nose with the toe of his boot, then walked to a place in his yard where the snow was still clean, stepped neatly in and out of a drift, and went into the house. Jenny, in Sam's arms, watched until smoke rose from the chimney, a thin strand that floated only a little way before unravelling.

"Jenny?" Sam said. "Tell me something. Just say you won't leave now—just that one small thing."

For what seemed like a long while they stood staring down at the house, but its door was closed for good.

—ELIZABETH TALLENT

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE INTERNAL REVENUE SCENE

[*From I.R.S. Publication 544*]

FIGURING GAIN OR LOSS

A *gain* is the excess of the amount you realize from a sale or exchange over the adjusted basis of the property you transfer. A *loss* is the excess of the adjusted basis of the property over the amount you realize.

No gain or loss. In some cases you may have to use a basis for figuring a loss that is different from the one used to figure a gain. If you use the basis for figuring a gain and get a loss, and then use the basis for figuring a loss and get a gain, you will have neither a gain nor a loss.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE BUTTON—I

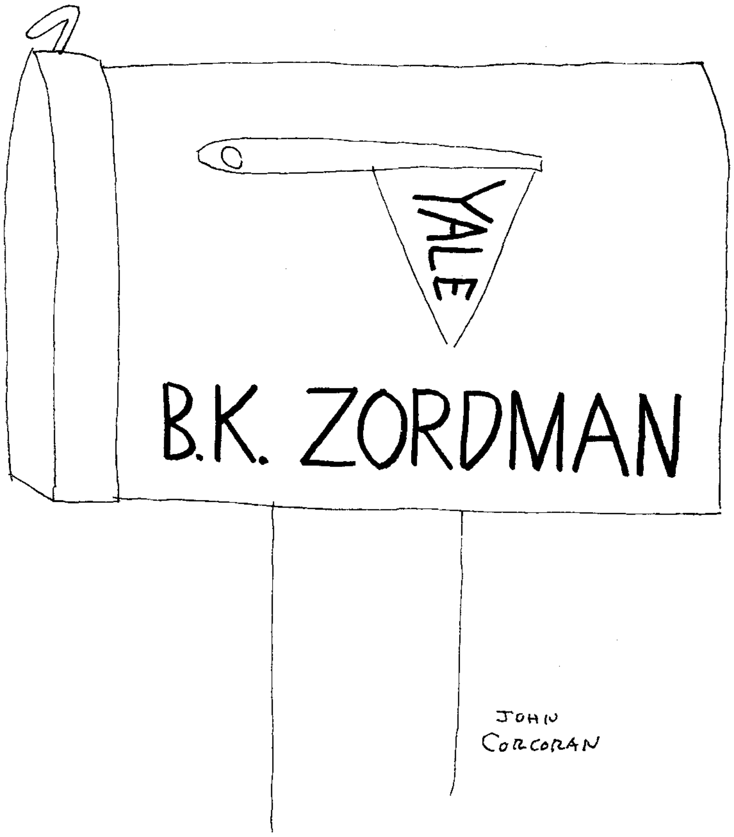
Cheyenne Mountain rises from the southern end of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains, not far from Pikes Peak and the city of Colorado Springs. During the early nineteen-sixties, the United States Department of Defense blasted a set of caves into the mountain to provide an underground headquarters for NORAD—the North American Aerospace Defense Command. The NORAD Cheyenne Mountain Complex is jointly staffed by American and Canadian military personnel, and its central mission is to determine whether the Soviet Union has launched a missile or bomber attack against North America. The mountain is the front end, so to speak, of the entire strategic command-and-control system; the warning it provides triggers the back end of the system, which is set up to execute retaliatory strikes.

The apex of the decision-making process at NORAD is its commander-in-chief—CINCNORAD, as he is designated by the Pentagon. His station during an emergency would be in the Command Post, the famous room with the wailing alarm Klaxons and giant display screens which has been depicted in the classic nuclear-war movies. When I visited the Command Post, it was hushed, staffed by only a handful of officers, its lighting dim and tinged by the greenish glow from computer screens. The battle station, on a balcony overlooking the entire room, was unoccupied at the time, but during a missile alert CINCNORAD—currently General Robert T. Herres—would go there to make his "attack assessment," the formal determination of whether the country is under attack.

There are five telephones next to the NORAD commander's battle-station desk—four on a console to the left of it and one on top of an adjacent computer display screen. Brigadier General Paul Wagoner, who at the time of my visit was in charge of NORAD combat operations and of the day-to-day management of the Cheyenne Mountain Complex, and who was showing me around, stood behind the desk and explained the function of each telephone. A black phone, labelled "Secure," provides a direct link between the NORAD Command Post and the National Military Command Center, in the Pentagon, he said. If CINCNORAD believed that a Soviet attack was taking place, he would pick up that phone and call the Pentagon; officials there would immediately set up a conference call on that line. Participating in the discussion would be, among others, the commander-in-chief of the Strategic Air Command, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Secretary of Defense, and the President. With the black phone to one ear, General Wagoner said, the NORAD commander would pick up a beige phone and hold it to his other ear so he could talk with the NORAD Missile Warning Center, which is in a nearby building inside the mountain. General Wagoner added that if CINCNORAD had another hand he'd probably want to be holding a red phone that was also on the console, for it was connected to a NORAD intelligence center that received data from the reconnaissance satellites operated by the Central Intelligence Agency and the National Security Agency, and information from other United States intelligence sources as well. The fourth phone was a hookup with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and the fifth phone was there "in case his wife wants to tell him to bring home a loaf of bread."

A fact sheet that NORAD gives to reporters says, "When we pick up a telephone, we expect to talk to someone at the other end—right now." It occurred to me to ask General Wagoner to demonstrate this, starting with the special black phone that could be used to talk to the President. He picked up the phone briskly and punched the button next to it, which lit up right away. I looked at my watch and waited. He waited, too, the phone to his ear. About twenty seconds elapsed and nothing happened. General Wagoner, who seemed somewhat flustered, hung up, mumbled something about perhaps needing "a special operator," and started to talk about other features of the Command Post. I interrupted, pointing to the phone he had said was the direct line to the Joint Chiefs of Staff. He picked it up, a bit less confident than before. Once again, nothing happened. A communications technician stationed in the Command Post then told the General that the second phone was a "one-way, receive-only" link. I looked at the three other phones, but General Wagoner decided to terminate his testing of the communications system.

NORAD replied to a subsequent written question from me about the trouble with the black phone—the one to the National Military Command Center—by saying that it,



JACKSON HOTEL

Sometimes after hours of wine I can almost see
the night gliding in low off the harbor
down the long avenues of shopwindows

past mannequins, perfect in their gestures.
I leave water steaming on the gas ring
and sometimes I can slip from my body,

almost find the single word to prevent evenings
that absolve nothing, a winter lived alone
and cold. Rooms where you somehow marry

the losses of strangers that tremble
on the walls, like the hands
of the dancer next door luminous

with Methedrine; she taps walls for hours
murmuring about the silver she swears
lines the building, the hallways

where each night drunks stammer their
usual Rosary until they come to rest
beneath the tarnished numbers, the bulbs

that star each ceiling.
I must tell you I am afraid to sit here
losing myself to the hour's slow erasure

until I know myself only by this cold weight,
this hand on my lap, palm up.
I want to still the dancer's hands

in mine, to talk about forgiveness
and what we leave behind—faces
and cities, the small emergencies

of nights. I say nothing but,
leaning on the sill, I watch her leave
at that moment

when the first taxis start rolling
to the lights of Chinatown, powered
by sad and human desire. I watch her fade

down the street until she's a smudge,
violet in the circle of my breath. A figure
so small I can cup her in my hands.

—Lynda Hull

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too, was "strictly for incoming NMCC conference calls." That is obviously incorrect, since NORAD is supposed to notify the President of a nuclear attack, not vice versa. I spoke with General Wagoner again, and he explained what had happened. "The black phone is an outgoing phone," he said. "I just flat screwed up." At the time, he had been in charge of NORAD combat operations for only a few months, he continued, and was not completely familiar with the communications procedures. He was embarrassed that he had given me a "dumb, dumb demonstration" of NORAD's communications capabilities. There is a high level of redundancy, he emphasized, with several alternative means of transmitting vital messages always available—radio, microwave, satellite, other telephone hookups. When I pressed him for information about the specific problem with the call he had tried to place to the Pentagon's National Military Command Center, he said, "I didn't know that I had to dial '0' to get the operator."

Despite the multiple communications system, NORAD will have precious little time to search for a working backup once Soviet missiles have been launched. Moreover, according to several recent Pentagon studies, it may be very hard to find *any* working communications circuits after Soviet bombs have begun to fall on American soil. This will be an especially severe problem if—as seems likely to the Pentagon—the key United States military command posts and message-relay stations are the highest-priority targets of a major Soviet attack. In that case, the President will be put in the difficult position of having to make an extremely quick decision on whether the attack that appears on NORAD computer screens is real and, if he thinks it is, whether to order the launching of Minuteman missiles and other nuclear forces in retaliation. If he does not give the orders quickly, he may not be able to give them at all, for neither the White House nor the communications lines it depends on are likely to survive the initial phase of a shrewdly planned Soviet first strike.

Officials caution that the "horror stories" detailed in the Pentagon's studies of United States wartime communications capabilities are too sensitive to discuss in detail. "Documents on this subject that were labelled 'Secret' two years ago are now 'Top Secret,'" a member of one of the government panels that have investigated the problem told me. Some of the reports have been put under a special security classification whose code name is itself classified. Still, much of the information about the command-and-control system is widely available elsewhere. All the government facilities that will be discussed in this article have been described in documents the Pentagon has made public. They have also been discussed openly in Congress, in defense and scientific journals, and elsewhere on the public record. Therefore, it is possible without encroaching upon protected information to outline the basic problems with the methods that are supposed to trigger the launching of a United States retaliatory strike.

A FRIEND who is interested in guns invited me to have lunch with him and his wife one weekend a while back and to join them in pistol practice afterward. We used a double-action Smith & Wesson .38-calibre revolver. One can fire it simply by pulling the trigger, which is rather stiff, or by cocking the hammer first and then gently squeezing the firing mechanism. It is easier to fire the gun when it is cocked, and a number of times as I took aim it seemed to go off by itself. "That's a conventional trigger," my

Joe Mirachi

"Where there's smoke, there's money."

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friend said. "If you think that's something, you should see what a hair trigger is like."

At his suggestion, I visited Daniel Cullity, one of the leading gunsmiths called on by small-arms enthusiasts and museums to restore antique weapons. "I'll give you a little bit of background on hair triggers," he told me during my visit to his shop, which is in East Sandwich, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. "The whole idea is that you have a mechanical system under a good deal of tension, and it's your potential unleashing of it that is controlled by that very fine hair trigger." The same principle is used in an ordinary mousetrap, which is "a very unsophisticated and unreliable mechanism, but gives an analogy to what is happening," Cullity said. "You have a large, heavy spring that is caught and held back by a very, very small lever." The Schuetzen rifle, which was first made in Germany during the eighteen-seventies, "brought the hair trigger to its apogee," he said. He handed me the firing mechanism taken from one of these rifles and said that, like most hair triggers, it was known technically as a "set trigger" or "double set trigger." "There are two triggers," he said, "and you pull one to cock the mechanism and then you just touch the front trigger and the thing goes off." Each of us pulled the enabling trigger several times and experimented with ways of setting off the hair trigger. It was exceedingly sensitive—the slightest pressure or jiggling caused it to fire. A feather available from a chicken coop behind the shop easily discharged it. Twice, without our doing anything, the trigger went off by itself. After all, it was a lever under a great deal of stress, "resting on a notch cut in the metal probably two-thousandths of an inch wide."

Hair triggers are used mainly in target shooting, by marksmen who want to reduce the movement required to pull a heavy trigger. "No commercial arm that I know of can be bought with a hair trigger on it," Cullity told me. "The reason is they're a complicated mechanism, and they're very subject to any kind of abuse or friction and may get out of kilter. In the hands of somebody who is inexperienced, they're very, very dangerous." Nor do standard military weapons have them. "The military usually takes the opposite tack on triggers," Cullity said. "They usually have what they call 'military take-up,' where the trigger will move maybe a quarter of an inch before it's accomplishing any work at all, and then there'll be a pretty strong pull. The point of it is to make it a very, very conscious act to fire a military weapon, so that there are fewer accidents under the strain of battle."

WHILE some kind of firing mechanism is needed, plainly the last thing anyone would want would be for American and Soviet nuclear weapons to be kept on anything resembling a hair trigger. There is, of course, no single "button" to push; the term is a caricature, shorthand for an elaborate set of protocols and arrangements that must be followed to launch the missiles. It is popularly assumed that every technical precaution possible, as well as the most stringent procedural controls and impeccable personal restraint, would keep statesmen and military officers on both sides from any hasty decision to use nuclear

"I'll say this much for you, Emma. You're a constant reminder."

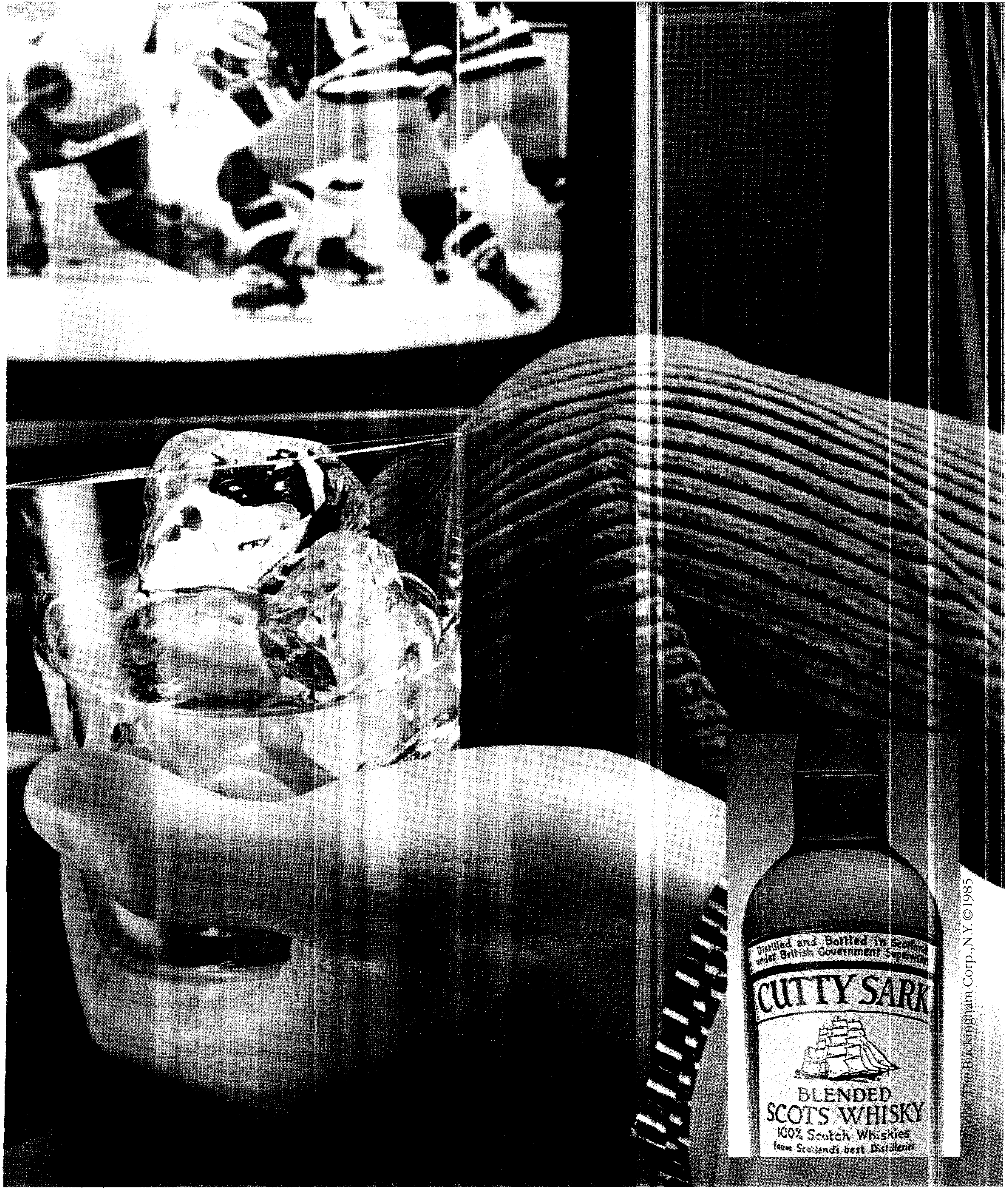
weapons. The requisite degree of conservatism in such matters was displayed in the 1964 movie "Fail Safe." United States bombers had received a miscue and had set out toward the Soviet Union. Yet a sober and resolute President, played by Henry Fonda, coöperated with an equally sane and responsible Soviet Premier to head off all-out war.

There is no longer, however, a guaranteed grace period for hot-line consultations while opposing bombers, at subsonic speeds, approach each other's territory. The technology has changed: today's intercontinental ballistic missiles, or ICBMs, fly at speeds in excess of fifteen thousand miles per hour, and this has prompted changes in the kinds of firing mechanisms relied upon to assure retaliation. In an actual American-Soviet confrontation, the good sense of leaders on both sides could be overwhelmed by the brute fact that they might have little warning time or opportunity to deliberate—a situation made all the more acute by the vulnerability of the leaders themselves to each other's nuclear weapons. Common sense demands deliberation and restraint, but the arrangements now in place for assuring retaliation depend on the ability to take speedy action at the first sign—or apparent sign—of an enemy attack.

"There's a lot of malevolent genius involved in this business," said General Herres, who was recently appointed commander of NORAD, and who had previously been in charge of command-and-control systems for the Joint Chiefs of Staff. "The whole system needs to be able to react very quickly" so that the Soviets could not execute a "decapitating attack"—one that killed United States leaders in Washington and destroyed the main United States command posts and message-relay stations before orders for a counterattack could be sent out.

"We've got to learn to realize the implication of what we have done," Dr. John Steinbruner, the director of the foreign-policy-studies program at the Brookings Institution, in Washington, told me in an interview. "I think that, like many things, one doesn't want to overdo the hair-trigger analogy, but to a first approximation that is the way to think about the situation. We have rigged it so that there is not *a* safety catch. There are many safety catches under normal circumstances. We've never taken them all off, and let's hope we never do, because the situation that would then obtain would be so volatile I doubt if anybody could control it . . . It is primed to go—massively—and it would take very little to set it off. And the reason is that that's the only way it can operate, given the extreme vulnerability of the entire command-and-control mechanism to the preemptive moves of the opponent."

The deficiencies in the existing command-and-control system have been the subject of urgent internal investigations by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Pentagon's Defense Science Board (D.S.B.), the Strategic Air Command (SAC), and other official bodies. In Pentagon jargon, the topic of these studies is "connectivity," a term defined by William Perry, the Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering in the Carter Administration, as "the ability of the National Command Authorities"—the President and the Secretary of Defense—"to determine the status of, and transmit commands to, the various elements of strategic forces in the presence of a variety of disrupting factors, including nuclear detonations and countermeasures." In late 1977, Dr. Perry asked the D.S.B. to try to determine how well the military procures the communications systems that are necessary to maintain the connections between the President and the country's nuclear forces following a Soviet attack; the study turned into a review of the command and communications problems. For many years, these concerns had been operational details left to the military to resolve, and had not received much attention. (The services were far more interested in new weaponry and were preoccupied with other matters, such as the war in Vietnam.) Moreover, to the extent that the White House, civilian defense strategists, and the public at large had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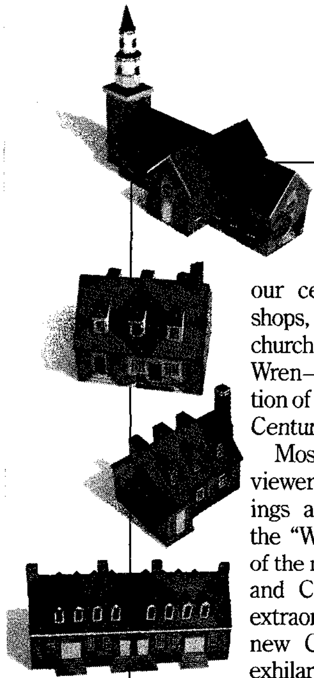
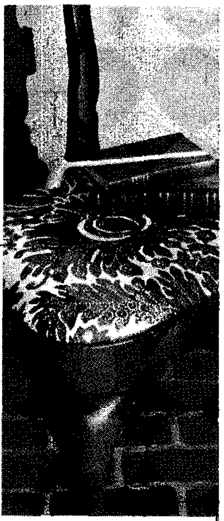
Historicism makes a comeback— was it ever away?





The reconstruction of Colonial Williamsburg is one of the great architectural and decorative feats of our century. Here—in homes, shops, inns, official buildings, a church, even a rare Christopher Wren—is the authentic reincarnation of the look and feel of an 18th Century American town.

Most amazing to the casual viewer is the variety of furnishings and decor that comprise the "Williamsburg style:" works of the most sophisticated English and Continental artisans; and extraordinary developments by new Colonial craftsmen. This exhilarating profusion may account for the vivacity and pertinence of Williamsburg both as a "social museum" and as a modern-day source of decorating ideas.

A few years ago it might have seemed that modern rooms using historic styles were—or should be—"out." To some, "period" was not a nice word. (Possibly "exclamation point" was *more what they were after in their rooms.*) This attitude may have been an over-reaction to the sort of interiors that sought to recreate total period ensembles—rooms where even the ashtrays had to be Louis Quatorze or else.

But the use of "borrowed" historical moments in every sort of real decorating scheme has been a continuing feature of most well-put-together homes, even the avant garde. Whether the "history" is very personal or sentimental—Aunt Lucy's chair, say—or merely reflects an individual taste or interest in some past style or fashion, what seems new and modern about the current vogue for The Past is its self-assured pluralism. A feeling that, well, really—anything *can* go. So that you find surprising juxtapositions of eras and epochs. Things are now put together that just a few years ago would have been decorating no-no's but that today are met with resounding yes-yes's.

Which brings us back to Williamsburg, where a similar mixing can be discerned. The two Queen Anne chairs shown in the small pictures here are an example. The elegant wing chair is covered in Schumacher's sophisticated *Jones Toile,* reproduced from a 1761 English document; the side chair's seat is covered with a linen-and-cotton *Onion Resist* print, based on a mid-18th Century resist-dyed document. In feeling, these two fabrics are a world apart yet both are authentic *Williamsburg*® reproductions. (And both, incidentally, are among Schumacher's perennial best-sellers.)

The inviting entrance corner of the modern flat shown at right was designed by Sarah Tomerlin Lee and combines *Williamsburg* and an almost casual melange of past eras to supply instant warmth to an otherwise coolly modern space. The unique Federal settee is upholstered in *Floribunda,* a *Williamsburg* floral cotton; the bamboo-striped wallpaper and draperies are *Tsuno,* of Oriental inspiration that provides a perfectly compatible backdrop. From other eras, the Persian rug, the marble tiles, the drapery trim, the wall accessories, even the divided molding sandwiching a paper border—all join to deliver a decorating eloquence that seems timeless yet very much "now."

Sarah Lee recalls that on her first visit to Colonial Williamsburg as a college student, she was told that the Rockefellers put their money into the restoration of Williamsburg rather than some more famous city because it was a sleeping beauty waiting to be brought to life. For designers and decorators, that is an attitude that they bring to almost any room—a place that seems to be waiting for them to bring it to life.

For almost half a century, Schumacher has been working with Williamsburg curators to bring to life the wide variety of 18th Century fabrics that have added to the recreation of its authentic spirit. Directing production at mills throughout the world as well as in its own mill, Schumacher has brought new techniques to the reproduction of rare examples of the fabric art of the past. Whether it's Williamsburg, or any other moment in decorating history—designers and decorators know that for an authoritative clutch of samples, the best place to go is "surely, Schumacher."

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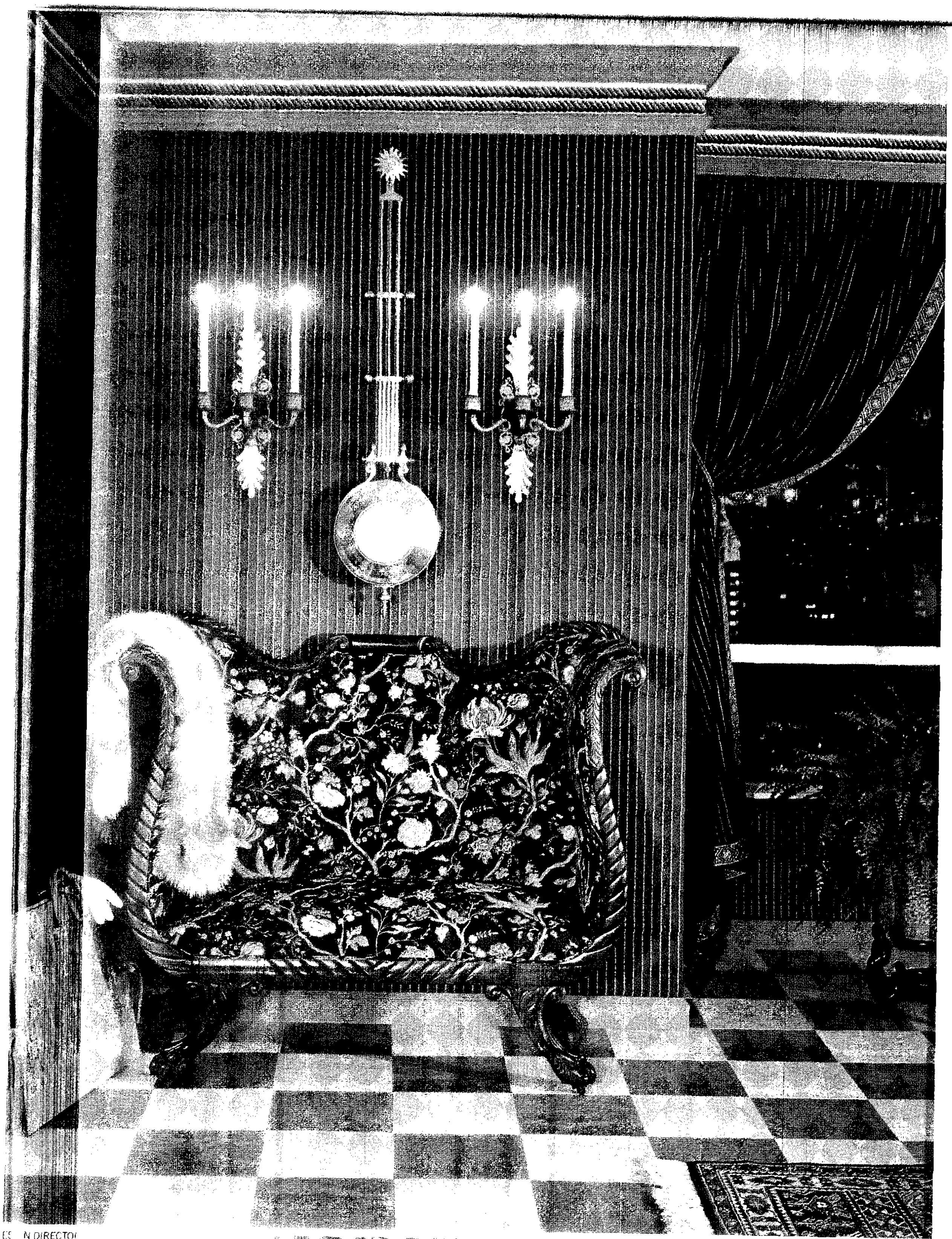

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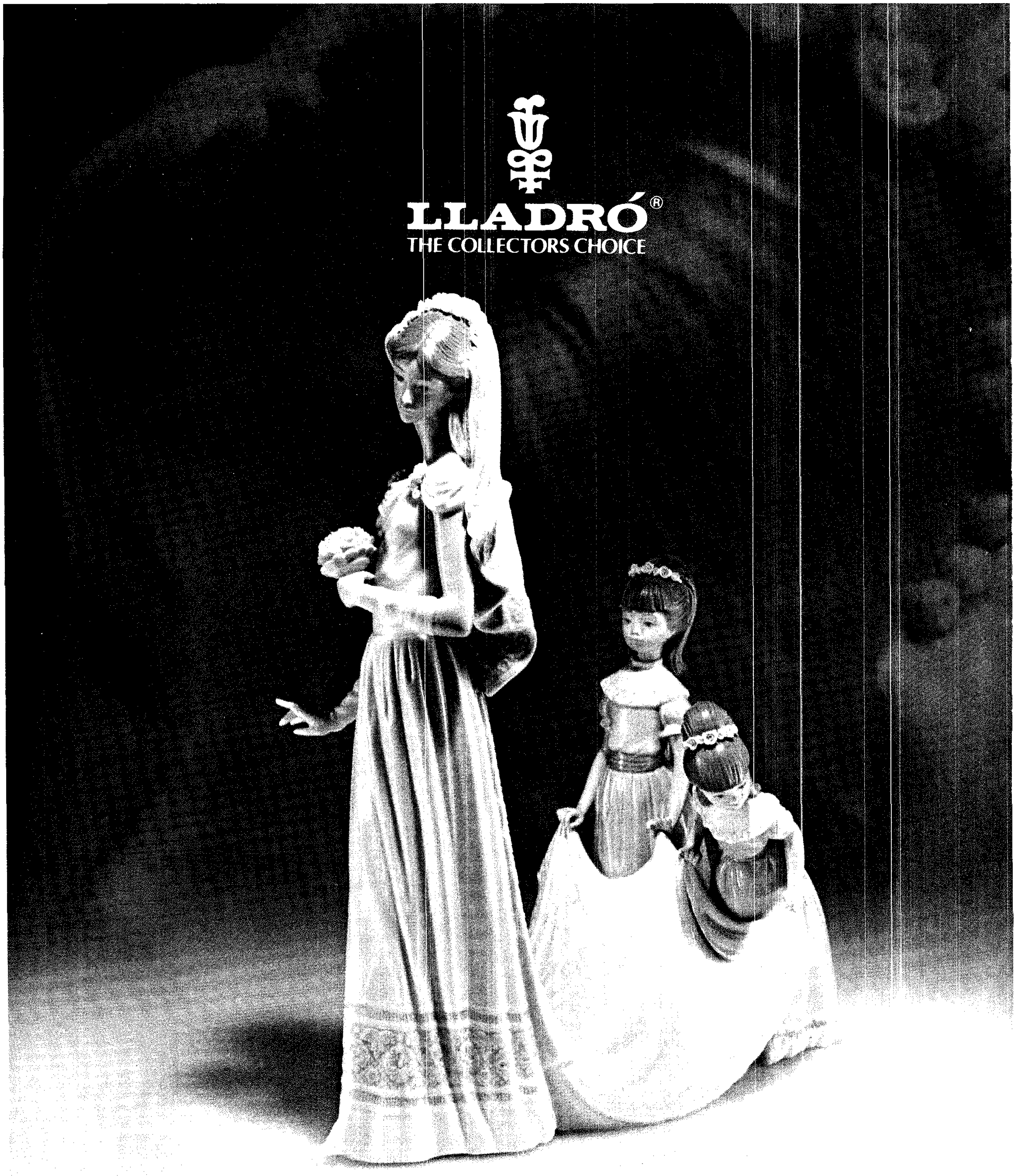

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"Here Comes the Bride" 14" With base (not shown)

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POLLYANNA IN HELL
No more down jackets FOREVER!
Seems like a great place to hike!
Maybe I'll meet some neat people!
R. Chast

thought about nuclear weapons, they had focussed on general policy issues—the size of the American and Soviet arsenals, the merits of arms control, and other topics—and had overlooked what Perry felt was a key aspect of our defense preparedness. His request for a study of the military's emergency-communications procedures prompted a flurry of activity in the Pentagon. "When the services found out the D.S.B. was looking at these, they said they'd look at their own skirts to make sure they were clean," Rear Admiral Paul Tomb, an aide to the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told me. Connectivity studies were suddenly "in," and they focussed on what a former Pentagon official referred to as "force execution in the crudest sense: Can we retaliate? Is our tiger paper or fur?"

In addition to the Pentagon studies, a detailed account of the vulnerability of the United States command-and-control system is given in an important paper by Desmond Ball—"Can Nuclear War Be Controlled?"—that was published in 1981 by the International Institute for Strategic Studies, in London. Using unclassified data, Ball, head of the Australian National University's Strategic & Defence Studies Centre, catalogued and assessed the weaknesses that exist throughout the system, doing so at a level of detail that dismayed some members of the United States defense establishment. Ball recalls that a number of Air Force officers asked him, "Why spell out the details? Why not just say the command-and-control system has vulnerabilities?" Ball replied that he'd been saying that for years, and nobody listened. The Soviets, in any event, would surely have been able to comb the extant technical literature on the subject and obtain the same information. In the field of strategic studies, an academic discipline in which scholarship often involves the turgid rehashing of a small set of old arguments, Ball's contribution is refreshing. Officials are reluctant to comment on the record about his findings, but the Pentagon's leading experts say privately that it is "a very good piece of work."

The main command-and-control deficiencies, Ball suggests, arise both from planning mistakes (such as the failure to build adequate backup facilities to duplicate key installations) and from the inherent susceptibility of all fixed installations and conventional communications equipment to the direct and indirect effects of nuclear detonations. According to Ball's analysis, it would take fewer than fifty Soviet weapons to very severely disrupt the United States command-and-control system. The targets of such an attack would include, in addition to the White House and the Pentagon, the Alternate National Military Command Center, an underground facility at Fort Ritchie, Maryland, which is about seventy-five miles from Washington; SAC headquarters, near Omaha, Nebraska; the Eighth Air Force headquarters, at Barksdale Air Force Base, in Louisiana, and March Air Force Base, in California; the headquarters for the Atlantic Fleet, in Norfolk, Virginia, and for the Pacific Fleet, in Hawaii; A.T. & T. switching centers—such as the ones in Lyons, Nebraska; Fairview, Kansas; Hillsboro, Missouri; and Lamar, Colorado—that handle certain critical military communications; the ground stations for key defense satellites; the very-low-frequency, or VLF, radio transmitters—in Cutler, Maine; Jim Creek, Washington; and on the North West Cape, in Australia—that broadcast orders to United States submarines; and several others, some of them in classified locations. And, in order to increase the element of surprise and confusion, the thirteen early-warning radar sites used to detect incoming Soviet missiles would also be obvious targets.

"These and other key facilities present Soviet planners with a relatively small number of targets, especially compared to the thousands of nuclear weapons the Soviet Union deploys," one of the connectivity studies noted. Clearly, the Soviets need not limit themselves to fifty weapons against the critical command centers and message-relay points, and Western analysts believe that in the current Soviet war plans some four hundred warheads are targeted on such facilities.

As a result of strikes aimed at this short list of command-system components, connectivity between the President and the United States nuclear forces may end abruptly right after an attack begins. "Theoretically, we can do a Minuteman launch under attack," the director of one of the connectivity studies told me. In practice, though, it would be "extremely difficult," since the whole process of assessing an apparent attack, analyzing and selecting options, and issuing orders could take more time than was available. "If I were a Soviet planner," he said, "I could design a strategy that would preclude Minuteman launch."

Not everyone is so skeptical about the communications system. Rear Admiral Tomb, who has been a member of the Joint Strategic Connectivity Staff, an advisory group that was set up in 1980 to help plan improvements in strategic command and control,

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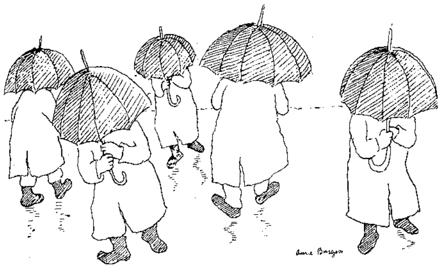
maintains that the vulnerability of the existing system has been overemphasized: "If somebody says there's a weakness, immediately they say it's going to fail. My statement is 'I can't assure you it will work after it's exposed to something.' " He said there were "worst-case scenarios" that showed that the United States "couldn't react" after certain kinds of Soviet attack, but their probability was low. "With the improvements that have been recommended, that we have made—and we're getting very good support in Congress, for budget, and in the services—I'd say that there's no chance that we could lose connectivity. At all. I'm talking in terms of days and weeks. I'm not a pessimist. You know, after we hit Hiroshima—or I guess it was Nagasaki—hit them in the afternoon, the next morning the trolley cars are running. The electrical system's working." After a Soviet attack on the United States, he continued, "I think something's going to work. We've got a lot of beautiful systems here that work all the time, day and night, and I defy you to stop them under normal conditions. So in stress I think that you'll have links that exist. You know, a twister hits Arkansas, and ten minutes later you've got a TV van in there showing the whole picture, and everybody in the United States via satellite can see what's going on. Floods. Fires. The whole nine yards. So we have very good communications. Modern communications."

The photographs taken in Nagasaki in the days after the blast do not show commuters on the public transit system on their way to work. They show more than a third of the city reduced to rubble. Most analysts also draw more of a distinction between the effects of "twisters" and the damage that can be done by nuclear weapons. The present command system "works," William Perry has explained, in the sense that if the United States were struck by Soviet missiles the system would be "useful for alerting the National Command Authorities to a surprise attack." He said, however, that the equipment in place is "of questionable reliability" for conveying Presidential orders to fire missiles. That was the conclusion of the Pentagon's major connectivity studies, and it is shared by other leading experts who have studied the problem. A member of a Defense Science Board panel that in 1978 prepared a report urging major changes in the command-and-control system told me that "no one would argue" that connectivity could last "more than hours." General Bennie L. Davis, commander-in-chief of the Strategic Air Command, said in an interview it would last for "five hours down to thirty minutes."

The Pentagon connectivity studies done in 1978 and 1979 produced more than a hundred findings and recommendations on various deficiencies and how they should be corrected. President Carter issued Presidential Directives 53 (on telecommunications policy) and 59 (on strategic nuclear policy), which, among other things, ordered the Pentagon to correct widespread vulnerabilities in the strategic command-and-control system which could deprive the President of a functioning communications network after the first few Soviet shots had been fired. The Reagan Administration has endorsed its predecessor's initiatives to fill in the gaps in the system—this is to be done as part of the Administration's Strategic Modernization Program, which was announced in 1981—but results are not expected for many years. "It may be relatively simple and inexpensive to fill those gaps," Lieutenant General Hillman Dickinson, who has worked on the plans for doing so, said in 1982. "That's the good news. The bad news is that there are a lot of gaps, and it's not always easy to get someone to respond to fill a gap at an early time."

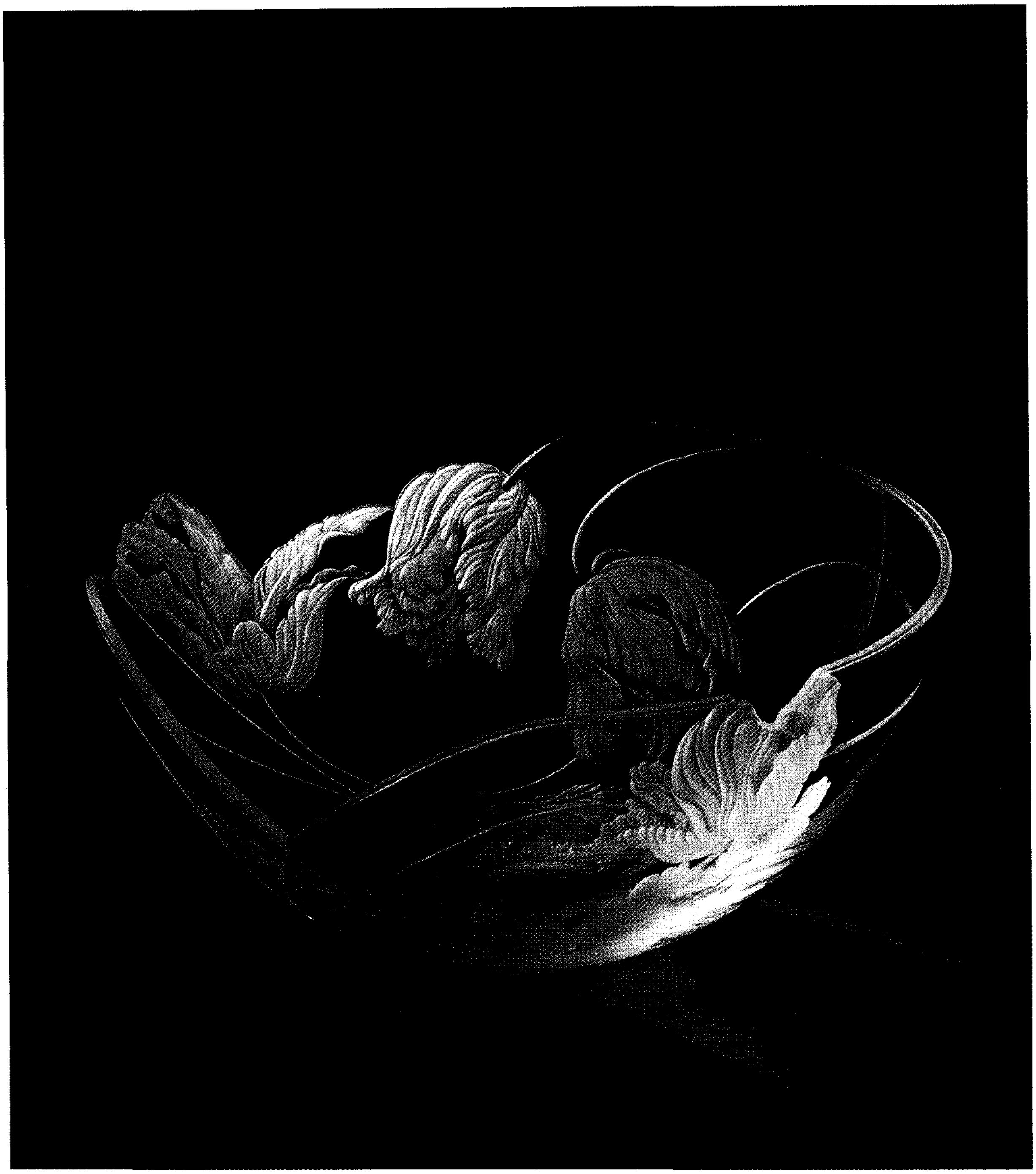
A number of technical changes in the command system have been made in the last few years, along with other improvements, such as streamlining the procedures for issuing orders (yet the fundamental problem of getting those orders delivered to the forces remains). A member of the 1978 Defense Science Board panel told me recently that there has not been very much "followup" to effect the fundamental changes it recommended. Another member of the group said that "the same report could be written with some minor modifications today."

PROBLEMS with the nation's most vital communications links were obvious long before the Carter Administration reviews. President John Kennedy, for example, personally discovered a large gap in the strategic command-and-control system. He announced to his science adviser, Dr. Jerome Wiesner, that he had looked around the Oval Office and could not find the "red telephone" that was supposed to inform him of a Soviet attack. Wiesner replied that President Eisenhower had kept the phone in a drawer in his desk; Kennedy and Wiesner pulled out all the drawers but could not find it. As it happened, the President's wife had been redecorating the White House and had found an elegant desk given to President Rutherford B. Hayes in 1880 by Queen Victoria. This desk—made from the oak timbers of H.M.S. Resolute—had been substituted for President Eisenhower's, and the red telephone disconnected and removed.



A memorable scene in Stanley Kubrick's 1963 film "Dr. Strangelove" suggested another possible weakness in the command and control of nuclear forces. Group Captain Mandrake (Peter Sellers) is seen trying to call Washington from Burpelson Air Force Base, in Britain, in order to relay the message that United States nuclear bombers are on their way to Russia and need to be recalled. The panic-stricken officer has to use a pay phone, and breaks into a Coke machine to get a few coins. "I think we would all like to be reassured that the Defense Department does not rely on pay phones for its defense communications, or, if it does, that it has change," Steven Weinberg, a Nobel laureate in physics, remarked at a conference on crisis management held at the University of Texas in February, 1983.

Actually, the movie's portrayal of the United States military communications system that existed in 1963—and still exists—is not very far from the truth. At that 1983 meeting in Texas, Lieutenant General William Hillsman, who was then the director of the Defense Communications Agency, explained that the military communications system, including the part that carries the most urgent national-security messages, depends almost totally on commercial telephone lines leased by the government. The warning system, for instance, "begins a bit on the perimeter of the United States, where we have a gang of radars out there that are looking," Hillsman said. "Those radars today are tied into Cheyenne Mountain—NORAD—by telephone lines. And I may blow your



Tulip Bowl

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THE CASE OF
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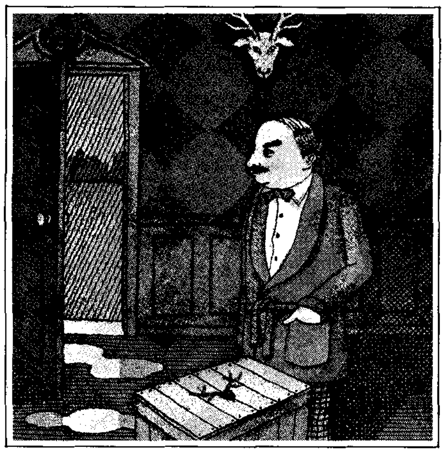
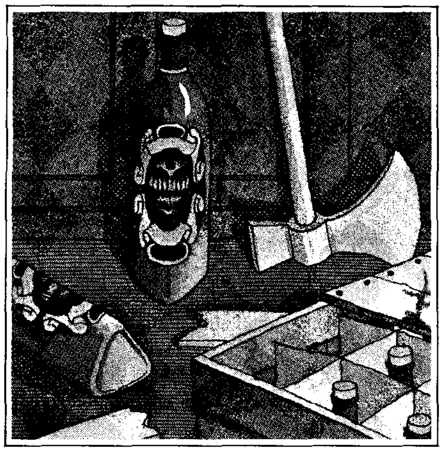
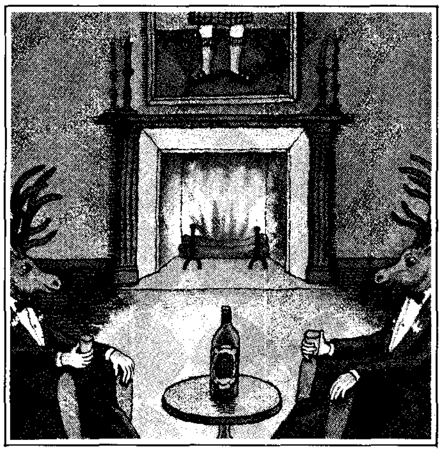
'AON BRAICH'



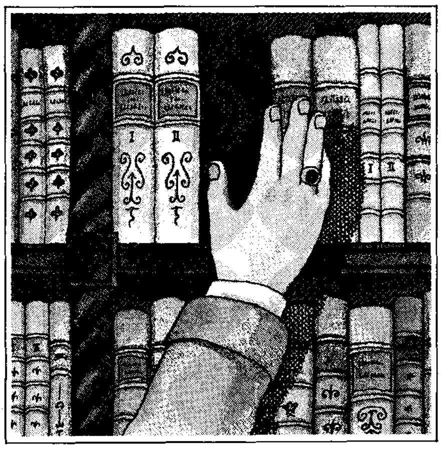
One rainy evening, a man with Gaelic on his breath delivered to my door a case of Glenfiddich. "Aon Braich," he murmured. No one here by that name, I mused. When I looked up, he had disappeared.



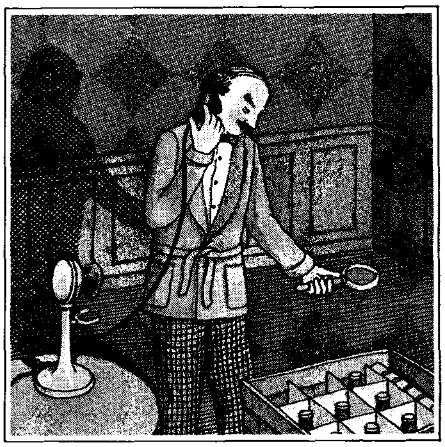
Upon cracking the cache of Glenfiddich with my Scottish Rites hatchet, I found each bottle of this distinctive malt whisky to be of triangular shape. Evidently, there were more sides to this story still.



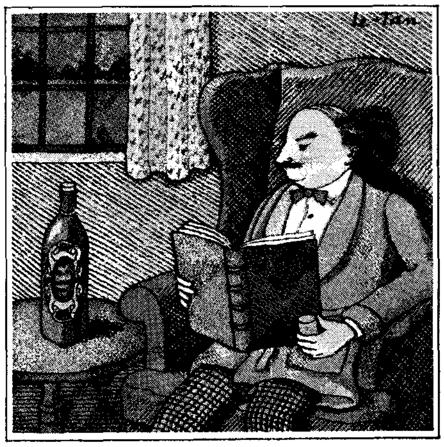
Examining the label, I detected a most intriguing clue: Glenfiddich is Gaelic for 'Valley of the Deer.' Had this peculiar charade been nothing more than a cleverly staged stag party invitation?



A sudden revelation struck me like a belt from Savile Row. Perhaps the peat-stained pages of MacTurf's 'Scotch On The Lochs' would hold the explanation. I reached for my volume – but the book was gone!



It was then my friend MacIntosh rang. "Aon Braich!" he intoned. That strange name again! "I'd have returned the book myself, but with this downpour..." Then I saw my MacTurf tucked 'midst the malts.



A newly-marked page revealed that it was the Glenfiddich that was 'aon braich,' or single malt. One sip confirmed its singular character. Rarely had a case led me to such a splendid solution.

GLENFIDDICH® SINGLE MALT

Scotch Whisky

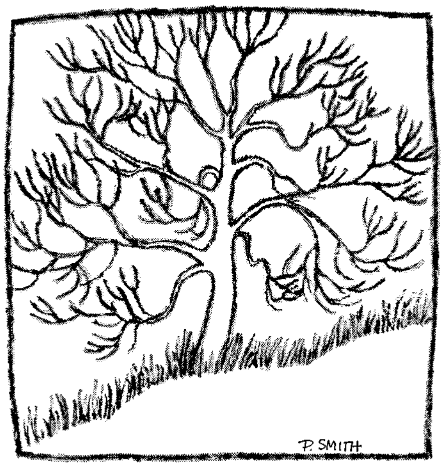
Glenfiddich Highland Unblended, Single Malt Scotch Whisky. 86 Proof. Bottled in Scotland. © William Grant & Sons, Inc., New York, N.Y. 10020.

mind, [but] we do not have defense communications systems that provide that. Everything we do here in the United States that ties us together in terms of warning and deterrence is provided to us by the common carrier system, the private sector, the A.T. & T.s and the G.T.E.s." The National Military Command Center in the Pentagon—which General Wagoner had tried to telephone—is the hub of both routine and emergency United States military communications. It is operated by the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and is the principal message-distribution center through which the President would issue orders for a strike against the Soviet Union. It, too, Hillsman noted, uses leased telephone lines when it sends emergency orders to United States strategic forces. At SAC headquarters, emergency-action messages from the National Military Command Center would be relayed to United States missile and bomber forces over what is called the Primary Alerting System, which also consists of a telephone hookup. "Everything that General Davis, our SAC commander, does today, from down way in the basement of Omaha to his Minuteman silos, rides A.T. & T. and G.T.E. systems," Hillsman said. (Because of its dependence on the Bell System, the Department of Defense opposed the anti-trust suit aimed at breaking up A.T. & T., and took strong exception to the settlement agreement drawn up between the Department of Justice and the company. An analysis of the settlement agreement that was prepared in April, 1982, by William H. Taft IV, the general counsel of the Department of Defense, stated, "The Federal Government today obtains more than 94 per cent of its most critical domestic telecommunications circuits from commercial carriers.") When I visited the SAC Underground Command Center, at Offutt Air Force Base, in Nebraska, the officer giving me a briefing on the facility sat me down at the desk that General Davis would occupy in an emergency. He directed my attention to the "gold phone" on the desk and explained that General Davis would be able to use it to consult with the President and senior military officials in the event of a nuclear attack. It seemed like a fairly ordinary telephone, and it was.

There are some radio and satellite backups to the SAC telephone network, and some classified systems as well. A vulnerable telephone network, however, is only a small part of the story. A step-by-step account of what would happen in the event of a nuclear attack shows the true magnitude of the communications shortfall that our civilian and military leaders would confront.

H HOUR is the time when a military operation begins. It is the instant at which the attacker has scheduled troops or planes or ships to make their first move. It is the occasion that puts the grand designs of offensive and defensive strategists to the test, and it would be a severe test of the warning and intelligence systems that feed information into the NORAD Cheyenne Mountain Complex. NORAD has little margin for error in executing its assignment. Inability to detect a sneak attack could tempt an adversary, in a crisis, to try one. Even a few minutes' delay in recognizing incoming missiles —or confusion in interpreting precisely what was happening—could have far-reaching consequences. If the United States were caught unawares, the White House, the Pentagon, and other key command posts might be destroyed before retaliatory orders could be given; B-52 and FB-111 bombers could be caught on the ground, and support aircraft, such as the aerial tankers that can refuel the bombers in flight, could also be victims.

On the other hand, a NORAD false alert, an alarm that mistakenly announced incoming Soviet missiles or bombers, could lead to a panicky decision to launch United States retaliatory forces—a blunder that would invite the Soviets to respond in kind. Other mistakes could also lead to disaster. For example, inaccurately depicting the scale of an attack—declaring that it was a large-scale strike when it was actually a more limited one—could prompt a United States response completely out of proportion to the real threat and bring about the uncontrolled escalation of a lesser conflict into all-out war.



NORAD's netherworld installation consists of cold, gloomy tunnels containing fifteen steel buildings, which are connected to a worldwide set of sensors—early-warning satellites in outer space, and ground-based radars. The data from these sensors, and other intelligence information as well, are relayed to the Cheyenne Mountain Complex by various means, processed by eighty-seven computers, and evaluated by dozens of technical experts. "Lifelines of the facility—links with the outside—are the communications circuits," NORAD officials state in their press handouts. The channels that handle critical data traffic, they add, "must be fast and reliable." No one could disagree, and the central question on my mind as I talked with personnel at Cheyenne Mountain, the Pentagon, the Strategic Air Command headquarters, and other military installations was how well the communications links into and out of NORAD fulfill these requirements. I wondered exactly what NORAD would know, and how quickly, during a nuclear attack against the United States.

Nuclear war, like any form of combat, can be choreographed in many different ways. The superpowers have a large assortment of forces—land-based missiles, submarine-launched missiles, cruise missiles, medium- and long-range bombers—that can be used separately or in various combinations. The strikes can be quick or slow, made from various launch sites or a single one, aimed at a broad range of targets or just a few. NORAD planners must do the best they can to anticipate the most likely scenarios—which can include several forms of flank attack as well as frontal assaults—and design the warning system accordingly. There will always be the nagging concern expressed by one command-system designer—that "poverty of imagination" could leave the United States vulnerable to some form of attack which had been ignored.

"What will it look like if the enemy attacks us?" an Air Force consultant said to me. "Imagine the Israelis, only a little more brutal." The stunning surprise attack against the Egyptian Air Force at the outset of the 1967 war displayed the kind of unconventional tactics that some analysts think the Soviets might wish to emulate at the outset of a nuclear conflict. Hitting the Egyptian airfields from the east at dawn would have been advantageous to the Israeli pilots, since the bright sun just above the horizon and behind the strike force would blind the defenders. Israeli commanders suspected that the Egyptians would surely have understood this and be on the lookout. But if no attack came at dawn, the Israelis reasoned, their opponents would stand down from alert and resume their normal routine, thinking the worst danger over for that day. This was exactly what happened. The Israelis waited till the sun was higher in the sky, and then attacked, coming in low to evade radar detection, and wiped out the planes parked on the tarmac at nine Egyptian airfields.

NORAD's ability to detect Soviet attacks was explained to me by Air Force personnel who operate the room in the Cheyenne Mountain Complex called the Missile Warning Center. It receives the data from all the United States early-warning sensors, analyzes the information, and passes its findings to NORAD's main Command Post. Normally, the Missile Warning Center has a staff of two officers and four enlisted personnel, and the room they occupy, which is small and is filled with computer terminals, looks a bit like the office of a modest-sized brokerage company. The display screens are programmed by computer to indicate the trajectories of incoming Soviet missiles. The staff members are not required to sit and stare at the scopes; the computer signals them when to look. At the time I saw the screens, they were blank. One wall of the room has a long display panel that resembles an old-fashioned baseball-stadium scoreboard; there are box windows to indicate how many missiles (or possible missiles) have been picked up by the various early-warning radars. This monitor, too, showed nothing happening. The two nations were at peace.

Still, as a hypothetical question, as a means of evaluating United States readiness to retaliate, one can ask, "But what if a Soviet attack suddenly took place?" What data would NORAD have received if the Soviets had set H Hour for 11 A.M. on Monday, October 24, 1983, just as I walked into the Missile Warning Center? Auditors sometimes show up unannounced at a bank and ask to look at the books. My visit to NORAD on that day had been scheduled in advance, and I was limited by security restrictions in what I was allowed to see. Nonetheless, my purpose was similar to a bank examiner's. I wanted to try to make a spot check of NORAD's readiness, and determine what NORAD could realistically expect to know if the Soviets attacked at some randomly selected time. War itself, as historians say, is the great auditor of institutions, but there are less costly ways of judging how well an organization such as NORAD can perform its mission.

SOME twenty-two thousand miles above the Indian Ocean, a United States early-warning satellite constantly monitors the Eastern Hemisphere. This electronic sentinel looks down on the Eurasian landmass; it can keep track of launchings from all twenty-six Soviet missile bases. A Code 647 Defense Support Program satellite, known at NORAD as DSP East, it is approximately twenty feet long and nine feet in diameter, and weighs about a ton. The main piece of equipment on board is a twelve-foot-long Schmidt infrared telescope outfitted with thousands of tiny lead-sulfide detectors that are designed to pick up the heat of rocket engines. The sensors at the focus of the telescope do not detect missiles at the instant they emerge from their silos but about thirty seconds later, during the boost phase of their flight, as they come up out of the lower part of the atmosphere. It would take a Soviet warhead twenty-five to thirty minutes to reach the continental United States.

The first, experimental early-warning satellites were launched in the late nineteen-sixties, and since the early nineteen-seventies at least one Code 647 satellite has been operating in an orbit that assures comprehensive surveillance of the Soviet missile fields. (The missile bases stretch across the Soviet Union, roughly following the tracks of the Trans-Siberian Railroad.) The satellite keeps to an orbit more or less above the equator—a vantage point from which it can maintain good coverage all the way up into the northern latitudes of the Soviet Union. The satellite spins constantly, permitting the telescope to scan quickly all areas of interest.

These satellites have been around for only about a dozen years, and are essentially "first-generation satellites," one government official told me. "They're really not all that sophisticated. They basically just give you an early indication that something is probably happening. Part of the problem is the time requirement. If you could collect data from all the systems and sit down for a few days to analyze

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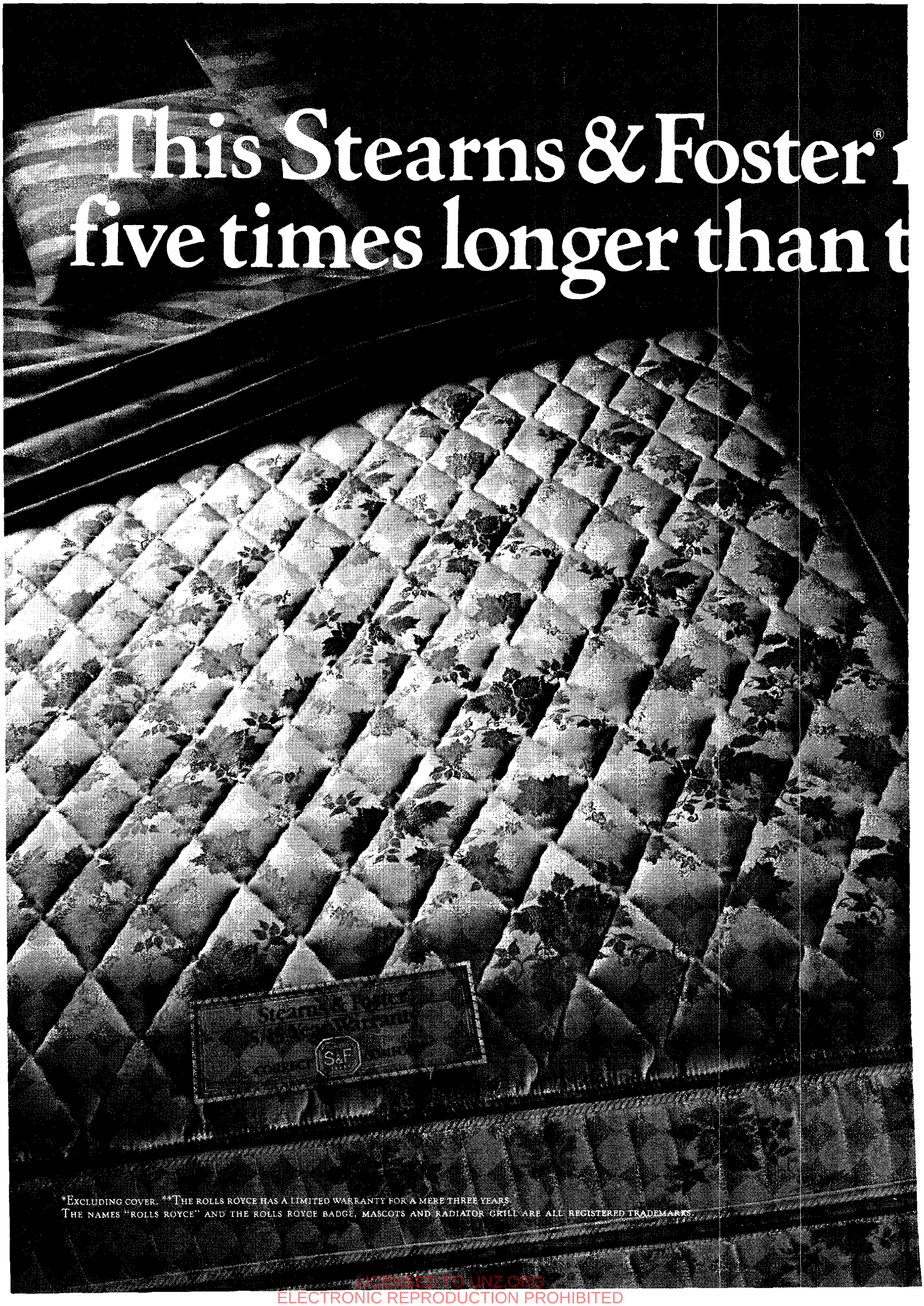
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it, you could probably do a very good job. There really is a saturation problem."

A general who has worked at NORAD concurred, and explained that the precise number of Soviet missiles that have been fired may be hard to determine. "An infrared system can only count so many rocket plumes," he said. He emphasized that the satellite's limitations may not matter very much, though, because "by the time the system gets flooded it will probably have done its job, as long as it can guarantee that the leading edge of the attack is identified."

Besides indicating that Soviet missiles have been fired, data from DSP East will indicate something else that is deemed of great importance by the military: the kinds of missiles that have been launched and their approximate launch sites. The classification of the missiles is determined partly by comparing the infrared glow from the rocket plumes with the observations made during Soviet test flights, which the satellite monitors. The hot gases streaming out of the rockets, that is, leave a distinctive "signature." In addition, over the last two decades United States "close look" reconnaissance satellites, which travel in much lower orbits than DSP satellites, have taken large numbers of photographs of the loading of Soviet missile silos. Thus, data from DSP East about which of the launch sites have been used will provide a further clue to the identity of the Soviet missiles. The DSP satellites do not have the ability to pinpoint the exact silos from which the missiles come, but future United States early-warning satellites are expected to have it.

It would make a difference, for example, whether SS-18s (which could come from six launch areas in south-central Siberia) or SS-11s (which could come from the Urals, the western part of the country, or from three sites near the Mongolian border) had been fired. Unlike the SS-18s, the SS-11s do not have the destructive power and the theoretical accuracy to knock out Minuteman missiles, and might indicate a Soviet strike aimed at "softer" targets, such as bomber bases or American cities.

The Soviets have no known means at the moment of destroying the United States early-warning satellite that is kept in high orbit over the Eastern Hemisphere. (They have tested, with mixed results, anti-satellite weapons designed to knock out

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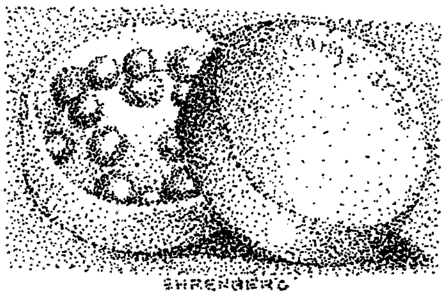
satellites in low orbits.) There is still the possibility that they could attempt to jam DSP East—to flood it with so much energy that it could not detect the heat produced by missile launches. (DSP East's sensors were accidentally overloaded once, when they picked up the heat from vast fires in natural-gas fields in Siberia.) Other forms of interference with the early-warning satellite are also possible. If, for instance, the Soviets knew the coded signals that are used to tell the DSP satellite what to do, they could possibly try to turn it off or confuse it in some way that would prevent the detection of ICBM launches. A former Air Force official has written, "A hostile nation with the capability to send spoofing or suicide-inducing commands to highly important satellites at the outbreak of hostilities or in time to conceal war preparations would have a distinct advantage. With these spurious commands, properly coded and appropriately timed, it is conceivable that the enemy could alter a satellite's position . . . deny it power by disorienting sun-pointing antennas; fire thrusters causing orbital decay; trigger and receive stored radio transmissions . . . falsely cause nuclear-power sources to self-destruct; render electronic countermeasures equipment inoperative; or render inactive defensive maneuver gear or defensive weapons."

The DSP satellite is supposedly designed to detect and counter efforts to disable it, but categorical statements on its ability to do so are hard to make. "Anything that receives—a communications receiver, a sensor receiver, all receivers—can be interfered with, and it is a high state of the art that tries to cope with that," General Herres told me. "But there are things one can do, and we spend a lot of time and money—that's one of the reasons why command-and-control systems are expensive—because it takes special kinds of genius to figure out ways to cope with that. And every time you think you've got one threat whipped, then somebody thinks up another one. It's a never-ending cycle. I rail at the guys that think one of these days we'll have all the money spent we need to spend on this, and everything will be all right. It'll never be all right."

Tampering with an early-warning satellite would run the risk of alerting the United States to an imminent missile launch. On the other hand, there might be a military advantage in attempting to disable the satellite, even if it had to be done in a crude and obvious way. If the satellite was out of business, the United States would not know which Soviet missiles had been fired and which Soviet missile fields still contained loaded silos. It would then be difficult to try to launch a counterattack to knock out the Soviet missiles held in reserve. No one would know where to aim.

If a mechanical or electrical problem or some other kind of fault occurs with DSP East, Air Force ground controllers can try to diagnose and fix it by remote control. In addition, spare satellites are usually available. Early-warning satellites are replaced with new ones every three years or so, but the older ones are left in orbit. One of the retired satellites could be turned back on by the ground controllers, and other satellites might also be pressed into service if something happened to one that was supposed to be watching Soviet missile bases. The United States has a number of multipurpose satellites, and some of these, though their principal mission may be communications or electronic eavesdropping, have sensors tacked on to them that could help detect missile launches. However, they might not be within range if a sudden Soviet attack took place. Because turning on or repositioning additional satellites could take some time, one NORAD official likened nuclear war to a "come as you are" party, saying, "Whatever we have in orbit is what you will go to war with."

A FURTHER reason for not counting on a quick increase in surveillance capability at the outbreak of nuclear war is the vulnerability of the Air Force's main satellite ground-control center, which one expert has described as "within bazooka range of a highway." It would be one of the likely targets of Soviet attack or sabotage in the opening phase of a nuclear war. The location of this facility, and of all the other facilities mentioned in this article, is noted in unclassified Pentagon documents and other sources that are a matter of public record. Thus, in unclassified testimony before Congress in March, 1983, a Pentagon official mentioned the exact site of that ground station when he referred to United States strategic connectivity as "dependent on the single satellite control facility located at Sunnyvale, California." (The facility is euphemistically designated the Satellite Test Center.) If that installation—the hub of a worldwide defense-satellite-control network—should be attacked, not only would the repositioning of additional satellites be hindered but the continued operation of all United States defense satellites would also be put in question.



There are several dozen United States defense satellites now in orbit—providing communications, photo-reconnaissance, electronic intelligence, and navigational, meteorological, and other data—and they need regular instructions from the ground in order to remain functional. A great deal of fine-tuning is needed to steer the satellites in precise orbits, for example, and to keep their sensors and antennas aimed properly. The importance of the Sunnyvale facility was noted in a 1982 report by the General Accounting Office:

> The existing SCF [Satellite Control Facility] is located within 18 miles of three major earthquake faults and has no comparable backup. The buildings associated with this facility do not meet today's construction standards and are expected to suffer significant damage if there is a major earthquake. A catastrophic loss of this control center would result in a major disruption of communications, tracking, and control of its space systems. Consequently, there would be a critically adverse impact on national security. Also, SCF is located on a crowded 20-acre site surrounded by major highways and industrial parks. This provides a highly vulnerable target to possible saboteurs.

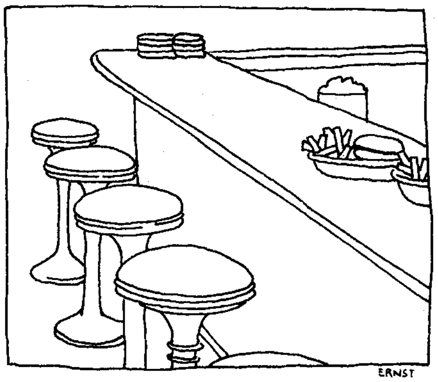
Precisely what would happen to any given satellite if Sunnyvale should be knocked out depends on what type of satellite it was, when it last received instructions from the ground, what it was doing at the time the ground station was destroyed, and how much autonomy it had in performing the adjustments necessary to keep itself functional and in the proper orbit. The Satellite Control Facility makes some ninety thousand contacts per year with its satellites, or about five contacts per satellite per day. Admiral Tomb said, "The satellites don't fall down because Sunnyvale gets hit." Instead, he explained, the satellites would have "a degraded capability over a period of time."

Other officials are less optimistic. "We lose the S.C.F. and the satellites basically go haywire," a Pentagon expert who has studied this subject told me. "The communications satellites drift off to Pluto." Certain intelligence-gathering satellites in low earth orbit would be in especially bad shape, he said, because the Sunnyvale facility has to "feed" them with instructions every time they complete an orbit. "You should see them scrambling when one of these satellites comes within range." Desmond Ball estimated that the typical United States defense satellite might be able to remain in operation for three or four days; the most critical satellites—among them DSP East—which require a great deal of caretaking attention from the ground, could go out of service within hours. In some cases, a high level of redundancy is built into the strategic-command system, with a large number of backup facilities and alternative means of carrying out critical tasks. In other cases, the system is dangerously thin. Sunnyvale is an obvious example. Another Air Force satellite-control facility is under construction in Colorado, but experts do not believe that presenting two targets to the Soviets instead of one will greatly complicate their ability to disrupt the operation of United States defense satellites.

ACCORDING to what I saw at NORAD on October 24, 1983, DSP East was functioning normally that day. (In the Missile Warning Center, officials refused to discuss the status of the satellite; in the Command Post, however, I observed a green light indicating that DSP East was in service.) Provided that it had not been jammed or otherwise incapacitated, this sensor would have been able to gather data about the launching of Soviet ICBMs at the time I have designated H Hour. This information would then have to be transmitted to NORAD—which is something DSP East can't do directly. Cheyenne Mountain is on the other side of the globe, and an extended set of communications links must be used to retrieve the satellite's warning signals.

A key part of the communications relay between NORAD and its principal early-warning satellite is a ground station in Australia that functions as the "downlink" for the satellite. It receives raw data from DSP East, processes the information immediately, using dual I.B.M. 360-75J computers, and relays the results back to NORAD. The station, which has been the focus of considerable political controversy in Australia, occupies eight acres of land at Nurrungar, about three hundred miles northwest of Adelaide, and for many years it has been the only "read-out station" for our most important early-warning satellite. The station has various means—radio, satellite, and undersea cable—of getting urgent data back to the United States. Dependence on a single downlink for DSP East, like the reliance on the unique installation at Sunnyvale, has been a major cause for concern—especially since the Australian station includes a highly exposed set of antennas and transmitters, which present extremely "soft" targets to any enemy. The station could be directly attacked by a Soviet ICBM or submarine-launched missile. It could also be disabled by less dramatic methods. Its satellite antennas (there are two of them, forty feet high and housed inside plastic domes) or its power supplies or its communications lines could be rendered inoperable by what the military refers to as "sappers"—a small team of technically adept saboteurs armed only with conventional weapons and explosives. "Since relatively few fixed installations are involved, sabotage must . . . be considered a significant threat in a sudden nuclear attack," a special report to Congress concluded in 1981. "A coördinated series of sabotage incidents could be particularly disruptive in such a time-sensitive scenario as a nuclear attack. Obviously, poorly executed sabotage efforts could serve to increase warning time. Nonetheless, if acts of sabotage confounded clear evaluation for only a few tens of minutes, command-post aircraft, bombers, and tanker aircraft might be destroyed on the ground."

"It is inconceivable to me that if the Russians were going to start a war they'd not start by knocking out the early-warning sites," one of the Pentagon's leading experts on command-system design told me. The danger of attacks against the sensor sites was also emphasized by the major Pentagon connectivity studies, which noted the particularly acute vulnerability of NORAD's Australian link. It turned out that it would not even be necessary to attack the Nurrungar ground station itself, since subtler means could break its connection back to Cheyenne Mountain. For instance, government investigators discovered, to their amazement, that with no trouble whatever saboteurs could simply cut the undersea cable from Australia at the point where it came ashore in an unprotected A.T. & T. building in San Francisco.



"A lot of things were overlooked as we built those systems," General Richard Ellis, former commander-in-chief of the Strategic Air Command, has conceded. "Anyone could just walk in the door to a switching center that had the name of the originating terminal on a sign. In other words, it identified the overseas station, and you knew right away that this was the United States terminal for that information, and was highly vulnerable to anything anybody wanted to do to it." And General Robert Marsh, until recently the head of the Air Force Systems Command, acknowledged, "We have highly visible, highly vulnerable switching nodes throughout our communications environment. We put up big signs on our coastline—'Submarine Cable, Do Not Dredge Here,' and so on—and some of those [cables] are our only lifeline to important sensor stations." Instead of—or in addition to—severing the main cable connection in Northern California, saboteurs could as easily try to cut it at its Australian end, in Sydney, or at some point in between, such as Wellington, New Zealand, or Hawaii.

I was informed at NORAD that the "situation" concerning the A.T. & T. building in San Francisco had been "corrected." I was not told how. One government expert said that about all you could do was put in "rudimentary security arrangements"—some fences, guards, and locked doors—and take down the sign identifying the cable, but these improvements would afford little protection against skilled attackers. Another step that NORAD has taken to reduce the vulnerability of its Australian connection is, if anything, even less effective. The information packet it provided me with included a map showing the "support organizations" connected to NORAD. The name of the Australian ground station was covered

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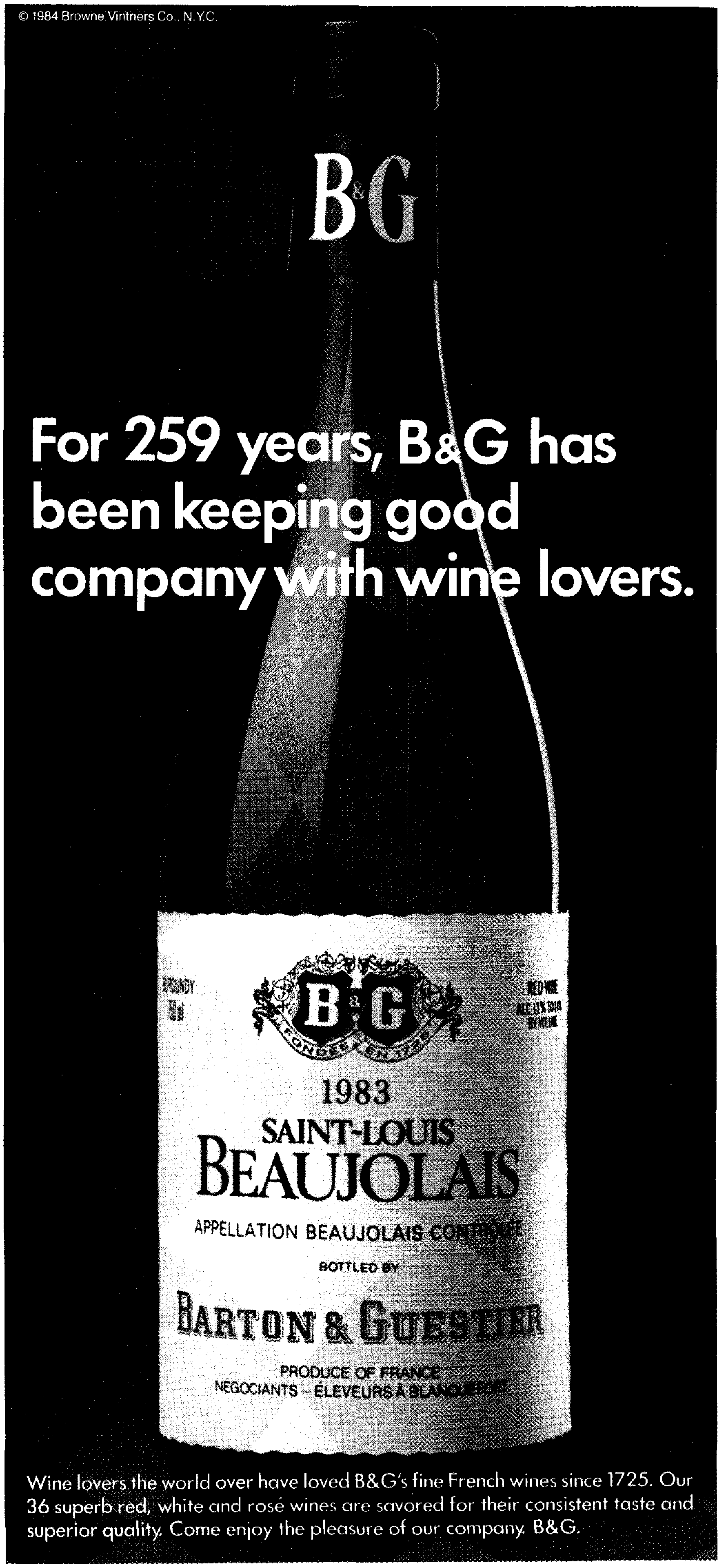
by a strip of white correcting tape, such as typists use; the name was plainly visible when the document was held up to the light. The radio and satellite links that are available to the Nurrungar station to transmit data to NORAD suffer from problems comparable to those affecting the undersea cable.

Officials might try to use high-frequency radio links to send a message to, say, Clark Air Base, in the Philippines, which could relay it to NORAD. Or they might decide to use the Defense Satellite Communications System, or DSCS. Nurrungar is equipped with a satellite antenna that, according to information filed in 1978 with the International Telecommunication Union, in Geneva, is assigned a transmission frequency of 8040.526 megahertz. The Soviets could interfere with each of these communications links in several ways—for example, by jamming, since at present neither the radio nor the DSCS satellite hookups are well protected from this form of electronic warfare.

An additional problem is that the one defense-communications satellite available to the Australian ground station—it is known as DSCS WESTPAC, and it hovers over the western Pacific—cannot send messages directly to Cheyenne Mountain. NORAD is out of its range. Messages thus have to be sent up to the satellite from Australia and then relayed down to other ground stations before they can get to NORAD. The DSCS WESTPAC satellite merely passes the warning message to the United States Pacific Command's switching station in Wahiawa, near Honolulu. From there, the message has to be rebroadcast over the defense-communications satellite orbiting over the eastern Pacific (DSCS EASTPAC). However, even this satellite is out of range of NORAD, so the warning message has to be handed on to ground stations in California—either at Sunnyvale or at Camp Roberts—for relay to NORAD. All these intermediary ground stations are obvious weak points in the Nurrungar-to-NORAD link.

Officials at the Australian station have a third alternative: instead of the radio or DSCS, they could attempt to use commercial satellite links, but there would still be no guarantee that their message would get back to NORAD. To tie in to the commercial satellite system, Nurrungar would have to use vulnerable land lines to hook up with an Intelsat broadcasting station at Moree, about eight hundred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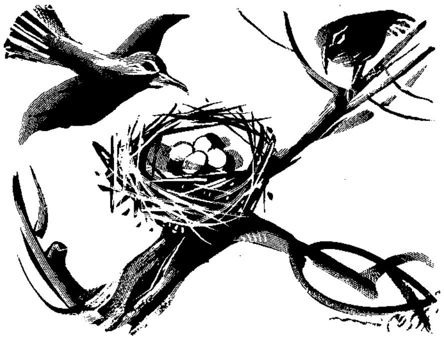
miles to the east. Those lines and the satellite transmitter there could be sabotaged with ease. As Major J. C. Pfautz, of the United States Pacific Command, said in a 1982 speech, the command-and-control system in the Pacific is "vulnerable to the most rudimentary form of enemy attack."

NORAD would probably know immediately if its tie-in with DSP East failed. This news would not necessarily trigger anything more than a routine inquiry, for in any complex system various components are subject to temporary outages. Some types of sabotage or jamming might prevent officials at the Cheyenne Mountain Complex from quickly getting through to Australia to discuss what was happening. Even if they did make contact, the situation could easily appear to be ambiguous. "A fire of unknown origin," say, might be the apparent cause of the station's difficulties. There might be no immediate evidence that the disruption was deliberate—that it had been timed to knock out the ground station just as DSP East was about to transmit data indicating that Soviet ICBMs were on the initial leg of their rapid journey to targets in the United States.

A SOVIET nuclear attack would not have to start with a precisely timed attack on Nurrungar followed by an ICBM launch. A strike could begin instead with submarine-launched ballistic missiles, or SLBMs. The Soviets have a fleet of about eighty ballistic-missile-launching submarines, although, for reasons that Western analysts do not fully understand, they keep only around fifteen per cent of them on routine patrol. (The United States has at least half of its ballistic-missile submarines at sea at all times.) The three common explanations for the large number of Soviet subs held in port are that their nuclear reactors are unreliable, that Moscow has difficulty in communicating with the subs on patrol, and that it distrusts the crews and fears defections.

Just because the Soviet subs are in port does not mean that their missiles cannot be used. Some of the missiles can travel several thousand miles—the SS-N-8 and the SS-N-18 could hit targets in the United States without their subs' having to leave their home ports of Petropavlovsk-Kamchatski, on the Kamchatka Peninsula, and Severomorsk, on the Barents Sea. In a crisis, moreover, the subs could put out to sea (weather permitting, since the ports are icebound from around November to April), where they would be free to roam broad stretches of ocean while remaining within range of their assigned targets. The Soviets could also station dozens of submarines right off the Atlantic, Pacific, and Gulf coasts of the United States. Missiles fired from such close-in positions would have some important military advantages over ICBMs coming from missile fields on the Soviet mainland. Whereas an SS-18 would take thirty minutes or so to hit United States bomber bases in the Midwest, or NORAD headquarters, in Colorado, or the Strategic Air Command headquarters, near Omaha, submarine-launched missiles could hit those targets in about fifteen minutes. Targets near the coasts—such as Sunnyvale, California, or the Pentagon—could be destroyed even more quickly.

Because of the threat posed by Soviet submarine-launched missiles, the United States has deployed two early warning satellites that continuously watch the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Like DSP East, their sister satellite perched over the Indian Ocean, the satellites that scan the waters of the Western Hemisphere—the pair are known at NORAD as DSP West—hover about twenty-two thousand miles above the equator. All three early-warning satellites fly nearly geosynchronous orbits; that is, they keep up with the rotation of the earth and therefore hold to a more or less fixed position above the equator. The DSP West satellites also must relay data to NORAD through a ground station. Since they are within line of sight of the continental United States, the communications link is more direct, but it still has its potential weaknesses. The ground station to which they report has receiving antennas that are, of necessity, above ground and are therefore vulnerable to elementary forms of conventional attack or sabotage. The downlink for DSP West is at the Buckley Air National Guard Base, in Colorado, which is about sixty miles from NORAD headquarters. It passes data to NORAD by means of a set of microwave towers. The microwave hookup goes to Peterson Air Force Base, in Colorado Springs, and from there up to the Cheyenne Mountain Complex. Thus, as with the undersea cable from Australia, the flow of warning information can be interrupted without any attack on the ground station at Buckley directly. All that is required is to cut the electronic umbilical cord that ties it to NORAD.



To date, the Air Force has made two main responses to the vulnerability of the large ground stations for the early-warning satellites. First, it attempted to build a mobile backup ground station that could be quickly deployed in an undisclosed spot. The plans called for it to be transported in an Air Force C-5 or C-141 cargo plane. Known as the Simplified Processing Station, or SPS, it was not designed to do all the sophisticated data processing that is done at the primary stations, but it still turned out to be so large—it had two thirty-eight-foot satellite dishes, for example—that to relocate it would take weeks. It was not, in any practical sense, mobile. The SPS went into operation in December, 1978, at the Cornhusker Army Ammunition Plant, in Nebraska, but, as one official there has noted, it "had a serious amount of technical problems and required a lot of debugging work." There were "major deficiencies which would prevent the SPS from being operationally useful," a Pentagon report said. These included "excessive computer-generated" message errors that could cause warnings of missile attacks to become "lost." When it was finally put in working order, the SPS still had communications lines with the same susceptibility to sabotage and direct attack as the setup at Buckley. The Nebraska installation has now been closed down and the equipment transferred overseas. Plans to produce a second SPS were cancelled. Another program has been started, however, to build mobile ground terminals, to reduce dependence on fixed installations.

The other principal attempt to strengthen the fragile connection between DSP West and NORAD is the addition of new communications equipment—a satellite communications link to supplement the microwave hookup. With a satellite transmitter, the ground station at Buckley will be able to relay information to a gargantuan satellite receiver that sits next to the Officers' Club at Peterson

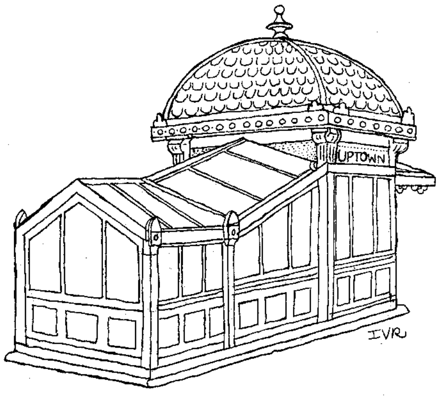
Air Force Base, in Colorado Springs. From there, the warning message can be relayed to Cheyenne Mountain, a few miles away—provided, that is, that a delivery truck bringing supplies to the club's dining room just before H Hour is not full of high explosives.

The attempt to back up the vulnerable ground station in Colorado with an equally exposed one in Nebraska and the decision to add another interruptible communications link to one that was already being used have not greatly increased NORAD's ability to retrieve data from DSP West. Nor does building another ground station for DSP East compensate for the vulnerability of Nurrungar. (A new readout station for DSP East, using the equipment of the old Nebraska SPS, has been established at a classified site in Europe—a decision that one expert called very peculiar, for when DSP East is within range of this new ground station it is out of range of certain major Soviet missile bases.) None of these actions solve the problem of overdependence on an exceedingly small number of critical ground stations. And the new technology that will be added to the early-warning satellites does not look as if it will resolve the difficulties, either. The equipment will provide what is referred to as "cross-linking capability." DSP East, instead of going through a ground station in Australia, will be able to transmit information to another satellite—such as the Pacific DSP West—which would then relay it to the ground station at, say, Buckley. From there it could go to NORAD. The Air Force and the Pentagon decline to say when the capability to cross-link the satellites will be available. Once the satellites can talk to each other, though, it will make little over-all difference to the critical lack of redundancy in the satellite early-warning system. Cross-linking may reduce dependence on the Eastern Hemisphere ground stations, but it will do so simply by increasing dependence on the one at Buckley or on whatever mobile ground station may be selected. The number of tendons that will need to be cut to cripple the NORAD satellite early-warning system will remain remarkably small.

THE three DSP satellites are the most important but not the sole assets in the United States early-warning system. They are the first bell that would alert NORAD to an actual missile launch, and are the only sensors that directly monitor launch sites in the Soviet Union. But NORAD insists on what it calls "dual phenomenology" to prove that a missile warning is real; that is, the presence of incoming missiles must be independently confirmed by at least two warning systems. Radars deployed in strategic locations are the principal complement to the satellites.

Thus, about ten minutes after a Soviet ICBM leaves its silo en route over the polar regions to the United States it is supposed to be picked up by a radar system at Thule, Greenland. The equipment for this outpost, which is about eight hundred miles from the North Pole, was designed in the late nineteen-fifties and became operational in December, 1960. This radar has a range of about three thousand miles, but until a modernization program is completed it will remain quite antiquated by today's technological standards. The computers and ancillary equipment there are of the same vintage and also have severe limitations. It takes a substantial maintenance effort to keep this aging apparatus in working condition. Below the Arctic Circle, two companion radar installations were built in the early nineteen-sixties, as part of what was called the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System. They are in Fylingdales Moor, England, and Clear, Alaska. Their equipment is essentially the same as that at Thule; their range, like Thule's, is three thousand miles; and they cover some of the same area as the Thule system. The radar in Great Britain naturally extends its sweep farther over the eastern part of the Soviet Union, and the Alaskan radar is capable of looking at approach paths to the United States from all of Siberia.

Thule, Fylingdales Moor, and Clear would be obvious targets if the Soviets wanted to increase the element of surprise in an ICBM attack. These radars could be destroyed by direct nuclear or non-nuclear attack, and, in addition, their communication lines back to NORAD could be severed. Low-flying bombers or cruise missiles or submarine-launched missiles could hit and destroy them before they detected any ICBMs. Moreover, one person involved said that these radars are "so easily tricked and fooled" that they could be jammed.



Radars emit microwave beams that bounce off objects in their path, and these reflected rays show up on the radarscopes. Jamming, analogous to hecklers shouting down a speaker, involves directing electronic noise at a radar or other receiver so that the signal coming back from the missile or other source will be lost or obscured. Success in jamming depends on many things, including the attacker's knowledge of the radar's technical characteristics. The relevant information is not difficult to obtain: a suitably equipped reconnaissance plane will quickly figure out the nature of the radar's emissions. Every radar station gives away this information about itself whenever it is turned on, and the early-warning radars are supposed to be on as close to a hundred per cent of the time as possible. It is considered highly likely that the jamming of these radars is well within the capability of the Soviet Union, which has devoted considerable effort to the perfection of this form of electronic warfare.

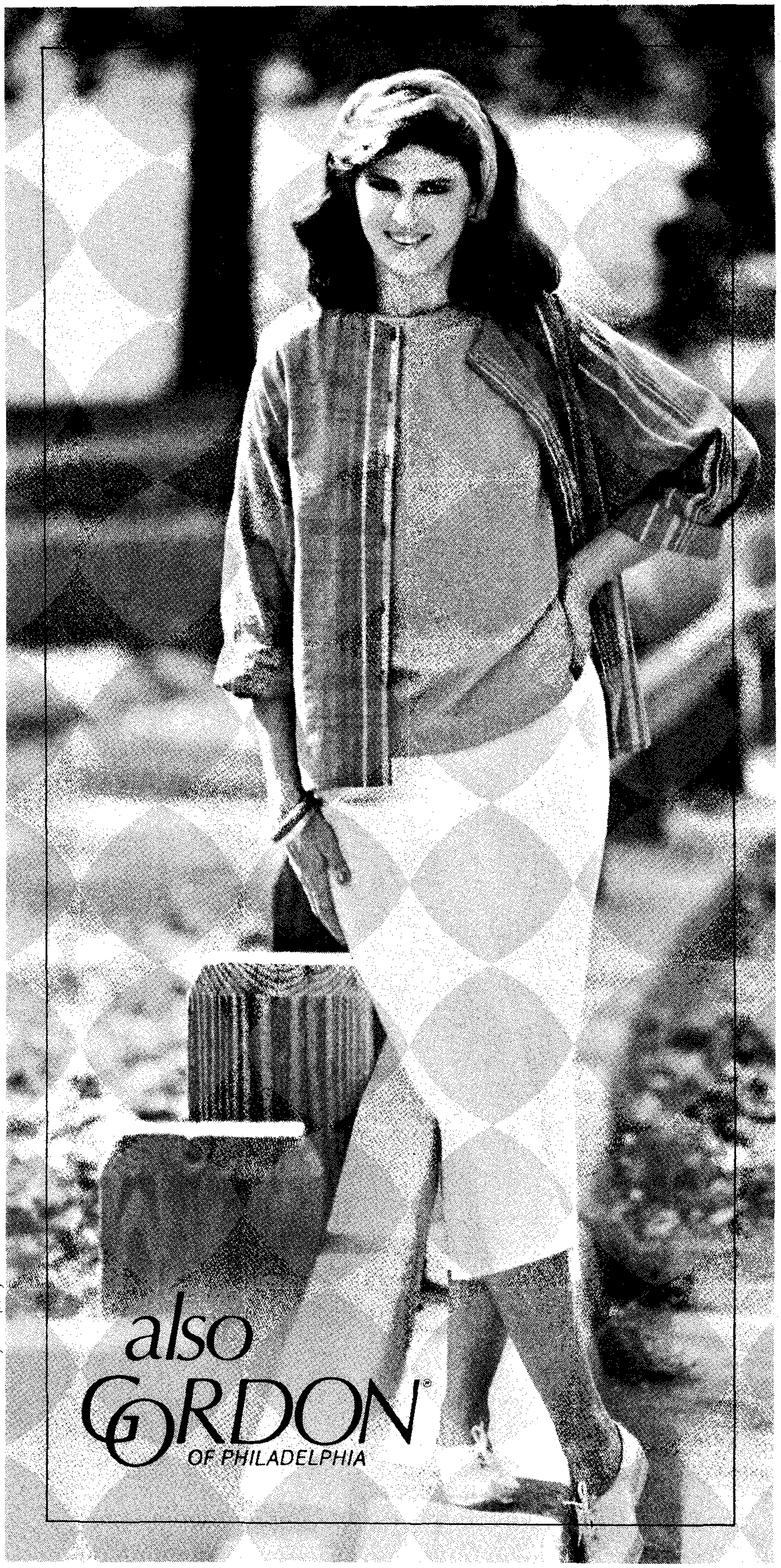
"The early-warning radars are supposed to detect the incoming reëntry vehicles as they're coming over the pole," the physicist Richard Garwin, of I.B.M., and a leading Pentagon consultant, said in an interview. "You could jam them fairly readily by sending along with these reëntry vehicles battery-operated jammers; that is, radio transmitters with an antenna that is focussed down on the radars. It just requires providing the radars with more signal than they are able to handle, even though they're trying to look away. You can have the analogue of the optical dazzle—there's so much electrical energy around that no matter where they look they see targets. So that kind of jamming is feasible. You can also drop jammers close to the radar, so they're just sitting there talking to the radar from a few feet away."

Radar operators, if their equipment is properly designed, should know when jamming is taking place, Garwin added, and the jamming would send a signal that something was up. Means of countering jamming are available, but it is hard to predict who will be the winner in any combat between jamming and anti-jamming techniques. There is always "a big battle between electronic countermeasures, or E.C.M., and counter-countermeasures, or E.C.C.M., and counter-counter-countermeasures, or E.C.C.C.M., and so on," Garwin said. "The answer is that if you do your job you're going to know that you're being jammed. So I'm quite sure we would know we were being jammed. Of course, those radars are very vulnerable, too. They could be destroyed with no difficulty."

At the hypothetical H Hour on October 24, 1983, it turned out, a Soviet effort to destroy or interfere with the radars at Thule, Fylingdales Moor, and Clear would not have been entirely necessary. The NORAD Missile Warning Center showed a yellow light on its main display panel indicating that the Thule radar was reduced to partial capacity. There was a red light indicating that the Fylingdales Moor radar was not operating at all. A green light showed that only the radar at Clear was operating normally.

I asked NORAD about the red and yellow lights, and in a written statement was told that at both Thule and Fylingdales new computers were being tested. NORAD said both radars could be switched back over to their older computers immediately if that should be necessary. This contradicted what officials in the Missile Warning Center had told me. They had said that a yellow light indicated that the system could be restored to full operation quickly, while a red light meant that this restoration could not be counted on. (According to General Wagoner, the officials in the warning center had given me the correct interpretation of what the monitor lights were supposed to indicate.) One government expert told me that the situation I had observed was "not atypical." A NORAD official explained that the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System "is twenty-five years old, operates on vacuum-tube technology, and should have been replaced ten years ago."

DEPENDABILITY aside, a further question concerning the three radars is the quality of the information they gather when they do work. "In general, the system is not designed to provide very good attack assessment," one official explained. "The early-warning radars are essentially "trip wires to alert the military to defend itself—for example, to get the bombers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into the air," he continued. "They can't give you a very detailed attack assessment." A former Pentagon official likened the radars to household smoke detectors—relatively primitive devices that indicate the outbreak of a fire without providing technical information on the kind of blaze. The three radars, other experts agree, can't give an accurate count of the number of incoming missiles or warheads. They were built in an era when a major missile attack was defined as twenty missiles or more, and before missiles had multiple warheads that could throw thousands of small objects into the radar's beam. A senior Pentagon adviser told me that the major deficiency of the older radars was that they sometimes saw many objects as a single object. "Hundreds of missiles coming in from one direction would be seen as one missile," he noted. The radar reports would be all the more confused because modern ICBMs can carry not only live warheads but also large numbers of decoys and reflective "chaff" intended to confuse the early-warning radars. United States missile experts estimate that the actual warheads could thus be hidden in among one or two hundred thousand other small objects thrown out into space by the Soviet missiles.

More modern radars have been added to the early-warning system in the past few years. They are COBRA DANE, at Shemya Island, Alaska; PAVE PAWS West, at Beale Air Force Base, in California; and PAVE PAWS East, at Otis Air Force Base, on Cape Cod. ("PAWS" is the acronym for "Phased Array Warning System.") Sophisticated though these new radars are, they still have serious limitations in providing detailed attack assessments. "At low rates of fire, they do fine, but there is a problem of saturation," one NORAD specialist told me. "They can't track everything at once. It is extremely difficult to arrive at any decent count of warheads."

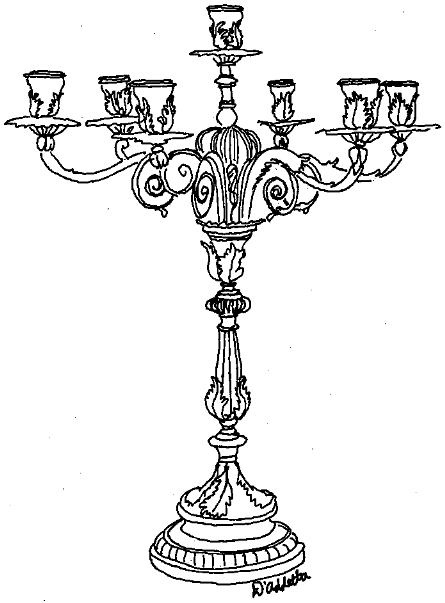
COBRA DANE's main function is to monitor Soviet ICBM tests, but it is also part of the early-warning system. The PAVE PAWS radars on the two coasts are intended primarily to look for submarine-launched missiles, but they also track objects in space and are a backup to Thule, Fylingdales Moor, and Clear for detecting ICBM warheads. The PAVE PAWS radars could also detect long-range Soviet submarine-launched missiles that might come from areas not monitored on a continuous basis by the early-warning satellites. (Satellites in geosynchronous orbit cannot see all the way to the North and South Poles, although they can detect launches well into the Arctic and Antarctic Circles.)

When I visited PAVE PAWS East, I was impressed by the advances that had been made in radar technology but was reminded as well of the persistent danger of sabotage at all the early-warning stations. The site consists of a few acres atop a hill on the Otis Air Force Base. The area immediately adjacent to the radar building and its power station is inside a security fence, but several square miles around the installation are referred to by the Air Force as a "semi-secure" military reservation. This means that there are signs forbidding access but no routine security patrols and no physical means of keeping intruders out—a situation well known to local motorcycle enthusiasts, who make free use of the trails running through the base.

Since radar technology is so widely used commercially, very little about the equipment installed there is classified. A cursory inspection of the facility reveals that the diesel-generator building, which furnishes its vital power supply, and the water tower, which provides necessary cooling for the thousands of transmitter/receiver boxes connected to its stationary antennas, are obvious, highly exposed targets. Attackers would not face an overwhelming number of guards and would not need to get within the security perimeter to launch the few mortar shells that could disable the key components of the station.

Still, at H Hour on October 24, 1983, it would have been unnecessary for the Soviets to go to any trouble to knock out PAVE PAWS East. A red light at the NORAD Missile Warning Center indicated that it was not operating. No one would have needed to do anything to destroy or disable the COBRA DANE radar, in Alaska, either. Another red light. Of the three phased-array radars, only PAVE PAWS West was reported to be operating normally. Air Force officials at Otis declined to say why PAVE PAWS East was not operating, but NORAD later informed me that the radar was out of service for scheduled maintenance of its computers. COBRA DANE was also down for scheduled maintenance.

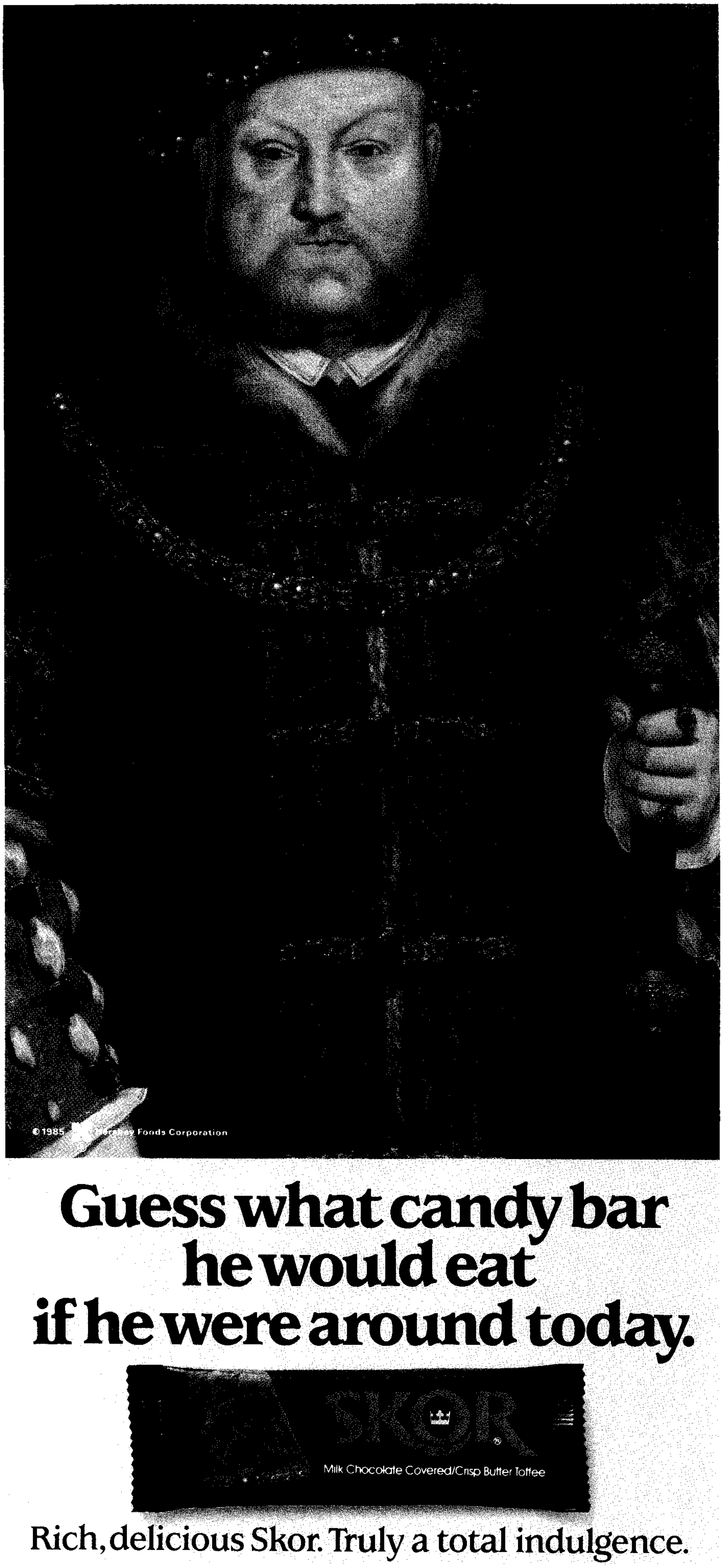
The Soviets, using such means as reconnaissance aircraft and floating electronic intelligence-gathering stations that masquerade as fishing vessels, can readily tell when our radars are out of order. In executing a surprise attack, they would be able to take advantage of any holes in the early-warning fence that were created by nonfunctioning radars. On the other hand, if a major American-Soviet crisis had already occurred—one that threatened a nuclear confrontation—maintenance could be delayed and other steps taken to try to close any gaps in the warning system. "A lot of problems go away when the system is on alert," a former Pentagon official said. Another official, however, cautioned that there was also a strong chance that other deficiencies, not now apparent, could surface when the apparatus reporting to NORAD was put under major stress. After all, there could never be any comprehensive testing of the warning system's strengths and weaknesses until the first Soviet missile salvos were launched against the United States.



WHATEVER information, if any, is received from whatever, if any, early-warning sensors functioning at H Hour is supposed to be processed and evaluated quickly. "All the information comes in to NORAD," General Ellis explained at a Harvard seminar. "It's ground up in their computer programs and presented to them in a manner of minutes—in some cases, seconds—as fused information, which indicates to the commander out there that such-and-such is happening. All one can do is hope that the software"—the complicated operating instructions that tell computers what to do—"isn't faulty and the hardware isn't spooky and the person is not making a hasty judgment. Things can go wrong."

The type of computer problem that can arise was illustrated early on the morning of June 3, 1980, when a component of the complex NORAD computer system suddenly malfunctioned and sent a message to Strategic Air Command headquarters indicating that two Soviet submarine-launched missiles had been fired at the United States. Eighteen seconds later, the same system declared that further submarine-launched missiles were on their way. SAC B-52 bomber crews went racing to their aircraft, which were on alert, started the engines, and prepared to take off. The warning message, however, vanished from the SAC display screen as quickly as it had appeared. SAC headquarters called NORAD, and NORAD reported that none of the early-warning satellites or radars had detected any missiles. The bomber crews shut down their engines but remained in their aircraft. Then, right after getting the NORAD all-clear, SAC received another alert from the errant system at NORAD—this time that a massive Soviet ICBM attack had been initiated. To complicate matters further, the NORAD system sent the Pentagon the earlier message—that submarine-launched missiles had just been fired against the country. Unlike television stations, which take the precaution of having monitors to show what they are broadcasting, NORAD had no display that let officials in the Cheyenne Mountain Complex see the messages they were sending out.

NORAD subsequently attributed the false alert to a defective forty-six-cent computer chip that was manufactured in Taiwan and was installed in 1975 in a communications multiplexer, a device that transmits messages from NORAD's main computers to the rest of the defense establishment. "The chip was on a communications board that essentially talks to A.T. & T.," an expert on the NORAD computer system explained. "You could practically go down to Radio Shack and buy one. It was not some exotic chip." NORAD stated that the "trouble was isolated to the grounding circuitry" of the computer chip. It said the circuitry had been designed by its "civilian integration contractor." (In numerous government reports, Ford Aerospace is listed as the contractor, but neither NORAD nor the company will talk about the precise reasons the problem occurred.) NORAD also said the computer system "was checked on a periodic basis by the 47th Communications



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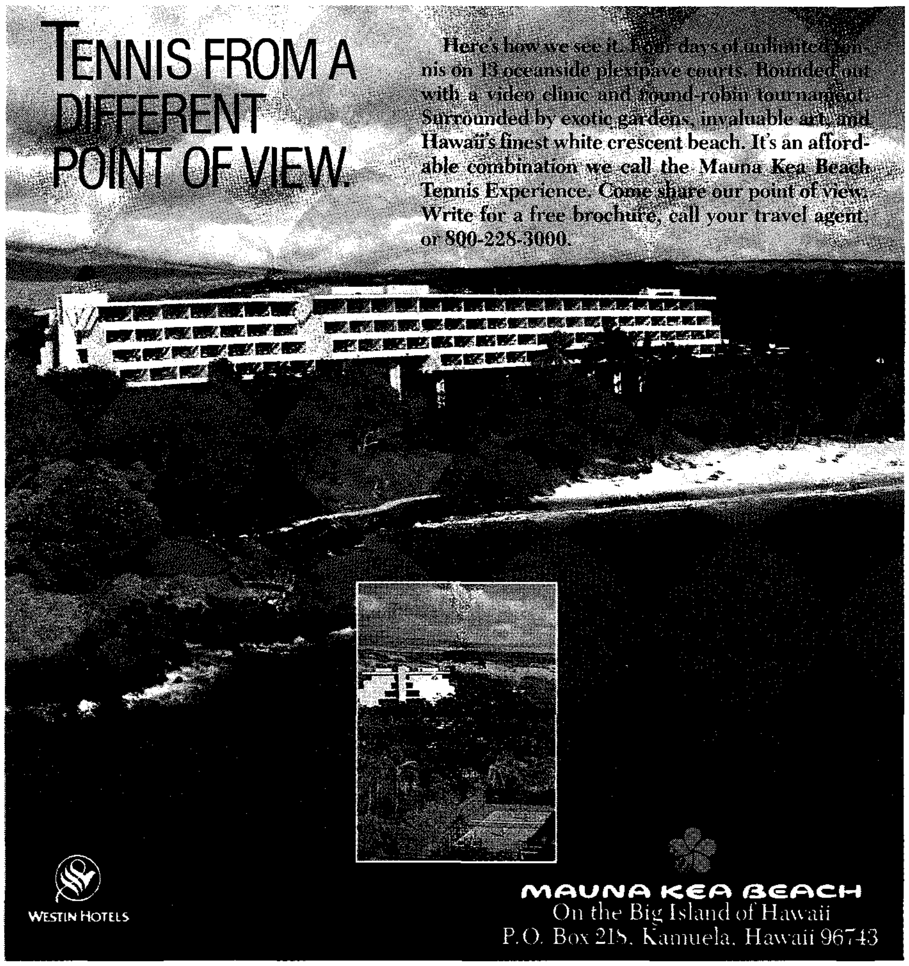
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Group in the Cheyenne Mountain Complex." NORAD did not explain why the defective design had not been detected during the design-review process, or why the periodic testing of the equipment had not revealed the fault.

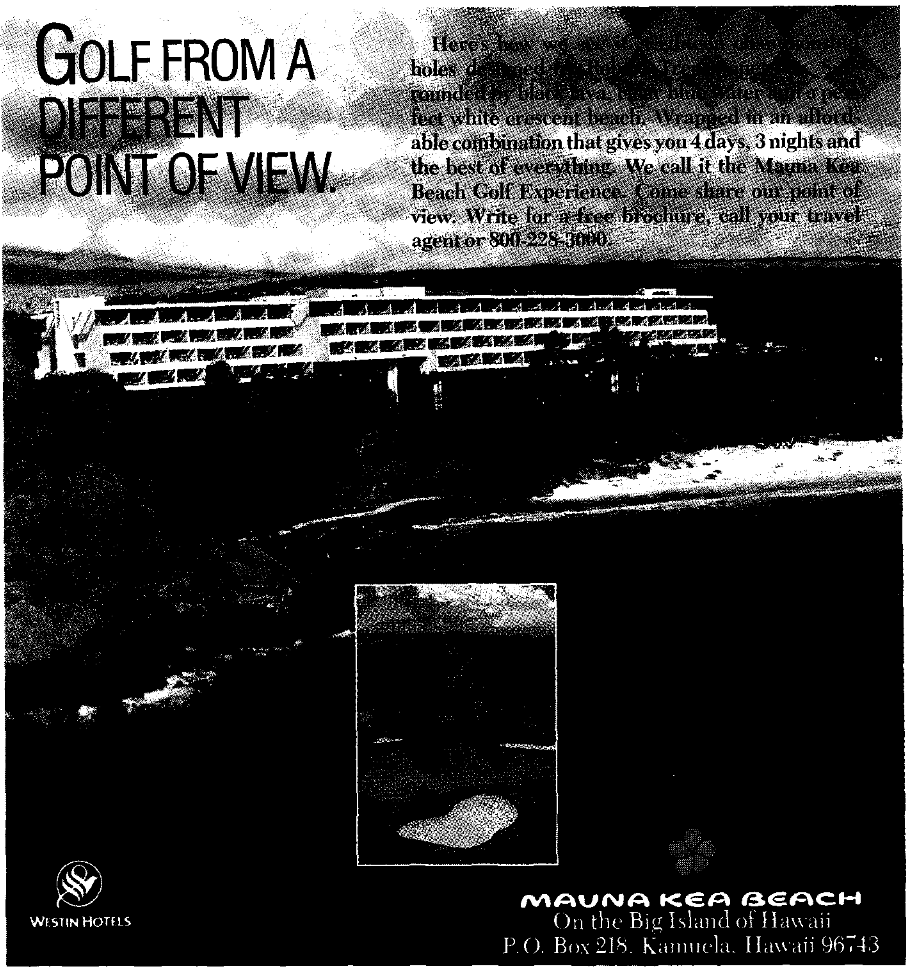
Computer experts regard NORAD's explanation of the false alert with suspicion. "Computer technology is sufficient that [component] failures can either be identified by the computer itself or identified and compensated for so that operations continue," a government computer specialist noted. One official involved in the investigation of the mishap at NORAD said that the chip merely revealed a deeper problem in the NORAD computer system—a fundamental blunder in the design of the communications computer which left it without an adequate error-checking capability. For the same reason that publishers have proofreaders, the communications computer was supposed to have a routine method of making sure that the messages it broadcast were consistent with the data it had received. The checking methods, however, were very superficial, the expert said. "It was a sophomoric mistake," another computer expert said, and he emphasized the point that industry procedures for error detection are so well established that no such mistake should ever have occurred. Lieutenant General Hillsman, the former head of the Defense Communications Agency, commented on the false alert, "Everybody would have told you that it was technically impossible."

FOR several years prior to the June, 1980, incident—one of a number of false alerts that have occurred—the flaws in the NORAD computers had been extensively documented in in-house studies and in reviews by outside contractors. NORAD consultants, such as the MITRE Corporation, of Bedford, Massachusetts, had referred to the "intolerable situation" created by the frequency and duration of NORAD computer failures. The reports had pointed to problems ranging from the computers' inability to keep an accurate count of "space objects" to their potential inability to operate at all, because of the lack of a dependable power supply. The Cheyenne Mountain Complex depended on commercial electric power, the reports noted, and while it did have backup diesel generators it lacked adequate means of protecting its computers from the kind of brief power outages that can raise havoc with computer performance. A report by the General Accounting Office noted that power failures lasting less than half a second could lead to "catastrophic damage to data files vital to NORAD's mission performance," and continued, "Minor fluctuations in the power supply could disconnect computer-related equipment from the central processing unit with a corresponding loss or alteration of data and information. Some of this data cannot be reconstructed because it is the original data received from [early-warning] sensors."

A 1978 study by a government panel found that NORAD "suffers frequent power interruptions due to electrical storm activity in Colorado." In 1982, the House Committee on Government Operations noted that NORAD had ignored warnings about the undependability of its power supplies. The committee pointed out that the Air Force Finance Center had an "uninterruptible power supply" but that NORAD still did not. "The Air Force," it said, "would seem to have its priorities reversed when it ensures continued operations of its payroll system, but not the critical attack warning system at NORAD." NORAD is working to correct its power-supply problem, a G.A.O. auditor said, but "whether they'll be successful is another question."

Even with uninterruptible power, NORAD would still have fundamental computer problems. These date back to a 1970 Pentagon decision that led to the installation at NORAD of the Honeywell 6000 Series computer. The Department of Defense had decided to make a bulk purchase of up to thirty-five "standard computers" and use them as the basic equipment for the World-Wide Military Command and Control System, an information-exchange network linking the Pentagon with United States military installations around the globe. The Pentagon dismissed a protest from NORAD's then commander-in-chief, General Seth McKee, that the machines were ill-suited to NORAD's specific requirements. It also dismissed a report from the General Accounting Office that the computers were being purchased and installed with little advance planning about how they would meet any of the military's data-processing needs. One senior Pentagon consultant said in an interview that the purchase of the Honeywell equipment was "one of the stupidest decisions D.O.D. ever made."

The problem is not that the Honey-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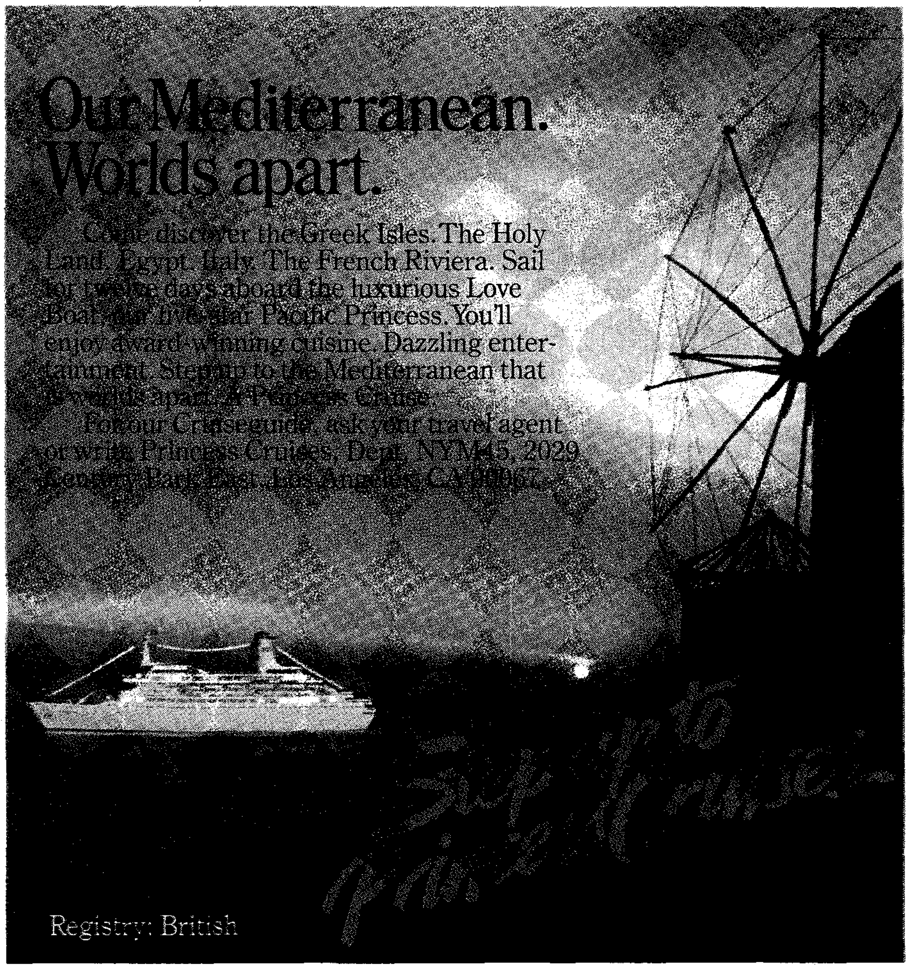
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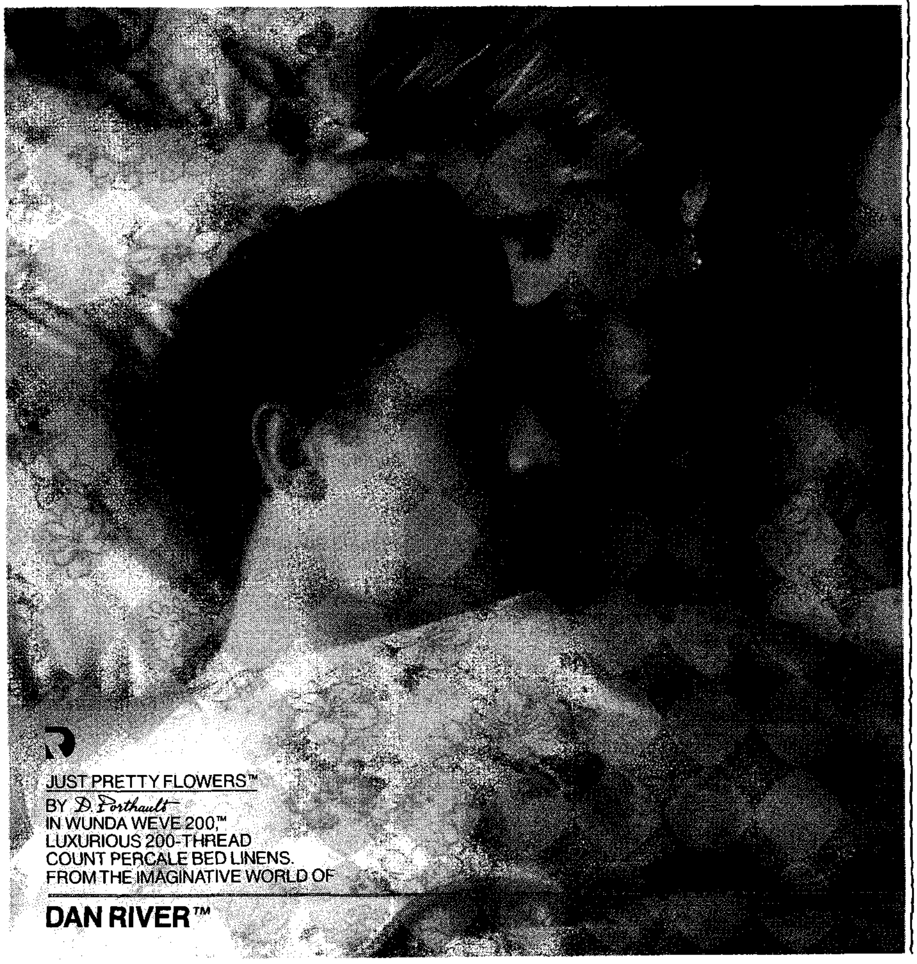
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well machine is an inherently bad computer; it is the mismatching of its features with NORAD's data-processing requirements. The basic technical characteristic of the Honeywell system is that it is a "batch processor;" it takes information and handles it in a predetermined, step-by-step sequence. NORAD, in contrast, needs to operate in what it calls an "on-line real-time environment"—to get immediate access to key data and to keep up with rapidly changing events. If one imagines a plodding student whose only idea of how to look up a word in the dictionary is to begin on page 1 and keep on searching, the unsuitability of sequential processing is apparent. "If the student had a dictionary with tabs on it, and could go to Tab Such-and-Such, that would speed things up," a government computer expert explained. "He could 'batch-process' from there. The tabbed approach, and the 'direct-accessing' philosophy, is the way the modern computer system should work." Unfortunately, he went on, the manufacturers of large computers in the nineteen-sixties were mostly making batch-processing systems—the I.B.M. 360-75J computers installed at the Nurrungar ground station are also of this type—although there were companies, including Honeywell, that offered machines with direct access. As one G.A.O. official noted, the Pentagon, without really evaluating the needs of its computer users or the advantages of the various technologies that were available, fell into the trap of batch-processing, "with horrendous results." In 1974, the Pentagon responded to the problems that NORAD was having with its new Honeywell 6000 Series computers by giving it another Honeywell 6000 Series computer.

To overcome "traffic jams" of the kind that can occur inside batch-processing computers when they are given large assignments—such as trying to keep track of thousands of warheads coming at the United States—NORAD was forced to develop elaborate operating procedures that it hoped would make its machines perform more nimbly. It was like trying to turn a bus into a sports car, and the success has been only partial. NORAD also tried to patch together supplementary computers and data-handling machines to overcome the Honeywell computer's limitations. The Air Force inspector general concluded in a 1980 report that the resulting system, which was years late and from two hundred to three hundred per cent over budget, had only "marginal performance" and must be considered "an unsuccessful acquisition." The General Accounting Office concluded in a series of reports that NORAD's supplementary-computer-development effort had resulted in a computer system for the nineteen-eighties that, when it worked, just about matched the capabilities of the nineteen-sixties equipment that it was supposed to replace. According to the G.A.O., the equipment is slow, unreliable, and essentially incapable of performing the NORAD mission. The auditing agency has recommended the "abrupt replacement" of the current computers, but that will not happen any time soon.

The Department of Defense has for years steadfastly resisted the G.A.O. recommendations on the worldwide-control-system computers. In a November, 1979, letter to the G.A.O., Gerald Dinneen, then Assistant Secretary of Defense, said that the Honeywell computer system "is viewed by the operational community as a major success." A few months later, however, the Defense Department's own survey of system users concluded that these automatic data-processing machines were "not viewed as adequate or responsive to user needs" and that the "information-retrieval capabilities of the Honeywell-based system are clearly not up to the state of the art, nor is system reliability viewed as satisfactory."

NORAD has a major program under way to modify its computer system; this includes the installation of other Honeywell computers that are not "batch processors" but that are supposed to be able to work together with the older equipment there. G.A.O. officials, however, maintain that despite some "tweaking" and "minor upgrades" of the Honeywell computer system, NORAD's ability to assess a major missile crisis in the brief time it would have remains doubtful. "The computers couldn't keep up with a mass attack," a G.A.O. official told me not long ago. "No way. Computer overload. A variety of things can happen. Most likely, you'd just lose data. If they were trying to track a dozen warheads, they might get data on only three or four. They cannot predict the impact points very accurately. Is Chicago being attacked? They couldn't say."

Even with faster computers, NORAD would have little ability to calculate where incoming warheads would land. The early-warning satellites are incapable of providing useful data about warhead trajectories. Once the brief, powered portion of a missile's flight was over—and this would last, at best, a few minutes—there would no longer be strong infrared signals for the satellite to monitor; once the warheads detached from the boosters, that is, the satellite could not track their course. There would be an eerie intermission at NORAD in the ten minutes or so between the apparent detection of ICBM launches and the picking up of the warheads by the early-warning radars. The radars and NORAD itself have computers that are programmed to try to calculate the likely targets, but they could not do this with any precision in the short time available—and they couldn't do it at all, of course, if the radar sites were destroyed or the equipment happened to be down for maintenance when the attack took place. Assuming the radars were operating, "we would have reasonable confidence in knowing—plus or minus seventy-five per cent—how many weapons were launched," one expert said. "We'd know we were the country under attack. We'd know who launched the attack. We'd have moderate confidence which third of the U.S. was being attacked."

There is one additional radar that, in principle, could provide NORAD with more precise data about the number of incoming warheads and the parts of the United States that were at risk, although it is not one of the forward-based radars installed as part of the early-warning system. This radar is a leftover piece of equipment from an anti-ballistic-missile installation that was begun in the late nineteen-sixties at Concrete, North Dakota. (The rest of the facility, which was intended to shoot incoming warheads out of the sky, was shut down in the mid-seventies, after the Pentagon recognized that this was not technically feasible with the equipment available at the time.) Known as the Perimeter Acquisition Radar Characterization System, or PARCS, it has a range of twenty-five hundred miles, and therefore could not see Soviet warheads and start to determine their precise trajectories until the final leg of their intercontinental flight. It could pick them up about twenty minutes after launch—five to ten minutes before impact.

The PARCS radar was operating at

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H Hour, according to a green light in the Missile Warning Center. However, it would not be very likely to see any Soviet ICBM warheads. As part of an attack on key sensor stations, the Soviets would be likely to knock out PARCS with missiles launched from submarines off the coast. They could hit Concrete, North Dakota, about fifteen minutes after H Hour—which would be just before the ICBM warheads came into range of the PARCS radar. Since it could be destroyed in such an attack, the experts do not believe that PARCS can be counted on to provide much help to NORAD in coming up with a detailed attack assessment.

ALTHOUGH NORAD is heavily dependent on computers, there is a large element of human involvement when it comes to making decisions. Thus, within a minute of sending a missile alert to Cheyenne Mountain, the duty officer at the sensor site that transmitted this information is required to provide a follow-up "confidence assessment" report. Radar operators, that is, are to check with maintenance personnel to determine whether any equipment malfunctions might possibly be responsible for the alert. The maintenance people cannot make a thorough check of the equipment in sixty seconds; they must consult computers that monitor the status of the system and are supposed to report any faults. Hence, although some degree of judgment and cross-checking may be involved, the human beings in the process may be unable to do anything more than relay assurances from various computers that other computers and machines are working properly.

The radar operators' exercise of independent judgment is further constrained by the fact that none of them have ever witnessed a large-scale missile launch—and the first person to do so cannot spend very much time pondering what may be on the scope. "What you've got out there is some young fellow with a couple of years of training who is looking at a phenomenon he may never have seen before and making his judgment on what it is," General Ellis said. "At that end, it's an iffy business." The spurious missile alerts that have been issued—one occurred when the Thule radar, shortly after going into operation, mistook reflections on the moon for a large missile attack—reinforce that impression.

Back at NORAD, officials in the Missile Warning Center would be consulting with the rest of the NORAD staff to determine whether something other than a missile launch could account for the alert. They would talk, for example, to members of the staff in a neighboring room, the Space Surveillance Center, who keep track of all the objects orbiting the earth—which at our H Hour numbered something over five thousand. These ranged from operating United States and Soviet satellites to various pieces of "space junk," such as old rocket boosters and defunct satellites that had not yet fallen back to earth or burned up in the upper atmosphere. A key reason for keeping tabs on these objects is that otherwise one of them returning to earth could be picked up by the early-warning sensors and mistaken for a Soviet missile; this happened, for example, on October 3, 1979. The computers in the Space Surveillance Center are not tied in to the computers in the Missile Warning Center; cross-checking between the two staffs has to be done verbally. Indeed, despite the dozens of computers at NORAD, an actual missile alert involves a lot of people talking to each other on the telephone and running around with messages. One wall of the Missile Warning Center has a large map of the United States covered in plastic. "The map is up there in case it all breaks and we have to use a grease pencil," Major Robert Walden, a member of the warning-center staff, explained.

Hollywood dramatizations typically show the NORAD Command Post inundated with data about incoming missiles. The screens light up. Maps are all aglow. Missile trajectories are displayed showing how deep into United States territory the strike will penetrate. Instead of information overload, however, CINCNORAD's actual problem may be information deprivation. Even if NORAD's computers work reliably, and correctly evaluate the data they receive—an assumption that may be overgenerous—these machines cannot perform magic. The computers have no way of compensating for critical satellite or radar data that are simply missing. Nor can any mathematical tricks convert highly uncertain information—such as reports from the older radars, which may be unable to distinguish one missile from a hundred—into an unambiguous picture of the attack in progress.

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CINCNORAD might conclude from the partial information available to him, and from signals like the sudden loss or apparent jamming of certain sensors, that something was up. Still, like General Ulysses S. Grant whittling by his tent and listening to vague and contradictory reports from the front, he would be hard-pressed to say what was really happening. The NORAD commander might have no definite evidence of whether an all-out attack or a more limited strike was taking place. Any shrewd aggressor would wish to create as much confusion as possible. Striking all the early-warning sites at once—something that might be infeasible anyway—would be too obvious a tipoff that a major assault was planned. Instead, the aggressor might make a selective attack on certain sensors and a limited missile launch as a first move. Having disabled certain parts of the command system and certain key military installations with this attack, the enemy could quickly follow up with a broader offensive. A submarine-launched missile attack against Washington, for example, might be timed to coincide with sabotage against only a few sensor sites, such as PAVE PAWS East and the ground connection for DSP West. If this happened, most of the sensors—DSP East and the other early-warning radars—would be telling NORAD that everything was calm. This reassuring information might prompt officials, at least initially, to regard malfunctions at the Otis radar installation and at Buckley as routine trouble rather than as signs of an assault in progress. If NORAD maintained the illusion for as little as five minutes, the Pentagon, the White House, and other components of the military-command system could be destroyed before retaliatory orders could be given.

"Even in an ordinary war, you

learn to discount the first report, give only partial credence to the second report, and only believe it when you hear it the third time," a senior United States commander told me. "The chances for misappreciation of the situation, for communications foulups, for human errors are enormous. Even in tactical exercises, with people not under emotional stress, in 'hot wash-ups' after the exercise—called immediately after the exercise, while things are fresh in people's minds, when you analyze what happened—I've never seen a commander who was not surprised by what had actually happened versus what he thought had happened."

"People have not yet learned how to deal with the possible fragility and ambiguities of these systems when they are under stress or attack," Charles Zraket, the executive vice-president of the MITRE Corporation, told his colleagues at a 1983 symposium on command-system problems. As an example of the kind of information-system breakdown that can occur, he cited the command-and-control failures during the accident at the nuclear reactor at Three Mile Island, near Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in March of 1979. During this episode, which was the worst in the history of the commercial nuclear-power industry, confusion about what was happening affected everyone, from the operators in the plant's control room to the federal nuclear-safety officials in Washington who were trying to decide whether to evacuate the area around Harrisburg. Sensors and important communications lines failed repeatedly and unexpectedly. The operators in the control room were unaware for hours that a critical valve had stuck open and was draining the vital cooling water out of the reactor. (A special red light that was supposed to warn them of this situation, it was discovered later, was not directly connected to the valve.) Federal officials sent to the plant found themselves, owing to a lack of telephones, unable to report their findings to Washington. When Joseph Hendrie, the chairman of the Nuclear Regulatory Commission, was preparing to speak to Richard Thornburgh, the governor of Pennsylvania, about evacuating the area, he remarked to fellow-officials, "His information is ambiguous, mine is nonexistent, and—I don't know, it's like a couple of blind men staggering around making decisions." A few minutes after H Hour, facing a similarly bewildering lack of information, CINCNORAD might well

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have such a conversation with the President of the United States—assuming that NORAD had a working communications hookup with the White House or wherever it was that the President happened to be.

HOW well the NORAD staff and the civilian decision-makers are prepared to respond to the confusion and appalling uncertainty that may accompany an actual or apparent attack is difficult to determine. "Our people don't shock very easy, because they are so trained and disciplined on the crews—they have certain steps that they must perform, and they don't sit around and think about how many babies are going to die if they do something wrong," General Wagoner said. "They might do that at a coffee break, but when they're back sitting at the consoles and an event happens, it is just like an orchestra when the conductor says 'Go'—they all have their individual acts to perform."

Others take a less optimistic view of how smoothly the attack assessment and the decision-making process will run. The NORAD staff has been trained to handle a range of contingencies, but there is no guarantee whatsoever that all eventualities have been covered in its drills and rehearsals. CINCNORAD, as its conductor, may say "Go," but if a gust of unexpected developments blows the scores away who can predict what will happen?

Moreover, as Richard DeLauer, until recently the Under-Secretary of Defense for Research and Engineering, has noted, civilian officials' preparation for their roles is less than impressive. "One of the things we have discussed over the years is the difficulty of getting the President even to sit down to practice," he said. "I guess President Carter was the first President ever to visit the National Command Post and sit down where he was supposed to sit and at least be briefed on what it all means." One of the reasons for the difficulties experienced in various military-communications exercises, a retired Air Force officer told me, has been the participants' unfamiliarity both with their roles and with each other. He said, "Think of a basketball team made up of people who'd never played together before."

The President and his advisers are likely to be confused about the various courses of action available to them after a Soviet attack—a problem that is worsened, not mitigated, by the "Black Book" supposedly intended to assist them in this situation. (The book, which contains the United States war plans, is carried by the President's military aide inside a locked satchel that has come to be known as "the football.") Officials familiar with it say that the briefing book, which has about seventy-five pages, presents the President with an extremely complex set of choices. A senior officer who has worked on the book said, "No one who had not done an enormously thorough study of it and refreshed himself periodically could possibly understand what he was doing." Bill Gulley, who in 1976 and 1977 directed the White House Military Office, which safeguards the football, remarked that there is "a kind of mythology" suggesting that it is an "ever-ready answer box" that tells the President what to do. "The truth is that it raises as many questions as it answers," he said, and went on, "No new President in my time ever had more than one briefing on the contents of the football, and that was before each one took office, when it was one briefing among dozens. Not one President, to my knowledge—and I know, because it was in my care—ever got an update on the contents of the football, although material in it is changed constantly. Not one President could open the football—only the warrant officers, the military aides, and the director of the Military Office have the combination."

The President's potential difficulties in overseeing the execution of the United States war plan were candidly discussed at a 1981 conference at the headquarters of the MITRE Corporation. One of the speakers was retired General Brent Scowcroft, a former national-security adviser, who headed President Reagan's Commission on Strategic Forces. Some of his observations were "too hot" to be included in the published transcript of the MITRE conference, one of those who attended it said, but his talk, as it happened, was recorded on videotape. In remarks omitted from the official minutes of the get-together, General Scowcroft commented, "The President is a very powerful, in some sense, but a very lonely man. He is, perhaps, more isolated than any other senior official in Washington. He doesn't have, with the exception of his relatively small N.S.C. [National Security Council] staff—he does not have at his beck and call, at his physical beck and call, the expertise to deal with the problems he would have to deal with in a strategic nuclear conflict." Scowcroft continued, "Presidents normally—and I hope this one will be an exception—are reluctant to face up to this part of their responsibilities in the sense of being willing to participate in exercises, in discussions, and so on, about how the [nuclear-command-and-control] system would work. It's been my experience that the first couple of days there's kind of a feeling of stark terror when, all of a sudden, they realize, you know, this is all theirs and they're the ones that have to make the decision. But then, as they get into it, it's inherently distasteful to look at, to think about; it's always something that can be done tomorrow rather than today. And their staffs are always saying, 'Look, you know, if you start exercising these things, if you start having helicopters come in, and you start doing all these things, you're going to panic the people. They're gonna think a war will start, and let's just not do it.' So there's a great deal of inertia to overcome for the President to get involved in [such] a way that you can uncover possible glitches in the system which don't appear to be there."

One of the constraints on a President's understanding of the war plan (known as the Single Integrated Operational Plan, or SIOP), "stems from the earlier days when the military perceived the attack option as their responsibility, and they weren't interested in anybody else becoming an expert," said a former White House official. A President's only role if an attack came was "to say yes or no" to what the military proposed to do in response. This has changed considerably in recent years, although the last few Presidents have differed in the extent of their efforts to understand the contents of the United States war plan. A former Pentagon official said in an interview that Richard Nixon was "the great neglecter" of this subject, while Jimmy Carter "had an almost morbid" interest in it and spent considerable time trying to master the intricacies of the SIOP. Before he left office, Carter sat down with his successor to discuss the subject. Carter has written that President-elect Reagan "did not comment or ask any questions." The White House declined to say how often President Reagan has been briefed on the SIOP or what other steps have been taken to make sure that he understands the options it contains.

"War games" are one way to familiarize civilian officials with the decisions they might have to make in a crisis. These exercises, which can involve scores of people and go on for days, pit a "U.S. team" against a "Soviet team" and allow officials to vie with each other to see who can gain maximum advantage in a hypothetical confrontation. Elaborate war games have been held in recent years, Pentagon officials say, and very high-level Administration officials have participated. Each exercise focusses on a set of postulated events—for example, an uprising in Czechoslovakia, a dispute on the German border, or a conventional war between NATO and the Warsaw Pact—that lead to the question of whether to use nuclear weapons. Among other scenarios that have been explored was one in which United States leaders had to decide whether to launch Minuteman missiles in response to a direct Soviet attack. In most of the recent exercises, someone has stood in for President Reagan, although he himself has participated on occasion. He did not, however, according to Pentagon evaluation reports, appear to grasp the complexities that were involved. "I was disappointed in the simple credulity he showed, his willingness to play it at the most superficial level," a Pentagon aide told me. "Carter was more careful. He'd make a decision, but not tell anyone what it was—except, perhaps, Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defense. He'd just say, 'I've made my decision.' He didn't want the whole system to be anticipating the President. On the other hand, Reagan has spent very little time at it. He acted like an automaton, like part of the set instead of the main actor. Reagan was saying things like 'What do I do now? Do I push this button?' He was not very probing. Some fresh-faced colonel says some-

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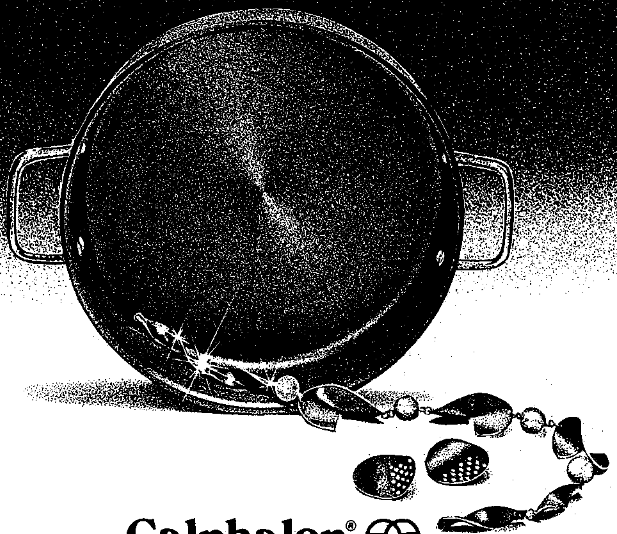

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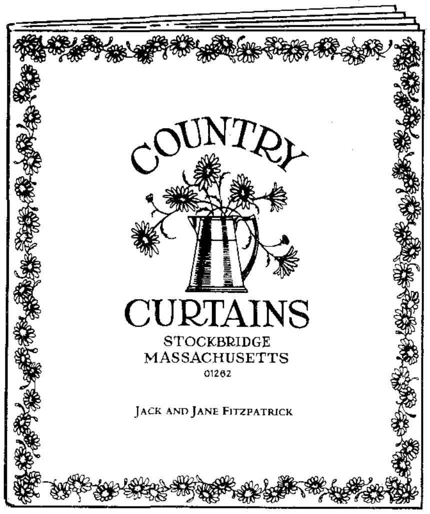

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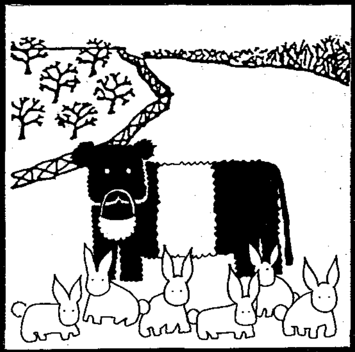

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thing—'Mr. President, you have to do such-and-such in seven minutes'—and there are no questions from Reagan."

While the White House has refused to comment on the steps that have been taken to try to acquaint the President with what he might have to do to manage a potential nuclear confrontation, the President's statements on some of the most elementary aspects of strategic affairs do not indicate any detailed familiarity with the subject. Thus, although a Reagan campaign theme in the 1980 election was the "window of vulnerability," there was an embarrassed moment in an October, 1981, press conference when the President was called upon to explain what this term meant. He was unable to do so. Two more years in office did not appear to have remedied this uneasiness with the general subject. The New York *Times* reported in October, 1983, that "the President told a group of Congressmen that he had not realized until recently that most of the Soviet Union's nuclear defenses were concentrated in its system of heavy land-based missiles." The President acknowledged, the article said, that he now understood why his demands that the Soviets dismantle these missiles might have been seen by them as unfair without correspondingly large concessions by the United States. The report continued, "Several listeners said afterward that . . . they were flabbergasted at his comment and wondered whether Mr. Reagan was being sufficiently briefed on critical issues."

I spoke with a senior adviser to President Reagan who was intimately familiar with the circumstances leading to his statement on the Soviet land-based missiles. He agreed that the President was not being adequately briefed but explained, "Look, this President, unlike Jimmy Carter, who in a sense was too interested in details, is not interested in details. He's not really much interested in this whole [nuclear-weapons] business, and so he tends not to retain it, tends not to be very accessible for details."

Unfamiliarity with the details is all the more troublesome because the time constraints decision-makers will face following an actual or apparent Soviet attack will be particularly severe. For one thing, United States officials must take into account the problem known as "pin-down." Soviet submarine-launched missiles off the United States coasts can lob warheads high into the sky above American ICBM bases. All nuclear detonations

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produce, among other effects, massive bursts of X rays. Possible "exo-atmospheric" explosions high above the missile bases would therefore force the United States either to fire the Minuteman missiles quickly—in the fifteen minutes or so before submarine-launched warheads arrived over the Minuteman bases in the Midwest—or to keep the missiles inside their protective silos. Otherwise, the heat from the X rays could destroy the exposed missiles as they headed off toward their targets. However, if the missiles were left in their silos, they could be destroyed by incoming Soviet SS-18s. Thus, there might be only a very narrow window of opportunity during which the missiles could be launched after a Soviet attack was detected. There might be no more than five minutes between the confirmation of the attack by the early-warning radars and the deadline for firing the missiles. (If the radars were down for maintenance, jammed, or destroyed, only the satellite early-warning data would be available—provided that those sensors and their communications links were working.) The resolution of all confusions and uncertainties about what was happening, the answering of all requests for confirmations of data, the presentation and analysis of all options, the issuing of orders to the forces—everything that needed to be done to execute a Minuteman launch would have to take place in a period of minutes.

Another major time constraint is that the life expectancy of the Cheyenne Mountain Complex itself in a major nuclear war is no longer than the short flight time of a Soviet SS-18 missile to Colorado Springs. The facility is only between twelve hundred and fourteen hundred feet below the peak of the eight-thousand-foot-high mountain, not underneath the entire mountain and shielded by its vast bulk. Although protected from sabotage—the principal reason for putting it in the side of the mountain—NORAD headquarters is not hardened against the type of high-powered explosives that could now be deposited on top of it by Soviet missiles. The complex is not a safe haven that Air Force generals could use while they carried out extended deliberations on how best to orchestrate the nation's response to a major nuclear attack. CINCNORAD would have a few minutes after H Hour to make an assessment and to tell the President and senior military leaders whatever he knew. After that, the

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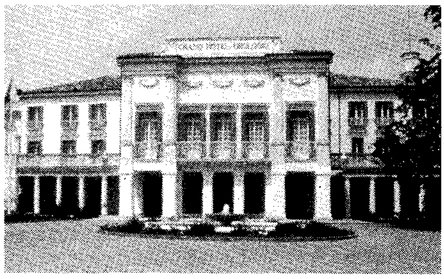

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Cheyenne Mountain Complex would be not his command post but his grave. Those on the conference line with him, occupants of similarly vulnerable command posts, would share his fate.

BEFORE visiting NORAD, I attended a conference at the MITRE Corporation. In a hallway, I noticed an informal exhibit. It was a handmade poster depicting the elements of the early-warning system. The main caption said, "It hiccups but it works!" Glued on below that was a grapefruit-size representation of the Western Hemisphere, made of Styrofoam, into which fan-shaped wires had been stuck to indicate the areas covered by the various radars that report to NORAD. On this homely model someone had hung a sign: "Out of Order." As I saw at NORAD, this was not merely a joke. The director of one of the connectivity studies told me, "The early-warning system is so primitive, so stupid, that it's almost beyond belief."

Flaws in the present command-and-control system are not confined to the portion responsible for detecting incoming missiles. The apparatus relied upon to carry retaliatory orders has its own problems. The weaknesses at the back end of the command system are illustrated by the Navy's TACAMO aircraft. The acronym stands for "Take Charge and Move Out," and the aircraft in question are radio-relay planes equipped with VLF antennas that are supposed to convey orders from the President to the United States submarines on patrol. The large, land-based VLF antennas that normally broadcast orders to the submarine fleet are soft targets that could be destroyed at the outset of a nuclear attack. An airborne system was therefore established to provide "post-attack" communications. The TACAMO planes are C-130 cargo transports stuffed with communications equipment. The planes, which were not designed as airborne radio stations, are grossly overweight, and several modifications have had to be made to permit them to carry all the heavy communications gear they need and still get into the air. "They thought they'd need pygmies to fly them," a Pentagon official said, and he explained that the planes are barely able to lumber out to their patrol areas before, in an hour or so, they have to turn back to be refuelled. He added that the weight reductions made to get them aloft included taking off their bathroom doors, a move that caused problems when women crew members were on board, and although a curtain solved that difficulty, others remained. "On-station time is terrible, and dozens of planes have to be provided to keep a single one in the air at all times."

As a message-relay station, a TACAMO plane suffers from limitations that further compromise its basic mission. One problem has been that the plane depends on a single antenna for both receiving and broadcasting messages. This means that the plane could jam itself—cut off incoming messages while it was broadcasting. The plane's worst limitation as a post-attack message-distribution center results from the fact that neither the single TACAMO plane over the Atlantic nor its sister plane over the Pacific is ordinarily in an area where it can give a comprehensive order to all the submarines on patrol in its ocean. "It's never there when it's wanted, basically," Desmond Ball told me. Other experts confirmed this fact, and an admiral commented, "The continuity of command from the President or Vice-President to the transmitting stations for the submarines is not at all assured." The communications link with the submarines, he said, was as weak as what you would get if you put "a watch chain in connection with a battleship anchor cable." As part of its Strategic Modernization Program, the Administration wants to build new planes—designated E-6A—to replace the TACAMO fleet. The Navy, however, has fought to transfer funds from the E-6A program to its shipbuilding efforts.

THE lack of precise control over the retaliatory salvos might not really matter, in the sense that even hit-and-miss strikes against the Soviet Union by United States submarines can be counted on to cause massive damage. Of the thirty-one older United States Poseidon submarines, for example, nineteen carry sixteen missiles. Each missile has a maximum of ten warheads. Each warhead is equal to three Hiroshima-size nuclear bombs. The hundred and sixty or so bombs from such a submarine could be used for simultaneous attacks on a wide range of targets in the Soviet Union. The newer and larger Trident submarines and the twelve Poseidon subs that have been retrofitted with Trident I missiles (their warheads are fewer but have higher explosive power) could bring about even greater destruction. The United States submarine fleet, which one Reagan Administration adviser has referred to as "the revenge force," carries a total destructive power roughly equivalent to twenty-three thousand Hiroshimas.

Thus, whatever the Soviets might do to destroy the United States central command system, it would not give them any realistic hope of escaping massive retaliation. Frank von Hippel, a Princeton University physicist, makes an important point: "Lack of centralized control is not the same as lack of nuclear deterrence. What do Soviet leaders think United States nuclear-submarine crews are going to do if they learn that the United States has been destroyed—go to Tahiti and retire?"

The crews of the United States submarines on patrol have various means of receiving orders, "family grams," and other communications. In normal circumstances, they monitor very low frequencies over which the Navy continuously broadcasts a coded "We're happy" message. This informs the fleet that the United States and the Soviet Union are at peace. If a crisis developed, the code would be changed to an alert message that indicated the severity of the situation. The submarines' underwater receiving antennas enable them to get these important status reports on which stage of the DEFCON, or "defense condition," prevails. If a war with the Soviet Union begins, the submarines will be told that a DEFCON 1—code-named Cocked Pistol—has been declared. They will then prepare to receive orders to launch their missiles. If a submarine should fail to receive its reassuring peacetime message through normal channels, or if an alert message should be interrupted, the crew has orders to switch to other frequencies—for example, to use different antennas or, if there is still no message, to come up close to the surface and deploy antennas that can communicate with Navy satellites or get radio messages broadcast over the Navy's high-frequency channels.

The Soviets can, of course, destroy the Navy's small number of central broadcasting stations and all the elements in its message-relay system. Needless to say, that would stop the transmission of the "We're happy" message and all other traffic, and serve as a de-facto alert to the submarines. No surviving Navy headquarters would be required to order the subs to launch their missiles. However, none of these elementary considerations

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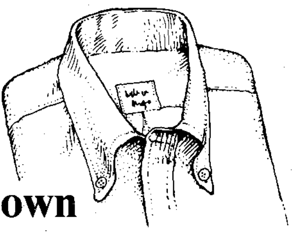

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about the submarine force and the Navy's "fail-deadly" communications system really affect the brand of deterrence to which the Strategic Air Command and recent Administrations subscribe. SAC and the Pentagon bureaucracy, which have a great deal at stake in trying to justify continued reliance on land-based missiles and manned bombers, are not inclined to call attention to the potency of the nuclear-submarine fleet, which actually carries some five thousand warheads—more than twice as many as the SAC Minuteman force. Neither is the Reagan Administration, which cites Soviet SS-18s as the primary justification for its program to expand the United States strategic arsenal, eager to emphasize the fact that the existing United States submarine fleet can already negate any Soviet temptation to fire these missiles. It is not difficult to see how the bureaucratic slighting of the submarine force has come about. The sole mission of SAC is strategic deterrence, and it is very aggressive in promoting its programs for new missiles and bombers (the MX and the B-1) and in promoting its strategic policies, such as "launch under attack"—the policy of launching Minuteman missiles very quickly after a Soviet attack is detected, in order to protect the missiles from destruction. The Navy, in contrast, has a much broader mission—it is mostly involved with conventional defense—and also has long-standing traditions. The Navy has always focussed on surface ships; it operates nuclear-missile submarines grudgingly, and would much rather devote its resources to aircraft carriers and battleships. (In the nineteen-fifties, when nuclear submarines were under development, there was an intense struggle within the Navy, which on the whole disdains submarines, nuclear or not; even today, a former Pentagon official has noted, "submariners are an embattled clique" within the Navy.)

Moreover, since the submarines are hidden at sea, the Navy has no fear that they are subject to direct attack, like the Minuteman missiles, in their fixed, known locations. The Navy therefore has no "launch or lose" outlook. It doesn't really matter to the Navy whether the submarines retaliate ten minutes or ten days after a Soviet attack—the devastation would be the same, and the prospect of it is still enough, naval officers feel, to deter the Soviets from starting a nuclear war. The Navy, accordingly, would prefer not to waste money on command-and-control equipment intended solely for use in such an unlikely situation. It takes a much more relaxed attitude toward nuclear-war planning than SAC, and thinks its submarines already have all the command-and-control apparatus they need.

The United States war plan itself is supposed to be developed by the Joint Strategic Target Planning Staff along guidelines set by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The strategic-planning staff is a "joint" operation in that the director is the commander-in-chief of SAC and the deputy director is a naval officer. The Navy, however, thinks very little of the whole planning process, and it is more than symbolic that the work of the planning staff—without protest from the Navy—takes place at SAC headquarters. Strategic-war planning is a pointless, pro-forma activity as far as the Navy is concerned, and the Navy representatives who participate in the process defer to the Air Force on how the firing mechanism for the Minuteman force should be set. The war plan is thus imbued with the SAC "use it or lose it" attitude, despite the invulnerability of the submarines. It is not the technical requirements of maintaining deterrence but a deep-seated institutional bias that is responsible for keeping the country's Minuteman missiles set at all times for immediate launch.

No one is better acquainted with the arrangements for firing the Minuteman missiles than the SAC commander, General Davis; he is the principal military officer in charge of both preparing and executing United States war plans. "I'm very familiar with the popular terms 'launch on warning' or 'launch under attack,'" he told me. The kind of retaliation that the United States would make "depends on the magnitude of the attack, and our tactical warning and assessment system is very good," he said. "It can give you the size of that attack and about where that attack is coming, and then, on the basis of that information, the President's advisers—and I'm one of those advisers—are able to talk to the President, and the President makes the decision. And the idea is an immediate response."

THE Soviets have a very different command system—one that has been extensively hardened to operate after a United States first strike. Though it is much less sophisticated in many ways, it has features—such as a large network of underground facilities to protect the Soviet leadership, and highly redundant communications systems—that make it far less vulnerable to disruption. Moreover, while the United States has kept its forces in a high state of alert, the Soviets have traditionally maintained a much lower state of readiness. Unlike the Minuteman missiles introduced in the nineteen-sixties, which can be fired more or less at the turn of a few keys after properly authenticated orders are received, the long-range missiles that were built by the Soviets in that era had no quick-response capability.

In part, the low state of readiness of the Soviet forces resulted from technological backwardness—from reliance on liquid-fuelled missiles, which, unlike American solid-fuelled missiles, could take hours to prepare for launching, and on a gyroscopic guidance system that failed, from stress, after several hours of use, so that the missiles could not be kept on continuous alert. The SS-18s, however, which became operational in 1974, have advanced guidance systems and a type of liquid fuel that permits them to be launched within four to eight minutes. Some of the recent additions to the Soviet arsenal, such as the mobile SS-20s, have solid fuel.

In any event, the Soviets could traditionally afford to maintain a low state of nuclear readiness, because of the kind of threat posed by the United States forces. While United States missiles have had the capability to obliterate Soviet cities and industry many times over, only a fraction of them have had the accuracy needed to destroy hard underground targets, such as the Soviet missile silos and command posts. The Soviets have also put SS-18s in southern parts of the Soviet Union, where they are out of the normal range of many of the Minuteman missiles. Therefore, there has been little danger that a blow by the United States could wipe out the Soviet forces—and no need for a launch-under-attack policy. As the United States continues with the deployment of advanced new missiles, such as the MX, the Pershing II and the Trident D-5, however, the situation facing the Soviet Union will change. The new, high-accuracy American missiles have what the Pentagon calls "prompt hard-target kill capability" and will be able to threaten previously well-protected Soviet military assets. The Soviets will soon find themselves under pressure to adopt a quick-draw capability of their own, to protect them-

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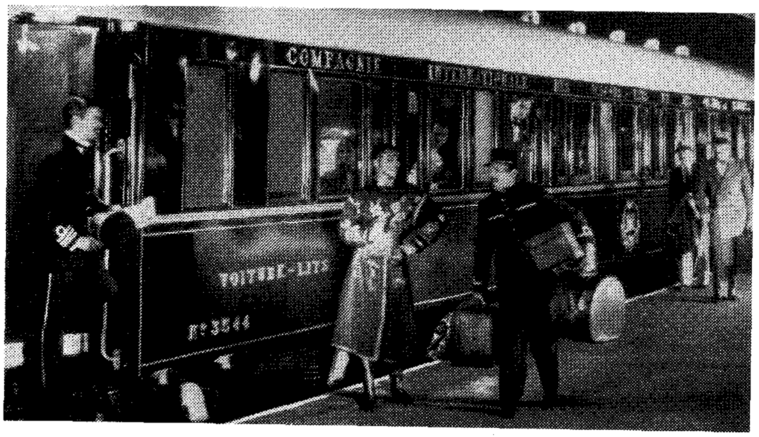

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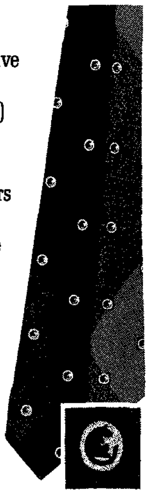

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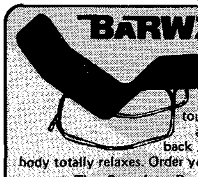

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selves from a United States first strike.

According to Donald Latham, the Assistant Secretary of Defense who oversees the Reagan Administration's command-and-control-system programs, the Soviets have made "very scary statements" that they may launch on warning. A number of Western analysts believe that they may have already decided to do so. Barry Blechman, of Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, has referred to the possibility of United States and Soviet launch-under-attack policies as "a fact of life in the nuclear age." Neither side has yet turned over the launching of its missiles to computers. Automated systems do provide the warning data, but they do not fire the missiles. "It's not as though the computer were making a decision," General Davis said. "The computer certainly isn't." Yet as more and more first-strike weapons are deployed by both sides the need for quick decisions and the physical vulnerability of the decision-makers could force both sides to alter the passive assignment now given to the computers. Instead of being supporting actors, the computers may become the star performers in the command-and-control systems of the future.

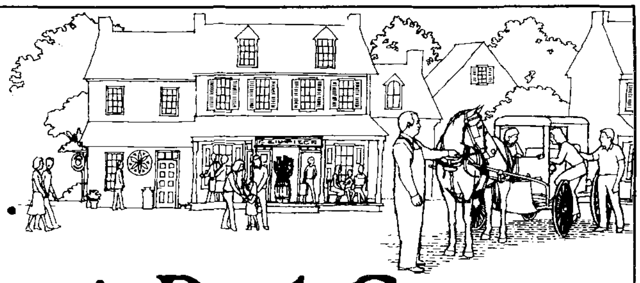
A RELIANCE by both sides on rapid-fire command systems—whether they are ultimately managed by civilians, military officers, or supercomputers—dramatically undermines the goal of achieving a stable balance of power. To meet this goal, both the United States and the Soviet Union have endeavored to build an invulnerable "second-strike capability"—that is, the ability to absorb a full-scale attack and still respond with a devastating counterattack. Sobered by the prospect of inevitable retribution, neither country would ever have any incentive to launch a first strike. And, if war should begin—or appear, on some radar screen, to have begun—there would be no need for either country to return fire instantaneously. A secure second-strike capability would provide an opportunity to think first. This is the conventional theory of deterrence. Without survivable command-and-control systems, it is a theory that in the minds of Pentagon war planners no longer works. "No one in his senses would look at the present command system and conclude that you could ride it out," a participant in one of the most recent connectivity studies commented. General Davis, testifying before Congress in April, 1983, said, in response to questions from Senator Sam Nunn, that "of course" it would be desirable if the United States could "ride out an attack rather than retaliating while under attack." He qualified this with the further statement that "as a practical matter we have been unable to attain that [capability]" and must therefore make "a prompt response." (The Air Force continues to discount the role of the submarine, with General Davis, at the same Senate hearing, asserting that most United States submarines could be destroyed in a Soviet surprise attack. *It is obvious that the one-third or so of* the submarine fleet normally in port could be destroyed, but the majority of the subs are at sea and therefore nearly invulnerable. Under further questioning by Senator Nunn, General Davis explained that he had reached his conclusion by assuming that the additional submarines in the fleet, shuttling back and forth from their patrol areas, would also be targeted and destroyed. He was apparently unaware that they travelled underwater. When asked about this by Senator Nunn, General Davis replied, "Are they proceeding to station underwater?" Senator Nunn said, "Well, I ask you. You are the expert." This interchange with the senior military officer in charge of the preparation of the United States war plan created considerable astonishment in the hearing room.)

None of the experts who have analyzed the United States command-and-control system believe that the Soviets are likely to try to exploit its weaknesses by launching a "bolt from the blue" surprise attack. That threat is dismissed out of hand. The problem is more subtle. Like an automobile with a badly designed emergency brake, the United States can have a defective strategic command-and-control system and go along for many years with no apparent harm: it is only in a crisis that the repercussions will be felt. In a major confrontation, the latent weaknesses in the command apparatus could decisively influence both Soviet and American behavior.

If, for example, the Soviets began to fear a United States attack—and the vast defensive preparations they have made suggest the degree to which they harbor such a concern—the vulnerability of our command system would give them another option besides waiting to be destroyed: a first strike that would have some chance of crippling the United States nuclear-war machine. This kind of move, which would be too risky to contemplate under normal circumstances, could surface as the prime Soviet military option in a desperate situation. "Unfortunately, a preëmptive attack on the United States command structure is a rational defensive act for the Soviets once they have judged that nuclear war can no longer be avoided," John Steinbruner, of the Brookings Institution, has written. "Although it would preclude a bargained end of war, it offers two important advantages: first, by eliminating central coördination, it sharply reduces the military effectiveness of opposing strategic forces; second, it offers some small chance that complete decapitation will occur and no retaliation will follow. The latter possibility, however slight, is probably the only imaginable route to decisive victory in nuclear war."

The behavior of the United States in a major confrontation would also be influenced by the Pentagon's own realization that its strategic command-and-control system is likely to fail when it is needed most. United States military leaders would be acutely aware of the Soviet temptation to exploit United States vulnerabilities in a first strike. Worried about their ability to fire second, Pentagon officials and Presidential advisers could well conclude that the United States had no choice but to fire first. "One of the most destabilizing things that we and the other side will have to live with is the case where one side knows that the other side's command-control-and-communications system or weapons system is vulnerable," General Ellis has said. "That is an incentive for the side living with that vulnerability to go first."

The case cited by General Ellis was not just a hypothetical one; as the former chief war planner, he was not speaking of abstract military principles. He was hinting at something that is never explicitly discussed by United States military leaders: that the SIOP, of necessity, contains a first-strike option. The contingency plan for a first strike, which will be discussed in more detail in the second part of this article, exists not solely because of the command-system problem. A major factor in its inclusion in the SIOP is the desire of the Air Force for quick, decisive offensive action to try to destroy at the outset of a nuclear war as much of the Soviet strategic arsenal as possible. Still, as Ellis noted, the plan is maintained not just as a matter of general



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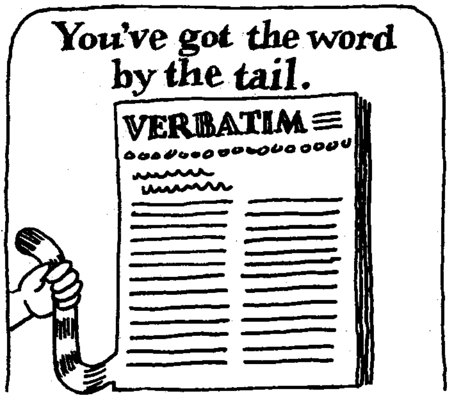

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preference but as a matter of perceived military necessity. It reflects the war planners' awareness that if our leaders think they are being forced into war and cannot retaliate because of command vulnerability (or for whatever reason) a first strike is their only other military option.

Thus, the vulnerable command systems now in place—as well as the kind of offensive thinking favored by the Air Force—may sway responsible leaders on both sides and could force them to use nuclear weapons whether they liked it or not. Military logic will shape each side's behavior in a crisis, and, as Bismarck observed, it has its own dynamic, which can shatter a nation's political objectives. The most pernicious manifestation of this dynamic occurs when one side is compelled by ordinary prudence to take what it regards as purely defensive measures—measures that the opposing side, with impeccable logic, interprets as offensive preparations.

Among the contingency plans that have been prepared, General Herres has noted, is one to increase the alert level of United States bombers during a crisis; that is, in order to prevent the Soviets from destroying them on the ground more bombers would be manned and readied for quick takeoff. No Presidential order is required for this, since the authority to execute certain protective-reaction steps of this sort has already been given to the Strategic Air Command. "Right now, we have about thirty per cent of all the airplanes on alert," General Herres said. "That can be advanced to, say, sixty per cent. And there's a plan for how that's done. And there are time schedules for when the next airplane comes up on alert, and when the next one comes after that. Everybody responds automatically when his order is to implement Plan X. Everybody knows exactly what he's supposed to do and what's expected."

As Soviet reconnaissance monitored such increases in activity at United States bomber bases, what had seemed to the Strategic Air Command like a sensible precaution could be interpreted in Moscow as the sign of an imminent attack. The Soviets would be prompted to take measures of their own to reduce their vulnerability to United States attack—for example, sending their nuclear-submarine fleet, most of which is usually kept in port, to sea, and evacuating the leadership from Moscow. And United States leaders would have difficulty distinguishing these defensive actions from preparations for an attack on the United States.

The United States has never witnessed a full-scale Soviet alert, and this fact would add greatly to the confusion in assessing what the Soviets might be doing in a crisis. Presumably, as with the United States DEFCON, there are various alert levels and specified actions that accompany them, running the gamut from simple steps, such as cancelling routine maintenance on missiles, to final preparations for war, such as shutting off all the peacetime safeguards, so that missiles would be ready for immediate launching. As each side's war machine was shifted from its peacetime mode to its "fully generated" state, the other side, to the extent that it could monitor the transformation, would quite naturally respond with the most profound apprehension. The conclusion that all the safety catches were being removed from your opponent's nuclear forces would be a signal to fire your own while you still could.

Moreover, once one side had made even a tentative assessment that the other side was preparing to strike or that war had become inevitable, that perception might prove difficult to alter—might prove, indeed, a self-fulfilling prophecy. The jolt of fear that such a conclusion would create might irreversibly affect the crisis by coloring all subsequent judgments about what the other side was doing, and stimulating the potential victim to take steps to preëmpt its would-be attacker. Once a full-scale crisis had been signalled, the adrenaline in the hearts of opposing military and civilian decision-makers could make cornered animals out of them very quickly.

The recent work of two psychologists, Amos Tversky, of Stanford University, and Daniel Kahneman, of the University of British Columbia, focusses on how people weigh risks, and it raises interesting questions about how the superpowers might behave in a crisis. People in general, the psychologists found, have a deep-seated tendency to avoid risks, even when the rewards might be large. That certainly conforms with the tendency of the two superpowers to forgo various military opportunities, even some from which they might have gained a great deal, if there is a

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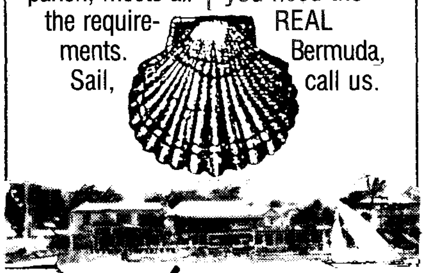

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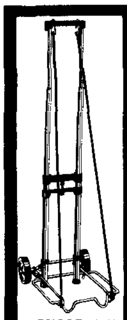

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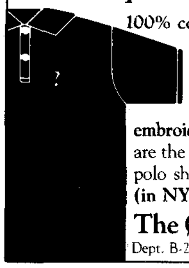

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chance that these would lead to a major confrontation. On the other hand, the two psychologists found, people will often accept risks in order to avoid losses. The willingness to take risks, moreover, is out of proportion to the amount of loss involved—many people are stubbornly willing to expose themselves to substantial penalties to avoid giving up something they already have. It's not uncommon for someone to fight an armed attacker to save the small amount of money in his wallet, for instance. The possibility of a corresponding tendency on the part of the leaders of the superpowers to take major risks in a crisis to prevent even small defeats, or to take inordinate risks to forestall major losses, would be worrisome if a real showdown should ever occur.

Paul Bracken, a defense analyst who teaches at Yale, and John Steinbruner have called attention to the terrifying pressures that are likely to build if both sides ever go on high alert. So complicated are the wheels within wheels in each of the military machines, they note, and so great is the perceived requirement to take steps to offset what the other side is doing, that there is a grave possibility that a "two-sided" strategic alert would itself be tantamount to a mutual declaration of war.

Furthermore, there is a possibility that, in a tense confrontation, opposing military machines would nudge each other in ways that could produce what Steinbruner terms "unintended crisis interactions"—steps that one side might not even know it was taking but that were highly provocative to the other. To illustrate how this could happen, he has pointed to an episode that occurred during the Cuban missile crisis. Despite all efforts by President Kennedy and his advisers to maintain the strictest control over United States military activities, the Navy—unbeknown to the White House—was pursuing routine antisubmarine maneuvers in the North Atlantic. In the course of these, the Navy pinpointed a number of the nuclear submarines that provided what was at the time the Soviets' only effective means of retaliating immediately against the United States. The Navy positioned itself in the vicinity of those subs, thereby stripping the Soviets of their most easily available nuclear force. "That's the strongest thing militarily we did in the course of the entire crisis," Steinbruner told me. "And the President did not seem to be

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aware that this was going on." The Navy, which was following standing orders, was not "doing anything unauthorized or unreasonable," he added, nor were the President and his advisers being cavalier in their supervision of the Navy. It is simply not possible to exercise absolute central control over the multitude of actions that a complex military machine is programmed to carry out once it is put into action. The lesson of all this is that once a crisis turns into a strategic alert, once the safety catches that are on in peacetime begin to be taken off, a confrontation can become so volatile that its outcome may be beyond the control of leaders on either side.

Negotiations to try to end a crisis can take place, but diplomats are likely to find their efforts nullified by programmed behavior on the part of the opposing military organizations. Like the peacemakers who tried to head off the First World War, the negotiators could be undermined by, in Winston Churchill's words, "a deep tide of calculated military purpose." He wrote, "As the ill-fated nations approached the verge, the sinister machines of war began to develop their own momentum and eventually to take control themselves." Indeed, as General Herres described the precise schedules that have been worked out in the SIOP he could just as well have been describing the famous Schlieffen plan. This was the meticulously worked-out war plan that the German General Staff began to develop in 1891. It was finally put into effect at the outset of the First World War. The Schlieffen plan was exceedingly rigid and mechanical, and so were the plans of the other European powers. Once one side started a given set of preparations, the other parties automatically initiated countermoves. All it took was a catalyst—the assassination of a member of the Austrian nobility in Sarajevo—to set the plans in motion. The Austrian novelist Robert Musil captured the spirit of the process: "The machine was there; and because it was there, it had to work, and once it was running it began to accelerate." The present SIOP is such a machine, and setting it in motion would signal "the automatic phase of the war," as General Scowcroft has put it. "That is the time at which the quick-response systems are discharged against predetermined targets, and so on, and the battle plan unfolds more or less automatically."

I talked with General Herres about the Schlieffen plan and also about the

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communications failure that occurred on the climactic night of August 3, 1914. As it is described by Barbara Tuchman, in "The Guns of August," German troops stood poised on the Luxembourg border, ready for the opening offensive of the war. Kaiser Wilhelm II and his advisers were awaiting a response to the ultimatum that had been given to Britain and France. "It was now minutes before seven o'clock, the hour when the 16th Division was scheduled to move into Luxembourg," Tuchman writes. "Bethmann [the German Chancellor] excitedly insisted that Luxembourg must not be entered under any circumstances while waiting for the British answer. Instantly the Kaiser, without asking Moltke [the Chief of the General Staff], ordered his aide-de-camp to telephone and telegraph 16th Division Headquarters at Trier to cancel the movement." The order that would have halted the opening move of the First World War did not reach the troops in time. It was not until half past seven—thirty minutes too late—and after the objective, a railway station and telegraph office, had been seized, that a second detachment arrived by automobile with the Kaiser's revised instructions. The bearers of this untimely directive told the troops that "a mistake had been made." Four years of murderous fighting followed.

General Herres said that he had not read "The Guns of August." I nevertheless wanted to ask him, as one of the most senior military officers in the United States command system, whether he thought the United States and the Soviet Union could find themselves, like the European powers in August, 1914, with forces on alert and no one able to halt the rapid execution of their mobilization plans. "What you're really talking about is the so-called hair-trigger argument," he replied. "Well," he continued after a pause, "the only way I can respond to that is, I think, by saying simply that no one likes the so-called hair-trigger posture. I doubt that the Russians like it any better than we do."

—DANIEL FORD

(This is the first part of a two-part article.)

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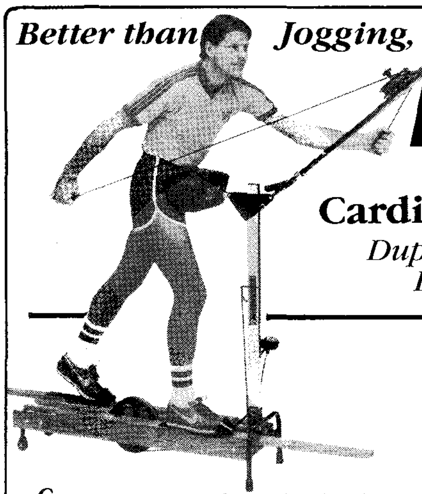

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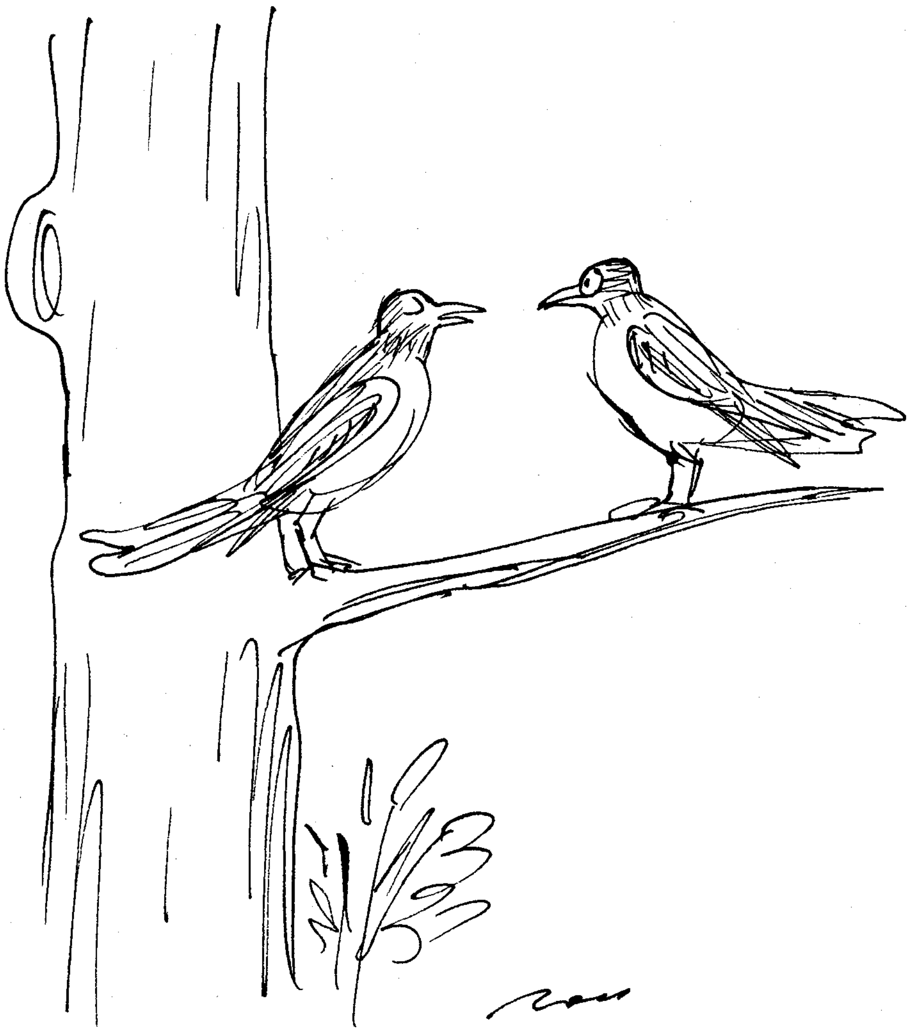
Off Broadway

FUNNY, gifted Anthony Heald, recently the foreigner of "The Foreigner," is now Digby of "Digby," a part that might have been cut to his measure. Joseph Dougherty's breezy comedy, a production of the Manhattan Theatre Club at City Center, has as its hero a young advertising copywriter who, early in the action, announces to a colleague that he proposes to "rise above sex" in his dealings with women. But Faye, whom Digby decides to rise above sex with, is herself so supple and sexy that she is keeping three lovers on the go. As played—to a turn—by Roxanne Hart, she makes Digby's self-control seem more and more astonishing as time goes by. The action takes place in various parts of this city, including Shea Stadium (Digby's ardor for the Mets is as great as that of many gentlemen for many ladies), and at Faye's place in the country. In the course of it, we meet Lover No. 1 (John Glover), an artist who works by projecting slides onto his canvas, tracing them, turning off the projector, and coloring in the result, like a kindergarten child; Lover No. 2 (Tony Goldwyn), a plasterer who has decided to become an actor and who treats us to gems from T. S. Eliot; and Lover No. 3 (Jon Polito), a rather disgruntled ex-cop.

The play has its strengths and weaknesses, but there is evidence of a theatrical imagination at work every step of the way, and subjecting it to close scrutiny would be like making a scholarly analysis of a decent song lyric. As a comedy team, Mr. Heald and Miss Hart couldn't be better. Ron Lagomarsino has directed with verve and control; one scene seems to mel into the next. The clever scenery— matter of flats that turn and glide—i by James Leonard Joy, the lighting i by Curt Ostermann, and the costume are by Rita Ryack. All are good.

MICHAEL ZETTLER'S "Crossin the Bar," which opened at Play house 91 and closed quickly, is abou six Pennsylvania saloonkeepers on thei way to bury a disagreeable seventh in graveyard in the northern part of th state. They stop off at a country taver and are delayed there when the drive of the hearse passes out. The six me drink and talk and squabble, and even tually realize, drunk as they are, tha they are still hours from their destina tion. One of them—the leader of th pack—suggests that they forget th graveyard, so they bribe the taver owner to allow them to bury the bod under the floor of a new room he i building outside, to accommodate mor guests during the hunting season Before the visiting saloonkeepers leave one of them manages to sneak off for short while with the tavern owner' daughter (general consternation, an rage on part of father), and anothe finds out that a rival saloon back hom has been secretly purchased by his bes friend. Tempers flare and subside, followed by reconciliation and tears. T say that the play is lacking in conten is putting it as politely as possible, bu the characters are well drawn, an although drunks are seldom interesting the actors who played these drunk made good enough company for a hour or two. Among the good actor were Dick Latessa, Ed Setrakian, Ja Devlin, Frank Hamilton, and Georg Guidall. Since Jerry Zaks directed everything on the stage was lively and worked comfortably. Loren Sherman designed the amusing setting—a tavern in which most of the available wall space was covered with the antlers of deer.

—EDITH OLIVER



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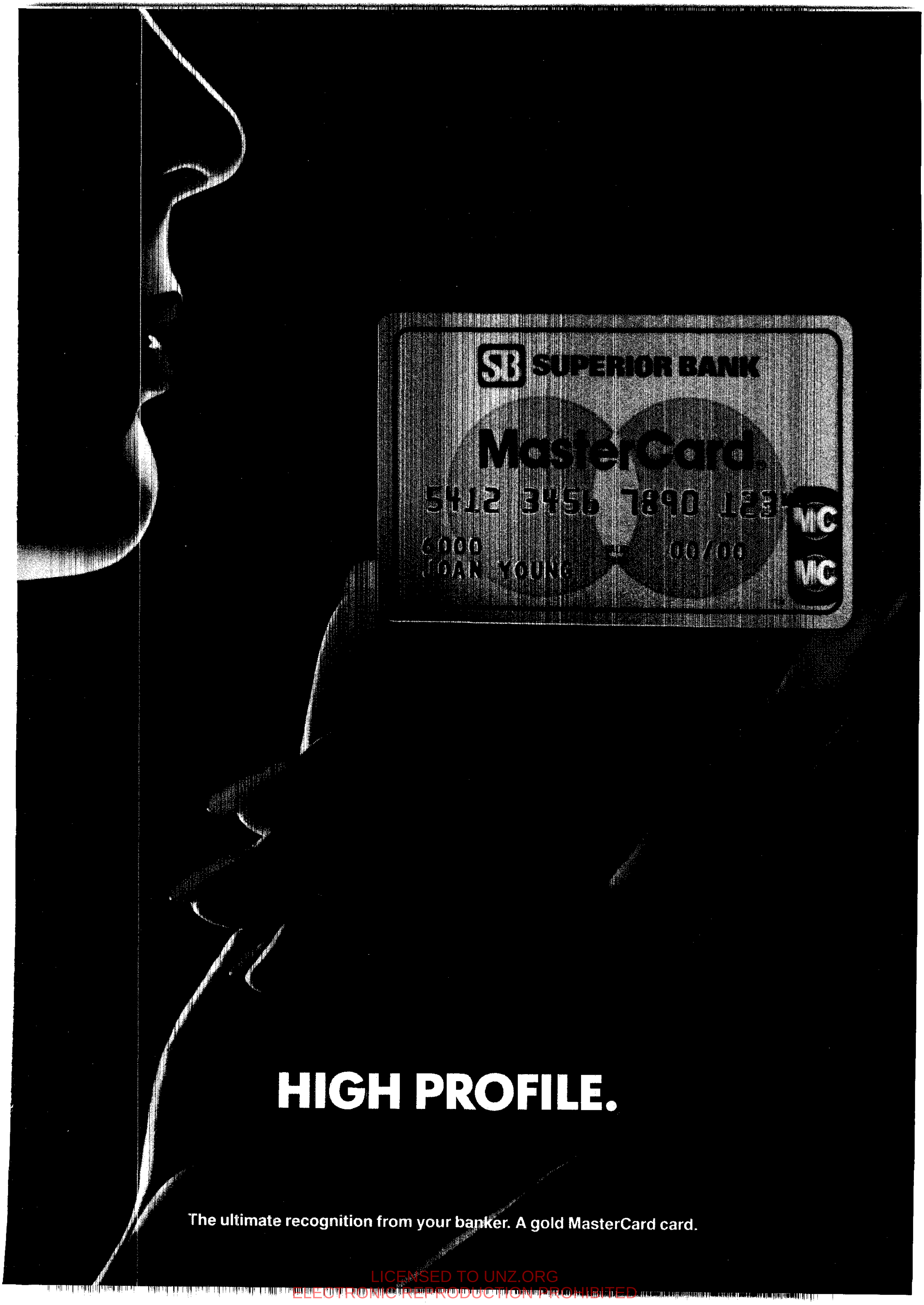
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MUSICAL EVENTS

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THE Handel tercentenary season brings a rich feast: in New York alone, Carnegie Hall's "Orlando," "Ariodante," "Semele," and "Alessandro;" "Serse" at the Juilliard; concert performances of "Deidamia" and "Agrippina;" the oratorios "Theodora," "Belshazzar," and "Israel in Egypt;" and much else. In other cities, stagings of "Agrippina," "Rodelinda," "Giulio Cesare," "Teseo," "Tamerlano;" "Jephtha," the Occasional Oratorio, the newly reconstituted Vespers of 1707. I'll reserve comment on the operas until more of them have reached the stage.

"Aci, Galatea, e Polifemo," a cantata that Handel wrote in Naples in 1708, when he was twenty-three, was brought to the Metropolitan Museum last month by Washington forces. It is a less dramatic score than "Acis and Galatea" (1718): for the English masque, Galatea's tale as recounted in the "Metamorphoses" was elegantly dramatized; in the Italian cantata, it is a thread on which a duet, fourteen arias, two trios, and a short finale, linked by recitatives, are strung. Acis in this earlier version is a soprano, Galatea an alto, and Polyphemus a bass who enters not in amorous vein ("O ruddier than the cherry") but with the angry trumpet aria "Sibilar l'angui d'Aletto," better known from its reuse in "Rinaldo." Both trios are remarkable. In the first, a threat from Polyphemus, a reproach from Galatea, and reassuring words from Acis are laid out in turn and then cunningly interwoven. The second is a melting love duet broken into by blustering recitatives from Polyphemus, who is watching the pair, and whose jealous fury grows until it explodes in a two-octave drop, from the D above the bass staff to the D below. Unaware of his presence, undisturbed, the lovers continue to spin their dulcet strains. It's a vivid piece, precursor of high dramatic strokes in the operas. There are several graphic simile arias. When Polyphemus observes that a river confined flows more swiftly, the instrumental bass compresses the violins' ample figure into a rushing torrent. The aria recurs in "Deborah," when Abinoam sings:

Swift inundation
Of desolation
Pour on the nation
Of Judah's foes.

When Galatea sings of a small vessel tossed by the waves but guided by the stars, the recorders rock to and fro while plucked strings wink and twinkle. The most striking aria of all is perhaps Polyphemus' "Fra l'ombre e gl'orrori," as he likens himself to a butterfly blundering and plunging in the sudden dark after a lamp has been extinguished. It has, in Winton Dean's phrase, "a sublime spaciousness worthy of Sarastro." The vocal line plummets, flutters to rise, only to fall again, until there's a straight drop of two octaves and a fifth, from the A above the bass staff to the D below it. The Naples bass must have been an exceptional singer. When Handel rewrote the "river" aria for Antonio Montagnana, the first Abinoam, he took out the low E. When he used the "butterfly" aria again, in "Sosarme," and reworked the music, again for Montagnana—a bass renowned for his extension and (according to Burney, writing of "Fra l'ombre") "peculiar accuracy of intonation in hitting distant intervals"—he took out the low E-flats and D and the high G's and A. Another striking piece is Acis' death aria, sung over a quiet, steady, chromatic F-minor throb of strings which falters at last as he expires.

Handel's early Italian cantatas are a treasure house of music too little explored. They have the exuberance—and on occasion the exaggerations—of buoyant youth. He himself roamed among them freely throughout his career, borrowing, refining, and transforming ideas from them (as he freely borrowed, refined, and transformed ideas of his fellow-composers). Even when there are no straight note borrowings, notions recur. In the "Acis" trio, the lovers also sing a duet ("The flocks shall leave the mountains") that continues on its way undisturbed by Polyphemus' rumblings; and again Acis expires over slow-throbbing chromatic string chords in F minor. I hope the Handel year will bring us more can-

tata performances. On disc, there has appeared the captivating "Aminta e Fillide" (Hyperion A66118), instrumentally less ambitious than "Aci"—it is accompanied by strings only—but wonderfully fresh and inventive. In the Metropolitan Museum's "Aci," Richard Crist was a bass taxed by the range (who would not be?) but able to sound the notes. Hilda Harris was a pleasing Galatea. Linda Mabbs was an Acis not quite forward or bright enough of voice for Handel until she reached the final aria, which she sang exquisitely. Stephen Simon, conducting an adept little band, revealed the expressive beauties of the work.

AFTER his three years and more in Italy, Handel came to England as a thoroughly trained German composer fired with the melodic vivacity and theatrical brilliance that Italy had taught him. His mind was so well stocked with melodies and procedures that when composing he was never at a loss what to do next. His genius insured that whatever he did sounded new, and specific to its situation. On the one hand, he was a rapid, fluent composer. On the other, he was—to an extent that modern scholarship increasingly reveals—a perfectionist, swift to reject and replace anything that displeased him. (To take just one example: he composed the opening scene of "Tamerlano" again and again and again before arriving at the stark, powerful version that he brought to performance.) He settled in England and there enlarged his art with ready responses to Purcell, reflected in many compositions, and to English literature as he set Dryden, Milton, Pope, and, above all, the cadences of the James Bible. His music became greater and greater, until, in some forty Italian operas, some twenty English music dramas, and many anthems and odes, it had embraced the full range of human experience.

In these columns a year ago, I wrote of the glories of "Alexander's Feast" (1736), a Dryden setting that at once details and demonstrates the manifold powers of music upon the human spirit. It's a work that, like "Semele," needs to be heard at least once a year: a Handelian deprived of it suffers some musical analogue to vitamin deficiency. The National Chorale Soloists sang "Alexander's Feast" in Merkin Hall last month, but, alas, their performance gave insufficient nourishment. It was below any acceptable level. I fled at halftime, as one might flee a restaurant still hungering but unable to enjoy what was being served. There was a mini-orchestra (only eight strings), without the organ, St. Cecilia's invention and deployment of which is the point of the final chorus; with only one bassoon where Handel wrote parts for three in the awesome passage in which he bids us contemplate the death toll of any war. The chorus of twelve sounded scrawny. So did the soloists, drawn from its ranks—with the exception of the tenor Mukund Marathe, the narrator, who was straightforward, clear, and honest. Martin Josman, conducting, left great holes between recitatives and the numbers into which they should have leaped. In this context, the various mispronunciations—Alexander's companion Thais, on a dais beside the conqueror, as if she were a Massenet heroine—and the wrong stresses seemed minor faults.

A THEME central to "Alexander's Feast" is the rise and fall of mighty empires—the long stream of history with a world dominated in turn by Persia, Macedon, Rome, Spain, Britain . . . and whom next, as would-be conquerors vie? The setting is Persepolis, with Alexander enthroned in triumph and "Darius great and good . . . fall'n from his high estate." Handel returned to the theme in "Belshazzar" (1745), one of the grandest of all music dramas, a work to set beside the "Ring." Nitocris, the Empress-Mother of Babylon, sets the stage with a tremendous monologue:

> Vain, fluctuating state of human empire!
> First, small and weak . . .
>   Anon, it strives
> For pow'r and wealth, and spurns at opposition.
> Arriv'd at full maturity, it grasps
> At all within its reach, o'erleaps all bounds,
> Robs, ravages, and wastes the frighted world.
> At length, grown old and swell'd to bulk enormous,
> The monster in its proper bowels feeds
> Pride, luxury, corruption, perfidy,
> Contention . . .

And then the scene—in that idealized theatre of the mind (its settings painted by music and the phrases of the word book) wherein Handel laid the action of his dramatic oratorios—moves from the imperial palace to "The Camp of Cyrus before Babylon. A view of the City, with the River Euphrates running through it. Cyrus, Gobrias; Medes and Persians. Chorus

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of Babylonians on the Walls, deriding Cyrus, as engaged in an impracticable undertaking." Nitocris, Cyrus, Belshazzar, Daniel, and Gobrias (a Babylonian, victim of Belshazzar's tyranny, who has joined with Cyrus) are strongly characterized. So are the choruses of Babylonians, of Jews, of Medes and Persians. The Babylonians revel within their vaunted defenses, even while Cyrus undermines them. Daniel, in music of sweet, solemn beauty, reads to his people the prophecies of Jeremiah and Isaiah. Nitocris tries in vain to check her son's descent into drunken, blasphemous megalomania. At his feast, Belshazzar, swilling wine from sacred vessels looted from the Jewish Temple, calls wildly for "Another bowl! . . . Another bowl!" The mysterious hand appears (a wonderfully eerie scrape of staccato violins, an amazing invention), and the king "turns pale with fear, drops the bowl of wine, falls back in his seat, trembling from head to foot, and his knees knocking against each other." In Act III, with Macbeth-like defiance—but newly drunk—he reels into battle with Cyrus, and is vanquished. The magnanimous victor promises the Jews their freedom and a rebuilt Jerusalem, and the work ends with a full-throated magnificat.

To recount the marvels of "Belshazzar"—melodic, harmonic, instrumental, formal—to tell of its grandeur, variety, vividness, and profundity, would take many pages. The Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra, conducted by Roger Nierenberg, presented a fine performance of it last month in Alice Tully Hall. It was done in a dramatic way. The orchestra was lowered to house-floor level. The soloists, uncostumed but acting, made entrances and exits: Babylon was stage left, and Cyrus was encamped stage right. The chorus was ranged behind them, and the organ closed the prospect. Scenery was two thrones. Props were the sacred scroll and a wine cup. The mysterious writing on the wall was a projection. Nicholas Deutsch, the stage director, had devised a powerful, well-judged "production" effected by simple, telling strokes. (In the chorus "Recall, oh king! thy rash command," each chorister fixed his eyes on Belshazzar, standing stage left, and the massed accusatory effect was chilling.) There was skillful, unfussy lighting, by Jackie Manassee. I've seen Handel's dramatic oratorios, including "Belshazzar," presented in manners ranging from straight con-

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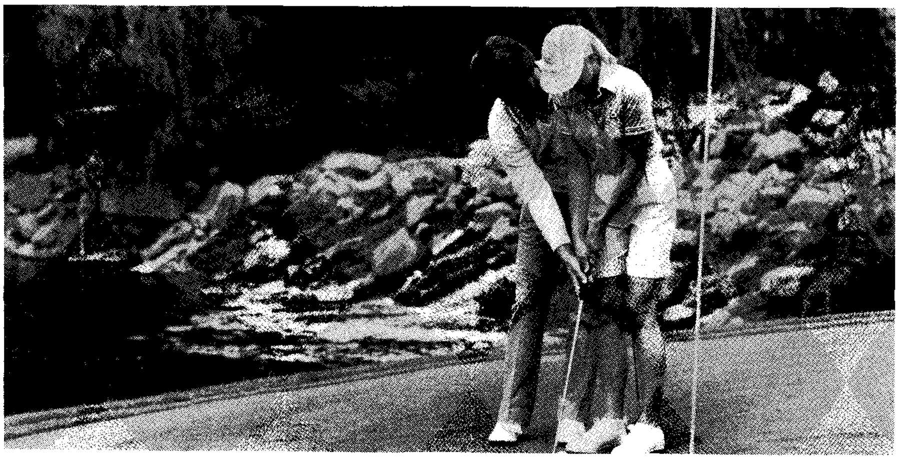

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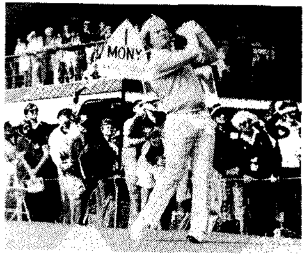

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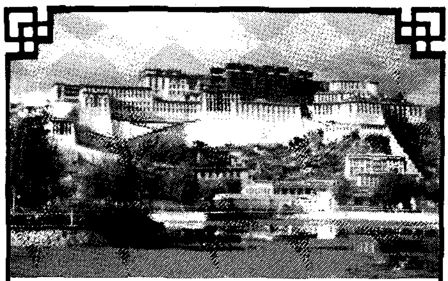

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cert performances—the soloists on a row of chairs, book in hand—to full-fledged operatic shows. This Pro Arte production, so potent and so practicable, was a new landmark.

The role of Daniel was composed for Susanna Cibber, Garrick's leading lady for two decades, and that of Cyrus for Miss Robinson. (Her Christian name is unknown, but she was evidently a fine artist, since she was also the Dejanira of "Hercules.") In the Pro Arte performance, two men, Drew Minter as Daniel and Jeffrey Gall as Cyrus, usurped the roles—as countertenors often do in these days when true female altos are rare and mezzo-sopranos' aspirations are usually upward. (This season, Mr. Gall had already undertaken Francesca Bertolli's part in "Orlando," Mr. Minter Francesca Boschi's in "Agrippina," and James Bowman Maria Negri's in "Ariodante.") Both of them gave beautifully firm, precise performances, with clear, shapely words and stylishly expressive phrasing. Mr. Gall used chest voice and head voice in striking, sometimes startling contrast. Mr. Minter's voice is more even, more sweetly melodious. David Gordon was a bold, splendid Belshazzar. The role of Nitocris needs a more mature, commanding personality than Linda Wall brought to it, but her singing was fluent and assured. The chorus and the orchestra were spirited. Mr. Nierenberg's conducting was alert, confident, and convincing.

The performance had been announced as complete. In the event, Cyrus lost "Dry those unavailing tears" and the second verse of "Great God! who, yet but darkly known," Daniel lost "Can the black Aethiop change his skin?," and the da-capo numbers were reduced to first section only (all but one, and of that the reprise was shortened). Nevertheless, it was a much fuller "Belshazzar" than one usually hears. And a noble one.

FROM Handel to Puccini, from "Belshazzar" to "Tosca," represents a drastic, a positively Polyphemic descent. The Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Tosca," designed and directed by Franco Zeffirelli, is a big, expensive-looking show, with more elaborate scenery and more supers than Puccini's opera usually has. It is handsome, in a rather overdone way, but not more effective than the 1968 production (designed by Rudolf Heinrich and staged by Otto Schenk) that it replaces, and cannot hold a candle to the less grandiloquent, more sharply focussed "Tosca" that Zeffirelli designed and directed at Covent Garden twenty-one years ago. Act I ingeniously mingles built scenery and cloth painted in perspective. In Act II, Scarpia's room is a library, dominated by tall bookstacks. Both scenes pose architectural puzzles: the Attavanti chapel seems to run back into the nave of Sant'Andrea della Valle; the Palazzo Farnese fireplace is set in the window wall looking onto the courtyard. The painter's scaffolding and Scarpia's table and sofa are not in their usual places; the pointless departures from tradition prescribe actions and aria positions less telling than usual. Into Act III Zeffirelli has introduced scene changes. The prelude is set on the platform at the top of the Castel Sant'Angelo, but the statue of the angel, not the prospect of St. Peter's which Puccini specified, dominates the background. For "E lucevan le stelle" and the duet with Tosca, the platform is then slowly jacked up out of sight, to reveal Cavaradossi's dungeon below it. (The Met audience breaks into applause, seeing scenery shift before its eyes, and blots out the music.) For Cavaradossi's execution we return to the platform —hastily, for there are only eight bars of music between Tosca's "Così" and her "Come è lunga l'attesa!" (The latter remark—"How long the waiting!"—now seems absurd.) The dungeon is a romantic scene, heavy with classical architecture (the castle was built by Hadrian as his mausoleum), but it's not wanted. It disturbs the shape and flow of a short, carefully planned act—shorter than the intermission that preceded it. In later performances, the intrusive scene changes can easily be omitted. The opera will gain.

Zeffirelli's London "Tosca," which initially had Maria Callas in the title role and Tito Gobbi as Scarpia, was so tellingly planned that it served, and continues to serve, as an enhancing frame for more ordinary interpreters. His Met "Tosca"—bloated, as his Met "Bohème" was in relation to his Scala "Bohème"—is a spectacle that must steal the show from all but very strong performers. (It is due to open the 1985-86 season, with Montserrat Caballé as Tosca. It's hard to imagine her scooting up that long, steep, narrow flight of steps, along with Luciano Pavarotti's Cavaradossi, in the space of eight bars.) In a smaller, German house, Hildegard Behrens would probably be a striking and interesting Tosca. In this show, she was dwarfed by the stage pictures, and nothing much came across. Placido Domingo, the Cavaradossi, sang bravely and fully; Zeffirelli had not inspired him to go beyond his usual "generalized excellence" to give an individual and imaginative performance. Cornell MacNeil was a blunt Scarpia, taxed beyond his vocal resources by "Già. Mi dicon venal." Italo Tajo's Sacristan was horribly overplayed. Giuseppe Sinopoli, making his Met début, standing and waving so high that he was often more noticeable than the singers, conducted a performance that included much colorful orchestral playing but did not flow easily or naturally.

—Andrew Porter

•

EQUINOX

Early morning
Saturday,
my roofing ladder
at the peak,
a light frost melting
into dew
across the slippery
low-pitched roof,
and slating tools
in hand, I lay
the blue-gray lichen-
crusted floor
of the Champlain Sea,
so long extinct,
above my sleeping
children's heads
and set the date
in green and red
for theirs (as may be)
standing on
some shell-pink shore
astride the ridge
of night and day
at dawn some time
like this, to see
the starry sky
behind, before.

—Richard Kenney

•

Scottish explorer Bill Grant will use an unusual lure for the elusive beat of the Himalayas. Grant said that during the three-month expedition, he will put out buckets of British beer to attract the legendary yeti. Grant told reporters as he left London's Heathrow Airport that he would not try again if this outing is unsuccessful. "I'm convinced it exists, but you cannot carry on with this forever," he declared.—*Portland (Ore.) Oregonian.*

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DANCING

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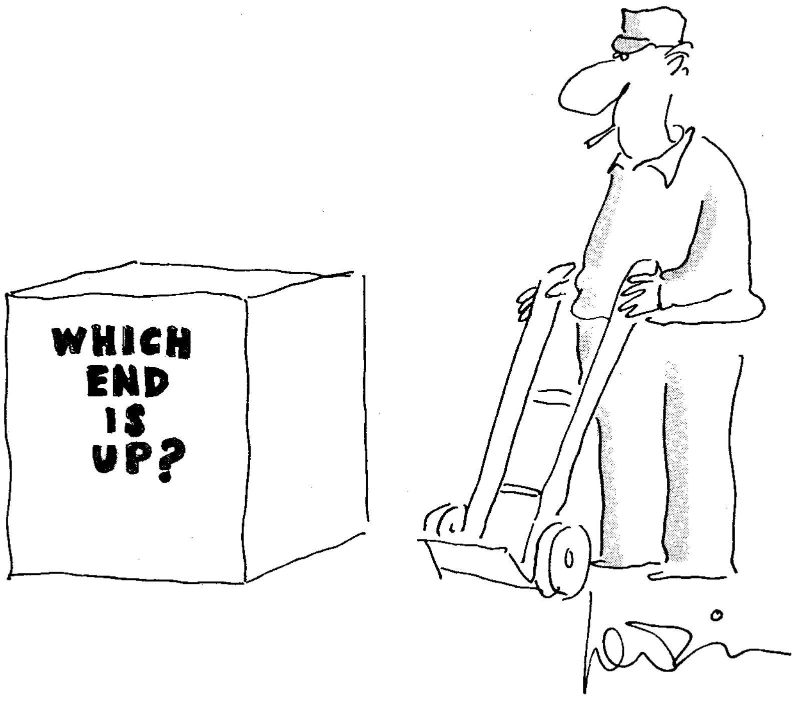
“PHRASES,” a new work performed by the Merce Cunningham company, begins with the full company of fifteen dancers clustered together, facing the audience. There’s a dispersal, and soon we are watching a cast of eleven, divided into three, three, three, and two, performing the same steps. This is as big as the piece gets, and the force of unison movement (offset by one or two small variations in direction) becomes something the dancers intermittently refer to but never quite recapture. “Phrases” is a big-scale piece that seems to yearn toward intimate, contrapuntal effects. There are often two dances going on at the same time; say, a quartet upstage, a trio down. This then becomes two trios echoing each other imprecisely—not mirrors but counterparts. “Phrases,” one of Cunningham’s great, chuntering group-upon-group pieces, lacks the relentless concentration of “Torse;” its diffusiveness reminds me more of “Landrover” or “Exchange.” It is constantly building and demolishing itself, yet its foundation—the dance phrase—is never imperilled. Late in the action, the phrases become end-stopped, and the rhythm begins to oscillate in stop-and-go, statement-and-response patterns. Just before the end, the choreography shakes off this reflexive accent and starts to gather momentum. The dancers are covering the stage in a wide, swinging loop step—so attractive!—when the curtain falls.

“Phrases” is a thick set of pages torn from the Cunningham encyclopedia, but I’m not sure that, of the three new works given this season at the City Center, it makes the best introduction to Cunningham. For “Phrases” you have to have the appetite that comes of watching other, more tightly organized pieces in the repertory and following their unpredictable flow. “Phrases” rambles on, but these other pieces have a very mysterious magnetic core; the secret of their momentum is unguessable. What makes “Duets”—a succession of pas de deux—function as one unbroken line from start to finish? What gives “Pictures,” which keeps stopping at seemingly arbitrary points to form static images, its tensile strength? The action of “Doubles,” a new piece, looks as lazy and unplotted as that of a summer afternoon; what keeps it from falling apart I cannot imagine. Yet the connectedness of it all is unmistakable. The discontinuities (or so they appear) are all strung on the same thread.

“He has a boyish delight and trust in Things: there is always on his lips the familiar, pragmatic, American ‘These are the facts’—for he is the most pragmatic of writers and so American that the adjective itself seems inadequate; one exclaims in despair and delight: He is the America of poets.” So might Randall Jarrell, writing on William Carlos Williams, have described the man who is the America of choreographers. Cunningham’s respect for the facts has colored his modernist sensibility with the convictions of a classicist. (And has helped make America the commodious haven for classical dancers that it is now.) He has no use for hidden meanings. “For me, it seems enough that dancing is a spiritual exercise in physical form, and that what is seen is what it is.” The first thing one sees in “Doubles” is Catherine Kerr or Patricia Lent (the piece, designed for seven dancers, has two almost completely different casts) standing alone in the middle of the stage performing the kind of scrupulous, slow-motion développés and sustained balances that one might see in class. This is discipline as observable phenomena and as ritual—the dancer’s daily ordinance. The slowness of the movement carries the eye from one incident to another: the mobilization of the thigh in développé, the tiny shift of weight that recenters control in equilibrium. This quality of clean-limbed power and clear detail is characteristic of the entire piece. We sense the pleasure of things accomplished for pure discipline’s sake, and we sense, too, the existence of forms and objects moving beneath the surface of routine. I don’t mean that the dance shapes and poses are evocations, though the boys in their rearing and bucking leaps, the girl who lies down and turns up her face like a sunbather—these say what they say. It’s a more tenuous connection in moods and in the timing of events and their displacement by other events that makes us believe in “Doubles” both as a formal progression and as a picture of reality. Twice the stage empties completely; mysteriously, the drift of things continues. Cunningham manages it all without languor, without irony, without even those small touches of the irregular and the exotic that composed the “fugitive” atmosphere of “Summerspace.” Yet one thinks of “Doubles” in the same breath as “Summerspace.” It is perhaps an urban pastorale—Central Park rather than Arcadia. It is grittier, less ceremonious than “Summerspace.” But ceremony, “spiritual exercise,” is the occupation of both pieces.

Though they often perform the same steps as the men, the women of Cunningham’s company have a quaintly bred, collegiate look, while the men are untamed, impulsive, even feral. (This suggests that whereas the women try to do the movement objectively, the men look to Cunningham himself as a mod-


WHICH END IS UP?

el.) The two interpretive styles are vivid in "Doubles," where they seem to fit in with other sets of contrasts to make up a total dynamic configuration. The good thing about Cunningham, of course, is that he can deploy a pattern unpredictably. These sets of contrasts (such as stillness/motion, staccato/legato, alertness/indolence) aren't stuck together; they are variously combined. There can be passive and active stillnesses, for example. And Cunningham can use sectors of the stage dynamically. One thinks of the two women who make a gradual upstage cross and later make another cross downstage in the same disparate manner, each in her own way, pacing or swaying gently, while the action continues around them. These women are the only dancers in the piece who do not have a solo, a fact that seems organically related both to their sentinel-like crossings of the stage and to the individualized ways in which they cross it. The five solos are the heart of the piece. Each seems wonderfully shaped to the talents of the dancer you see doing it. (The double casting of the roles accounts for the title, which might with equal accuracy have been "Singles.") Within the range of masculine or feminine style, each dancer finds his or her own quality of emphasis.

Ideally, a solo should be a process of self-realization for the dancer who does it. It is one of the hard truths of classicism that the more stress dancing lays on the self, on personal vanities and habits of expression, the farther from self-realization it gets. Cunningham hasn't made it easy for his soloists, particularly the men. The three male solos, which are split into nonconsecutive segments, are constructed of viselike imperatives, and they're not so dissimilar in material as to bring out easy distinctions in the men's individual styles. No, the material makes these men brothers (just as the double casting makes them twins), and, like real brothers, they have to fight for an identity. The curious result of this pressure is that each dancer has been brought to extend his range surprisingly. Chris Komar and Alan Good, normally opposites, are made to trade virtues: Komar becomes larger, less febrile; Good's lankiness acquires shape and tension. In the thrusting off-center leaps that are one of the choreography's motifs, Good really throws his body in two directions at once, and without buckling in the middle—he bends in the air like a

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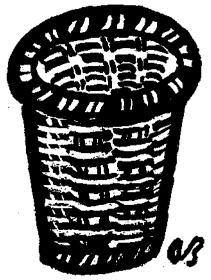
sapling. Neil Greenberg has often seemed too eager, even violent; in the Komar role he is steady, composed, precise. If there is one principle of attack common to all these roles, it is élancé. It is a revelation to see Greenberg's blunt power in élancé next to Good's lyrically attenuated version next to the more naturally dartlike force of Komar or Robert Swinston or Rob Remley. And in another recurrent step—the frisky low hop with one foot kicking up to the back—it is simply amazing to see the imprint of so many personal variations. Swinston and Remley (who are alternates) have unusually strong feet. They get to do a whole series of these low hops in place, and they charge the step with a piston-like energy. Swinston gets an élancé shading into the hop, while Remley has the back kick of a mule. As for the women, Kerr and Lent, in their perfect placement and firm command of their outspreading limbs in adagio, are both wonderful to behold. Helen Barrow's responsiveness in repose makes her, too, a pleasure to watch, and one got to watch her, along with Good (their alternates had both left the company), in every performance. "Doubles" isolates its dancers and lets us see them away from the flux of group presentation. Cunningham hasn't made a piece like it in a long time. That he can do so now with two casts is an indication of the company's current strength.



Barrow's solo contains more pictorial elements than the other female solo, and in ensemble sections she is most often placed among the women, while Kerr (or Lent) is placed among the men. Also, Kerr (or Lent) is actually paired with one or another of the men, but none of the other women take partners. The peculiar atmosphere of many of Cunningham's pieces derives from unfathomable choices like these. And the choices of the designer, Mark Lancaster, are equally unfathomable. In "Doubles" he uses his familiar pants-over-unitard combination, and his color assortment is as bewitching as ever, especially in the men's costumes, where chalky tones of taupe, mauve, and blue are worn with chalky lemon-white pants. The image of those pants against the mauve cyclorama is so striking that you can remember the whole piece by it. And if you think the color is affected you're wrong. Coming back from the City Center one night, I saw lemon-white jeans walking ahead of me in the subway. Lancaster left Cunningham's employ last year. "Doubles" was his last piece. His place has been taken by William Anastasi and Dove Bradshaw, who are responsible for the sets, costumes, and lighting of "Phrases" and the third new piece, "Native Green." In "Phrases" Bradshaw does a Lancaster-type layering job, beginning with solid-color unitards and covering them with sweaters, vests, and ankle-warmers as the piece goes on. In "Native Green" the dancers are in white unitards, with white overskirts for the women. These costumes, by Anastasi, are covered with speckles of pinkish-beige, and the cyclorama is a pinkish-beige speckled affair. It also has a diagonal line drawn across it, and the cyc for "Phrases" has two diagonal lines. None of this makes a more than fleeting visual impression or bears the slightest relation to the dancing. When, at the end of "Native Green," the dancers suddenly pick up a rubber strip that has been lying at the back of the stage and manipulate it into an arch, it looks like a desperate attempt to bring unity to the choreography and the scenery.

The speckled look of "Native Green" has reminded some observers of "Summerspace." The choreography, though, is nothing like that of "Summerspace," and it isn't much like the rest of Cunningham, either. It is of standard opera-house design, frontal in focus, strong on diagonals. Its three couples (Komar and Barrow, Swinston and Lent, Good and Megan Walker) are together at the start of the piece, and they stay together, just like couples in a Balanchine ballet. But if the ground plan of "Native Green" is conventional, the steps are not. Cunningham's way with partnering dissents from the practice of classical ballet; he places the man more often at the woman's side than behind her, and has him support her by holding her hand rather than her waist. In "Native Green" Cunningham makes partnering jokes: in a supported passage, the women get themselves into awkward positions and the men switch handholds hastily, as if wondering whether grabbing a wrist or an ankle makes any difference; in several walking lifts, a woman's forward leg blindly probes the air ahead. When

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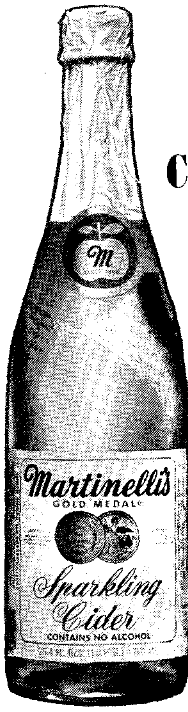

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Cunningham does place a man behind a woman, it's usually to have him duplicate her movements, no matter how unlikely. She slumps in plié; so does he, right on top of her. The choreography of "Native Green" is full of a number of things: recondite waltz steps, classical postures from the Balinese dance, animal images (rolling heads, arching feline backs) from Cunningham's own bestiary. The mood of the piece is a nice blend of lyrical and antic. I say "nice" because it is often hard to tell the two strains apart. Deadpan jokes come naturally to a man who believes in facts. But the piece is undeniably fun to watch. The audience had a very good time with it.

I saw "Phrases," "Doubles," and "Native Green" on the same program. The sound scores for all three pieces seem to have been indiscriminately commissioned. Mice raced through the wainscoting, animals gasped and died, caravans bearing shipments of marimbas blundered across pontoon bridges in the dark, whole cities were chopped to pieces by pneumatic drills, and the electronic equipment in the pit came down with gastritis. There should have been a sign over the City Center door: "If you have ears, prepare to plug them now." But what would the America of choreographers be without the America of crackpots?

—Arlene Croce

•

Q I know Nancy Reagan and all of her friends buy most of their clothes from Adolfo, who seems to be their favorite designer. Why in news photographs do we never see her in the same dress as her friends?

A No, it is the absolute truth. He still fancies such specialties as roast suckling pig, fried bananas, rice and beans, and other favorites. He likes dropping in at Victor's, a well-known Cuban restaurant in the same Manhattan neighborhood where he lived as a struggling actor. The difference now is that the staff all bounds out of the kitchen to make a fuss over him.—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.*

Next question.

•

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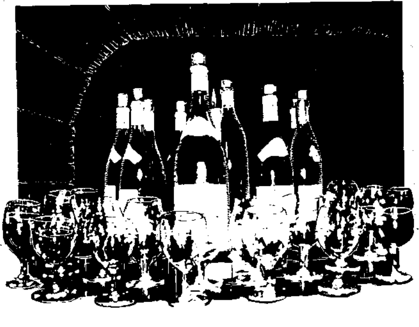
[*From the Dayton (Ohio) Daily News*]

Miss Matteson, who is also taking classes at Sinclair Community College in sign language and college algebra, thinks that "education is a two-way street. It's not the teacher's responsibility for teaching as much as it is the student who is responsible for learning. I like to learn. You just feel so much more intelligent. You know what's happening. It makes you interesting and it makes you a much better Trivial Pursuit player."



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BOOKS

A Long Voyage Home

IN Elizabeth Bishop's "The Collected Prose" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $17.50 cloth, $8.95 paper), a companion volume to "The Complete Poems" of 1983, the contents are divided into two sections—"Memory: Persons & Places" and "Stories"—but the recalled and the imagined are unevenly represented. Because only four of the seventeen pieces could properly be called fiction, the work as a whole has the effect of a withheld autobiography. A "memory" may evoke an instant as low-keyed as the author's first day at school ("Primer Class") or a visit to a grocery store in Ouro Prêto, Brazil, where she restored a seventeenth-century house ("To the Botequim & Back"). Yet the very simplicity of the subjects connects them to the poems; the ordinary, not having been noticed by anyone else, becomes exotic. Childhood, rarely referred to in the poems, strikes the deepest note; we are in the Proustian country of recapture. And even when the subject is not herself what fascinated Bishop in her stylish translation of "The Diary of 'Helena Morley,'" a Brazilian girl's journal written at the turn of the century, was the similarity of its experiences to her own. The introduction, reprinted here, is a model of how to relay information without being boring—a small classic, like the book it introduces.

The objects and scenes described in Bishop's work are illuminated by a mind and eye for which the anomalous held the key to normality and beauty, as if the everyday oddity were the key to every day. The lace-draped taboret in the poem "Filling Station" conjures up bourgeois niceties among the gasoline pumps. In this collection, in the reminiscence "A Trip to Vigia," a poor Brazilian poet tries to entertain Bishop, a comparatively rich one. The delicate connection made between poverty and courtesy hinges on an unexpected anxiety: the exact moment in a Portuguese conversation when one switches from the formal to the familiar "you"—a change signalled by growing cordiality and the possibility of future relations. Intimacy too soon claimed may be rebuffed; warmth not soon enough expressed may lead to the fatally missed opportunity. And one might say that between those poles of behavior the moral tone of Bishop's work is set. Equable but surprising, the viewpoint sheds light on the well known, even the typical: maps, fish, roosters, radio towers, gardeners—something caught in the corner of the eye and then looked at so directly, and under such bright lights, that, whatever it is, or was, we realize we have not seen it before.

As against romantic notions of poetry, Bishop's was a poetry of the sane imagination, and not easily reduced to a method. The term "magic realism," a phrase applied to the work of a group of painters in the nineteen-forties, might be relevant. Though no one ever knew quite what the phrase meant, everyone recognized the aptness of the designation. It was an attempt to describe that point where the accurate shades off into the mysterious. Bishop drew from primitive painting and from Surrealism without actually imitating the loss of perspective typical of the first or the shock effects of the second. A rigorous syntax helped make two impulses—the childlike and the unexpected—one. The contrary had always been a nourishing source in the Protestant hymns she loved: they united the commonplace and the otherworldly, and were the words and music of her childhood. Yet she was an original, and had the air of having been born civilized, as at home at a Parisian dinner table as she was travelling into the Brazilian interior (that her companion was Aldous Huxley helped). A journalist—if one can use the word literally—with nothing, it seems, to confess, she was a master of the monumental closeup. Bishop fixed the look of a dogwood forever in "each petal burned, apparently, by a cigarette-butt," a Bible illustration in "The branches of the date-palms look like files." That same gift is evident in the prose. Pursuing a motif until it unwinds, she lets go of a subject at precisely the right moment. In "Memories of Uncle Neddy" (an uncle on her mother's side) she describes the interior of a tinsmith's shop:

> There were blowtorches and a sort of miniature forge, little anvils, heavy shears in all sizes, wooden mallets, boxes of stubby, gray-blue, flat-headed rivets and, best of all, solder. It came in thick silver rods, with a trade name stamped along them. What I liked best was to watch Uncle Neddy heat the end of a rod to the melting point and dribble it quickly to join a wide ribbon of tin and make a mug, sometimes a child-size mug, then solder on a strip already folded under on both sides in the folding machine for the handle. When they were cold, drops of solder that fell to the dirty floor could be picked up, pure

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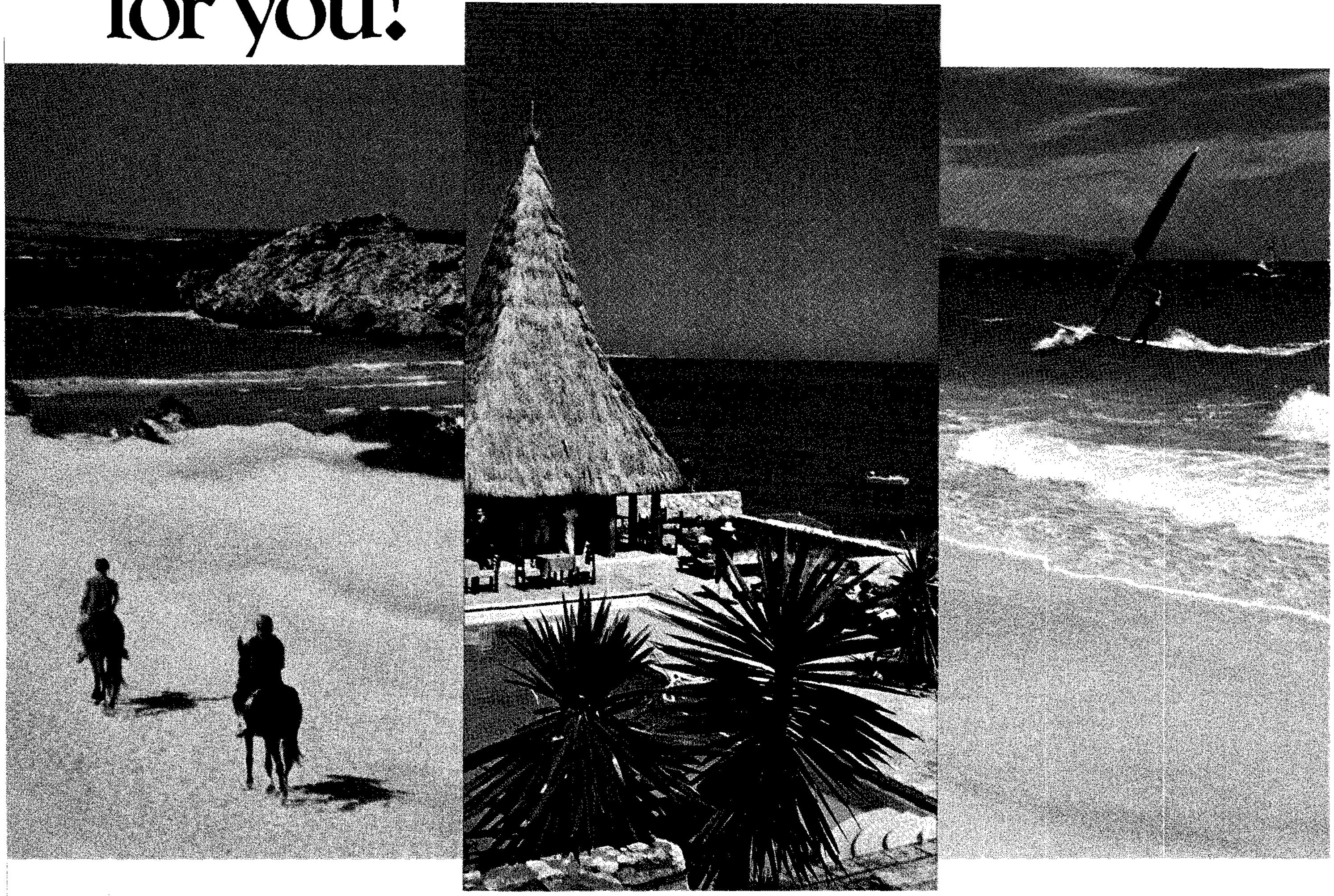

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silver, cool and heavy, and saved. Under the bench were piles of bright scraps of tin with sharp edges, curved shapes, triangles, pieces with holes in them, as if they'd been cut from paper, and prettiest of all, thin tin shavings, curled up tight, like springs. Occasionally, Uncle Neddy would let me help him hold a stick of solder and dribble it around the bottom of a pail. This was thrilling, but oh, to be able to write one's name with it, in silver letters! As he worked, bent over, clipping, hammering, soldering, he chewed tobacco and spat long black spits under the bench. He was like a black snail, a rather quick but cautious snail, leaving a silvery, shiny trail of solder.

Uncle Neddy was the weak, sweet, drunken black sheep of the family. And irresistible to a child, especially one interested in the shape and color of objects, in the change effected by applied processes. One could change a rod of silver into one's name. In the end, one could turn landscapes, people, and feelings into words. "The Collected Prose" is the posthumous fulfillment of the childhood wish expressed in that paragraph. At last, the name is written in silver; at last, all the made works are put together, and the prose reminiscences are the closest we will get (short of a collected letters) to the true keepsakes of Bishop's life.

IT was an odd life. She was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1911. Her father died when she was eight months old; her mother, stunned by the tragedy, went through a series of breakdowns and was committed to a mental hospital, where she remained for most of her life. Bishop never saw her mother again after the age of five, and was first cared for by her mother's parents, in Halifax, Nova Scotia. Then, in a kindly meant gesture, her richer American grandparents took her in. The return from Nova Scotia to Worcester was confusing to the six-year-old girl, who felt as if she had been "kidnapped." She found the less prosperous coastal farm more congenial than the upper-middle-class New England house. Life with the American Bishops ended in a series of chronic illnesses, one of which, asthma, was to be a lifelong affliction. (Bishop read Proust with a fellow-sufferer's interest.) She was rescued from the Worcester unhappiness by her Boston Aunt Maude (her mother's sister), summered in Nova Scotia until she was twelve, attended the Walnut Hill boarding school, at Natick, Massachusetts, and went on to Vassar, making an impression on her classmates at both academies.

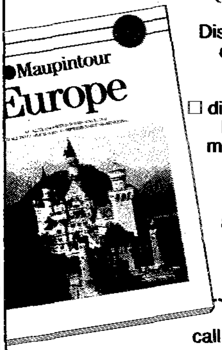
Allegiance to the two branches of her family eventually widened into larger conflicts—between cities (Key West and New York, New York and San Francisco), countries (Canada and the United States), and, finally, continents (North and South America). In the prose as well as the poems, the sense of place is strong throughout, and though the place is not always the same, it figures both as a sustaining background and as a hoped-for scene of adventure, as if the prodigal son (the theme of a splendid poem) were to inhabit his two opposing locales at the same time. Most often, one has to go a great distance to discover what was truly close at hand—the theme of displaced experience eventually recovered is very much a Bishop notion. A prodigal orphan crossing an international border, she could never be sure of the home ground itself. Her feeling for place was based on a true dislocation. It is no wonder that two usually opposed ideas—home and travel—took hold simultaneously, and merged. Where home *was* became not only a psychological matter but a "question of travel." "Questions of Travel" was the title of her third book and of a revealing poem that ends with the lines:

> Continent, city, country, society:
> the choice is never wide and never free.
> And here, or there . . . No. Should we have stayed at home,
> wherever that may be?

Her Biblical poem "Over 2,000 Illustrations and a Complete Concordance," where the yearning for another place becomes the longing for another time, concludes on the same note of profound wistfulness:

> Open the heavy book. Why couldn't we have seen
> this old Nativity while we were at it?
> —the dark ajar, the rocks breaking with light,
> an undisturbed, unbreathing flame,
> colorless, sparkless, freely fed on straw,
> and, lulled within, a family with pets
> —and looked and looked our infant sight away.

The family she could never take for granted had assumed some of the aspects of mystery. "A family with pets" brings to mind the one moment of pure joy in "The Country Mouse," the story of her transition from Canada to the United States—the gift of three Golden Bantams from her paternal grandfather. Just as servants provided her with opportunities for meditations on character, so animals served to flesh



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out a catalogue of qualities that ranged from the despairing to the ennobling —from the armadillo fleeing the engulfing flames in "The Armadillo" (he is not armed against fire) to the grandeur of the startling appearance of the moose in the poem of the same title. In between, almost every shade of experience is represented, from the ironic but moving "Roosters" (St. Peter's appearance in the middle of the poem begins an exquisite counterpoint to the prevailing tone) to those companions in loneliness the curious seal in "At the Fishhouses," the quirky mechanical horse in "Cirque d'Hiver," and that saluted survivor "The Fish."

Because of the traumatic nature of her mother's illness, sanity must have had a heightened meaning for Bishop, and she investigates it both in prose ("Mercedes Hospital" and "In the Village") and in poetry ("Faustina, or Rock Roses" and "Visits to St. Elizabeths"). She is by temperament drawn to the singular, having been an outsider herself—just as she is drawn to the primitive. Actually, what connects them is the truth. The primitive is unaware of convention (in at least our sense of it), and the eccentric has either bypassed or transcended it. With the exception of members of her immediate family, the middle class makes few appearances in Bishop's work. The question of where oddness ends and insanity begins troubled Bishop, and her way of dealing with it was to "visit" it. The role of the visitor falls somewhere between the roles of the observer and the traveller. By definition, a visitor comes to see someone. That small human demand is important in Bishop, because it saved her from the abstractions of geography and anthropology; there is a sense, somewhere below the narrative level of the prose, of the dispossessed, the loner retrieved. She kept looking for a place to settle, but whether that was truly a matter of location or of self-definition remains ambiguous. She did settle, but until the last remove to Cambridge never permanently. She had the glamour of the person familiar with distant places, and the bravery attached to it. There was a domestic side to her at the other end of the spectrum. Her true genius lay in the ease with which the humdrum and the fabulous were joined. There was always another country beckoning, another house, something to be seen in the way of the curious, the phenomenal, the not-yet-looked-upon. Traditional enough to restore an architec-

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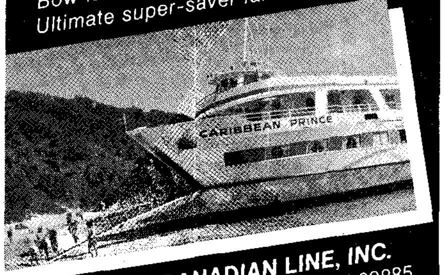

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tural treasure, to have a clavichord made by Dolmetsch (in Paris, in 1934), to write sestinas and villanelles, she was, on the other hand, to become the translator of Carlos Drummond de Andrade and Octavio Paz and was herself considered a touchstone of "the modern" by other writers and critics.

In the nineteen-fifties, Bishop travelled to South America, became violently ill, recovered, and decided to stay. Her friendship with Lota Soares was the anchor of her decision to make Brazil her home for fifteen years. The cross-pollination of Halifax and Rio—or, more truly, their outlying towns, Great Village and Petrópolis—proved fertile. Adult life in Brazil released the Canada of childhood, because the nineteenth century was alive in both places and because maritime provinces and mountains preserve different but analogous aspects of nature. Privacy—Bishop's need for reticent disappearances, an enclosable world that was congenial but unfamiliar enough to arouse interest—was insured also. Those needs had led her to Key West in the first place. In Brazil, there was just the right blend of the familiar-foreign; the landscape and the language were new; the Muse was refreshed. Bishop, never keen on talking about herself, found new subjects and interests. Strongly opposed as a matter of principle to confessional poetry, she found it offensive to her sense of propriety, and possibly threatening in risking disclosure of a personal life that she kept determinedly private. That habit may have begun early, with her mother's mental illness. Sexual glimpses, intimate attachments—there are none. And I think proof of this discretion can be seen in how little we know of her adolescence from either the poems or the prose.

The heroine of the story "In Prison" describes the longed-for cell of her ultimate confinement with the same hungry, rhapsodic precision a New Yorker might use to decorate in fantasy an unobtainable apartment. There is something in it both of Kafka and of Chirico. The most original of all the stories seems to me "The Sea & Its Shore." Its central figure is a man hired to keep the beach clean, who picks up various papers on his pointed stick and either burns them or takes them back to his hut at night, trying to piece the torn-up letters, discarded newspapers, remnants of books, and personal memos into a coherent whole. A beachcomber and a drunk, he is also a scholar and a collector of sorts, and

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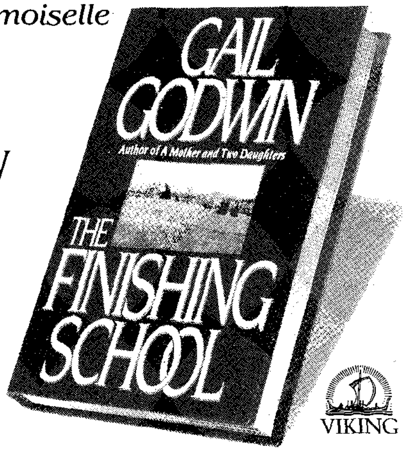

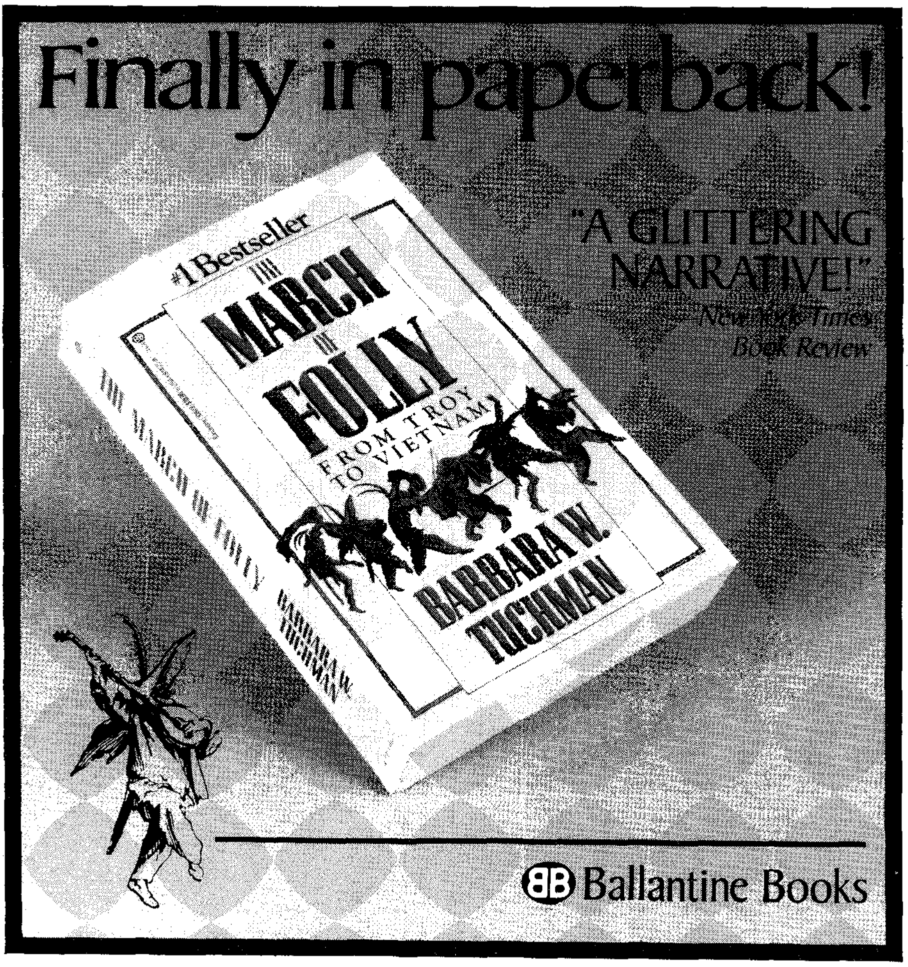

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he could be a stand-in for the author *herself, piecing the history of literature* into a whole, and creating out of the random fragments of a world words that fit together. The hero of "The Sea & Its Shore" lights huge bonfires at night in the steel trash baskets provided by the municipality—a minimalist version of the burning of the royal libraries at Alexandria. It would be tempting to read "In Prison" and "The Sea & Its Shore" as parables of the writer, but something starchily priggish in the tone of the first and the quotations from the beachcomber's reading material in the second suggest ironic undercurrents—wit rather than comedy.

To be imprisoned is an odd ambition until one realizes that the fantasy of confinement masks another: to be acknowledged as the leader of the prisoners. To withdraw from society is the story's hope, to be recognized within a society of the withdrawn is its message. "In Prison" is, like "The Sea & Its Shore," monastic and claustrophobic; its wished-for cell measures "twelve or fifteen feet long by six feet wide;" the beachcomber's hut has neither windows nor doors. The sense of enclosure is menacing, possibly suffocating. Published within a year of each other, in the late thirties, the two stories may have been related to intermittent attacks of asthma, an illness threatening enough at one point to have prompted Bishop to move from New York to San Francisco. Constraint in the stories derives from contrary impulses: the deciphering of words or their destruction in "The Sea & Its Shore," retreating from society and leading it in "In Prison."

Robert Giroux says, in an impeccable introduction to "The Collected Prose," that "In the Village" has, since it first appeared in the pages of this magazine in 1953, been generally acknowledged as a masterpiece. Rarely has a work so personal been able to generalize experience with such natural certainty. Both self-pity and irony have been washed from the palette, and what remains has the conviction we associate with reality but also with the folktale and the fable. Each is believable in its own realm. Delicate but powerful, "In the Village" brings the realms together. Told in the first person, it is a true story of Bishop's childhood. Her mother's scream hangs over the landscape, and yet the story is marvellous in bringing the curative into play at almost the same time the reader is faced with pain. The clang of the blacksmith's hammer rises to drown out the mother's scream. Innocence confronts the nightmarish and the pastoral with the same steady look. The natural world—the child leading the cow to pasture—and the smithy's magic are set against the horrors of the disrupted house, where adults weep and tell lies, and the child is forbidden to know what she already half guesses. It is one of the hardest stories to write imaginable: its essence is the stuff of pathos, and yet there isn't a shred of sentimentality in it. Like the poems, it is spontaneous and perfect.

Bishop's reputed disinterestedness, by now a cliché, has been celebrated at the expense of the emotional impact of her writing, as if objectivity and feeling were permanently at odds. One of the great attractions of Bishop's work is their reconciliation, and people who do not understand how feeling is enhanced by restraint will never see it. I don't know a love poem more subtly breathtaking than "The Shampoo" or a poem on loss that states its case as quickly and as deeply as "One Art." The prose has the same immediacy as the poems and often their fineness of detail. Here the doggedness of the primitive painter in "Gregorio Valdes," the political inflexibility mixed with warmth that characterizes Rachel in "The U.S.A. School of Writing," Mrs. Sennett's struggle with the emotional lures of being depended on and being free in "The Housekeeper" all come off the page naturally and memorably. But the prose lacks the native sense of structure and the wideness of the cast net that make, say, the poem "First Death in Nova Scotia" more overwhelming than the story "Gwendolyn," although the two are concerned with the same subject, the death of a young child in the poet's earliest years.

Bishop's diffidence is often confused with remoteness, and the implicit social comment of the work is rarely mentioned—poems like "Varick Street," "Squatter's Children," and "Pink Dog." The fanatical and the obsessed—those qualities which produce artists, madmen, and saints—attract her in "Mercedes Hospital," "Gregorio Valdes," and "The U.S.A. School of Writing," in the present volume. If servants are often the subjects of poems, they are never treated with condescension. Rather, Bishop's relation to them imposed more or less the same ratio of distance to intimacy she practiced with everyone—a distance whose farthest remove is the binocular view of the slums in the poem "The Burglar of Babylon."

It is a mark of the crosscurrents—and the difference—between the prose and the poetry that it is almost impossible to discuss the prose without reference to the poems, whereas (or because) the poems have already assumed an autonomous life of their own. But the prose provides hundreds of connecting threads to incidents, characters, and even phrases in the poems. The last sentence of "The Country Mouse," for instance—"*Why* was I a human being?"—is the very question asked in a major poem, "In the Waiting Room." The staggering "columns . . . honeycombed with zeros" in the gardener's two old copybooks in the poem "Manuelzinho" are found again in the "limp, black, oilcloth-covered account book(s)" of the "newspaper delivery man, an old Italian named Tony," in "Primer Class." Sometimes the prose style winds down—that is unfortunately true of a memoir of Marianne Moore—but in general Bishop is an instinctive storyteller, intuitively handling character and scene and indifferent to plot and action. Interested in the homely and the fantastic, she sought the attaching connection everywhere both metaphorically and personally; that it could be missed—might never be truly found—was the emotional secret lying just below the unruffled surfaces of her poems. But her declared insights were broader. She knew that few people escape the circumscriptions of their personal history, or history itself, and this knowledge has never been more beautifully or forcefully stated than in the first stanza of "Anaphora":

> Each day with so much ceremony
> begins, with birds, with bells,
> with whistles from a factory;
> such white-gold skies our eyes
> first open on, such brilliant walls
> that for a moment we wonder
> "Where is the music coming from,
>   the energy?
> The day was meant for what ineffa-
>   ble creature
> we must have missed?" Oh
>   promptly he
> appears and takes his earthly nature
>   instantly, instantly falls
>   victim of long intrigue,
>   assuming memory and mortal
>   mortal fatigue.

GENIUS tries to pass itself off as less than it is—the strain, in ordinary life, is too great. But in Bishop's case it was difficult to disguise, once the work began to accumulate. Emotionally dependent, she was

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extraordinarily self-confident in her judgments, literary and otherwise. None of these conditions were real choices. They were simply unavoidable fates. Grounded in the basically middle-class values of her Canadian grandparents, Bishop was, as a writer, something startlingly different—a kind of Baudelaire without the bohemian trappings, too original and intelligent not to be slightly scared of herself. Because normality wasn't in the cards, there's a particular emphasis on it in the autobiographical pieces. A great many of the memories stress the little-girl commonplaces she shared with others, in spite of the oddness of her early life. But a certain disparity exists between the beauty of the writing and the service it's put to. It's as if Debussy were to tell us he studied piano just like everybody else, and then launch into a performance of the twenty-four Preludes.

In these final prose pieces, Bishop literally encompasses—a word appropriately geographical for her—everything congenial to her imagination, and leaves out of the circle, as the legs of a compass inscribe only the circumference it has been set for, what it naturally cannot contain. What is left is full of curious stirrings and revelations but has one limitation: exactitude is everything, and what cannot be rendered exactly is not rendered at all.

—Howard Moss

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Selected Short Stories of Padraic Colum, edited by Sanford Sternlicht (Syracuse; $19.95). Hawaiian folklore and contemporary life are two of four categories into which the editor, in an introduction, has divided the stories of this long-lived Irish writer (1881-1972), who spent his last fifty-seven years in the United States. Turn-of-the-century Irish country life and turn-of-the-century Dublin life are the other categories (they represent, Mr. Sternlicht says, Colum's "best short-story writing by far"), and the only ones included in this lopsided collection. Just two stories, first published in the nineteen-thirties, feature Dubliners; they are about Dublin's two-bit literati—self-styled "illuminati"—who lack both a peasant's memory and an exile's imagination. In the remaining eleven stories, Colum proves to have both those gifts. In "Eilis: A Woman's Story," published in 1907, a student listens to an old woman tell how her father chose her husband, who turned out to be "a man that wouldn't let me break a sod of turf across my knee, he took such care of me." In "Pilgrimage Home," which appeared in *Catholic World* in 1945, a younger wanderer sees men at a fair being shaped by the company they keep—"lumpish men with bullocks, gallant-looking men with horses, scraggy-looking men with asses, wild-looking men with droves of pigs"—and in touching an old Celtic cross finds the reason some men turn to art.

Walking Shadows, by Fred Taylor (St. Martin's; $15.95). Mr. Taylor, the English editor and translator of "The Goebbels Diaries: 1939-41," asks us in this first novel to pretend that late in 1942 an emissary of Admiral Canaris, the Abwehr chief, met by elaborate arrangement in Lisbon with a British agent to offer a dazzling trade: the name of a German spy highly placed in British Intelligence in exchange for help in assassinating Hitler. There is, of course, much plausibility here, both in the existence of a superspy and in Canaris's efforts to rid Germany of its Führer. There is also, in the events that follow that meeting—in the corridors of power in London, in the corridors of power and conspiracy in Berlin, in Egypt, in Lebanon, and, finally, in the wilds of the island of Rhodes—much to move and excite and dismay us. There is as well, and perhaps most uncommonly, a pervasive sense of the human capacity for uneasy innocence and guiltless duplicity.

The Wall of the Plague, by André Brink (Summit; $17.95). "And whatever details I invent in the end," an expatriate Afrikaner filmmaker named Paul tells his mixed-race expatriate mistress, named Andrea, "these five stages will be there: the outbreak of the Plague; the withdrawal into the mountains and the debate on what can be done; the spiritual phase; the physical phase; and the end, with its panoramic view of the world, or humanity, perhaps of wholeness." A wall built in Provence in 1721 to keep the plague from spreading northward will be the central symbol in Paul's movie, as it is in this labored inquiry into the plaguelike nature of apartheid. "Dedda's daughter. Brian's girl. Frank's *pe-*

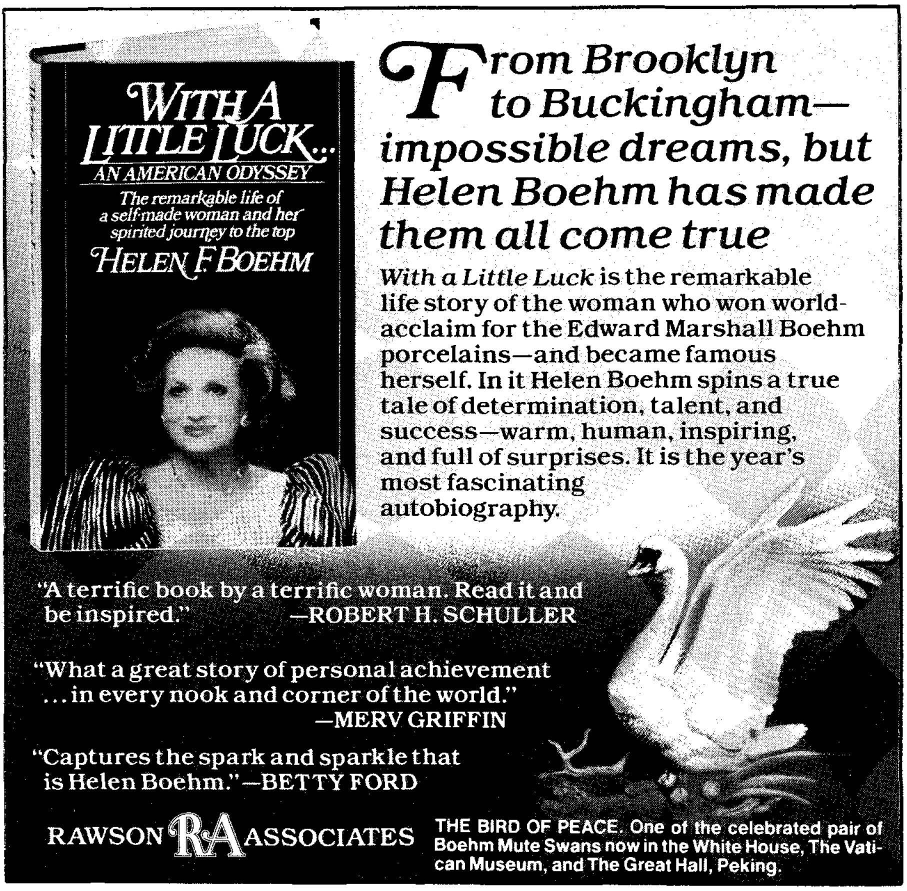
tite amie. Paul's mistress," Andrea muses, on a five-day journey through Provence in the company of a black compatriot who comes to share Paul's fondness for Andrea but never shares Paul's, and Mr. Brink's, fondness for numerical symbols: "Two—the idea of the echo, reflections, duality, man-and-woman, good-and-evil, life-and-death, whatever."

NOTE: "Mr. and Mrs. Baby," a collection of stories by Mark Strand, has been published by Knopf ($11.95). Some of the stories originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

GENERAL

ILLITERATE AMERICA, by Jonathan Kozol (Doubleday; $15.95). Mr. Kozol reports that some sixty million Americans—more than a third of our adult population—are functional illiterates. His massing of facts works on the imagination of his readers to convey the constricted and frightening world of their fellow-Americans who cannot read street signs, for instance, or withholding statements, or the warnings on poisonous household cleaners. He points out that our society depends on skills, and reminds us that skipping a step in maintenance instructions brought near-catastrophe at Three Mile Island. Mr. Kozol makes it clear that illiterates are not intellectually defective—they are usually the children of poor and uneducated parents. The first third of his book could not be better. Later sections—particularly the argument that capitalism encourages illiteracy: that illiteracy "is not an accident"—are more strident. But Mr. Kozol offers realistic suggestions for reaching illiterates, who flee officials and are ashamed to confess their plight.

LESLIE STEPHEN: THE GODLESS VICTORIAN, by Noel Annan (Random House; $25). In a preface, Lord Annan explains why he undertook this study, more than thirty years ago, and how he has revised and reworked it to take account of newly available information about Stephen and his age. Most people today think of this nineteenth-century (1832-1904) intellectual as the egocentric Mr. Ramsay in his daughter Virginia Woolf's novel "To the Lighthouse." Lord Annan does not deny that Stephen was a domestic self-dramatizer in a class with Prince Albert, but he also shows Stephen in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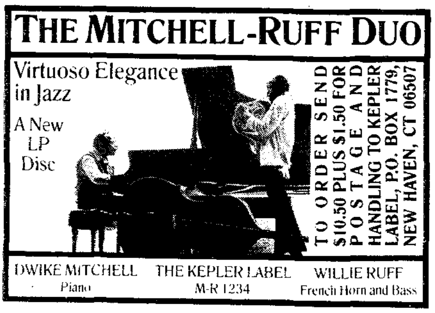
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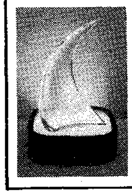

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the worlds of work and ideas, where he was approachable and courageous. He was among the first Victorians to declare himself an agnostic, and resigned a fellowship at Cambridge (a job in those days open only to Anglicans) after he thought himself out of belief, in 1862. Lord Annan's subject is nothing less than the struggle between faith and reason from, roughly, the age of Locke to the age of Sartre. He writes with learning, clarity, and fairness; his book is a landmark of intellectual history.

NOTE: "Art & Other Serious Matters," a collection of essays by Harold Rosenberg, has been published by the University of Chicago Press ($25). Many of the essays originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . Elizabeth Drew's "Campaign Journal: The Political Events of 1983-1984" has been published by Macmillan ($24.95). All the contents first appeared here.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE QUALITY OF THE INFORMANT, by Gerald Petievich (Arbor House; $14.95). Paul LaMonica, the master counterfeiter (who learned printing in a prison "rehabilitation" program), is back on the street and working up a new forgery scam, but he makes a bad initial mistake. He kills a cocktail waitress who is also an informant for United States Treasury Special Agent Charles Carr, and Carr is one of the most inescapable detectives now operating in the fictional underworld of Southern California. LaMonica pursues his scam and his instinct to solve problems by removing witnesses, and Carr pursues LaMonica with the help of his partner Jack Kelly. The pace, as always, approaches the speed of light, and Mr. Petievich's way with the slimiest of slimy people in the seediest of seedy settings is fully up to standard.

•

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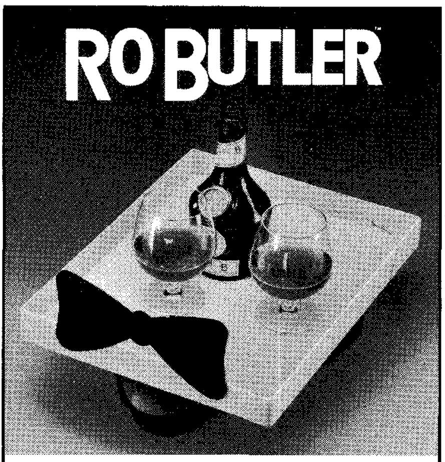

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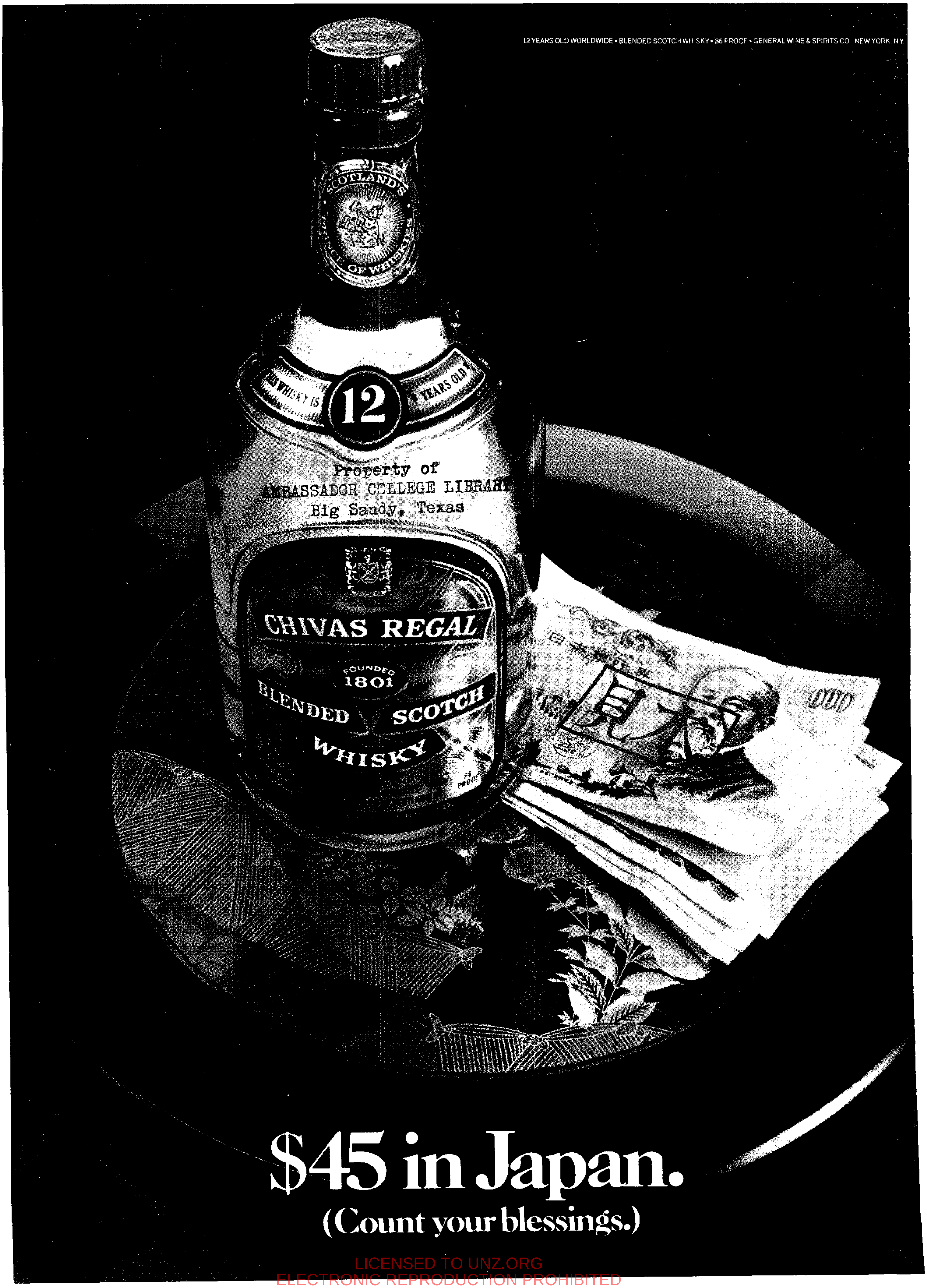
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